

331-333-335 South Broadway.

[illegible]

KEY TO LOAN ON
at a reasonable rate
not according to am
the charged for

[illegible]

ALLMENT LOAN

[illegible]

GRANCE DRUG CO.
For sale only by

[illegible]

MAKING—

SEWING PATTERNS CUT BY THE
Tailor System, or instruction for
can make appointment by mail,
RS. BATTELLE, 512 E. Ninth st.

The Fraternal

The Leyburns
[THERE] ... paid a visit to

The first


THE LODGE, No. 238,
of the United Apprentices
of the Grand Lodge of the
State of New York, met on
Monday evening, the 21st
of August, 1882, for
the purpose of electing
officers for the ensuing
year.

The Lodge was opened
by the reading of the
minutes of the last
meeting, which were
read and approved.

The following officers
were elected for the
ensuing year:

W. M., J. J. Jones.
S. W., J. J. Jones.
J. W., J. J. Jones.
R. W., J. J. Jones.
L. W., J. J. Jones.
T. W., J. J. Jones.
G. W., J. J. Jones.
S. S., J. J. Jones.
J. S., J. J. Jones.
R. S., J. J. Jones.
L. S., J. J. Jones.
T. S., J. J. Jones.
G. S., J. J. Jones.

[illegible]


 N. C. 13, gave a request Hall Monday
 Lodge, No. 186, con-
 Monday evening.
 Lodge degree tem-
 pilatory work for
 No. 183, Thulea, de-
 Angove Lodge, No.
 evening. The members
 are an entertainment
 of the city will elect
 Grand Lodge next week
 * * * * *
 LODGE, No. 138, gave
 most and what social
 evening.
 No. 138, paid, a
 in Thulea Lodge, No. 113,
 city.
 President M. A.
 London paid a
 Lodge, No. 134, Mon-
 * * * * *
 No. 138, presented
 President Ruby
 last Wednesday
 * * * * *
 Pythia.
 10th meeting of A H

Little One
last Saturday evening
will attended as was
ing to the fact that a
attendance at the
progressive whilst
which will be continue
and may meetings.

for
the Macabees.

INIA BANNER TENT,
three candidates for
one application Tu
The tent made an allow
ments for the reception
d. Miss Nina M. West,
d. Miss M. M. The
tent last week receiv
Barnes Tent a check
be the salaries of the
men, and the liability
W. Smith,
tent, No. 2, init

...the class of the review
...was held.

...
...of the Golden W
...A PARLOR, No. 154, of
...W. Edelman and
...as delegates to the
...the Grand Parlor, Tur
...several applications for
...are received, and at the
...session refreshments

...and Harry Parlor, the baby
...instituted in San Fran
...vision by Grand Pres
...ation, Grand Organize
...rich, Grand Secretary
...The petition com
...of its man, who serv
...army in the Philip
...number ninety-two

...Parlor, No. 100, initial
...candidates last
...at the close of

United Workmen
...the take some
...the insurance fe
...Southern Pacific is tryi
...employees.
...were initiated
...Tuesday evening, at
...California Lodge, No.
...Applications for mem
...week.

of America,
...of the Compan
...of A. was institut
...and last night
...Mr. Flora Jacobs, as
...an officer.
...No. 20, in
...date and received two
...Friday evening.

of the World
...T. A. BORDEN has
...study

thirty members of La Raza, No. 62, and Laurustinus C. Women of Woodcraft, were present last Friday evening.

... ..

The Fraternal Field.

THE LAGUNA LODGE No. 28, conferred its degree Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. M. Jones, 1214 E. 1st St. The lodge was well attended and the ceremony was of the usual order. The following officers were present: W. M., J. M. Jones; S. W., J. M. Jones; J. W., J. M. Jones; K. W., J. M. Jones; R. W., J. M. Jones; and the members of the lodge.

THE LAGUNA LODGE No. 28, conferred its degree Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. M. Jones, 1214 E. 1st St. The lodge was well attended and the ceremony was of the usual order. The following officers were present: W. M., J. M. Jones; S. W., J. M. Jones; J. W., J. M. Jones; K. W., J. M. Jones; R. W., J. M. Jones; and the members of the lodge.

TRISCO FARES RAISED.

MOVEMENTS OF INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The raising of passenger fares in the San Joaquin Valley by the Southern Pacific, as published in The Times yesterday morning, has a sequel which brings the matter nearer home. Yesterday the announcement was made that passenger rates from Los Angeles to San Francisco are raised \$2.00, from \$11 to \$13. When the Valley road was put in operation from Stockton to Berkeley, the Southern Pacific reduced the rates between the terminals to \$11. It was then discovered that the rate between the terminals was only \$11. Instead of \$13. To meet this the rate between the terminals was put at that figure. Now that the rates in the San Joaquin Valley have been put back, the rate between Los Angeles and San Francisco has also been restored.

A report reaches here that B. Jones, superintendent of the Globe, Glia Valley and Northern Railroad of Arizona, having become rich through the sale of some mining property, resigns his place. Mr. Jones was appointed to the vacancy and has let out many of the old employees.

W. A. Bissell, assistant general traffic manager of the Santa Fe, is here to meet the Interstate Commerce Commission, which sits today at San Bernardino. The Santa Fe did not join in the contention at Phoenix, they have no direct interests in that. Mr. Bissell and J. N. Berry, general auditor of the road, will be at San Bernardino today. J. C. Stubbs, second vice-president of the Southern Pacific, and W. T. Harris, general counsel of the Southern Pacific, were expected here yesterday afternoon, coming from Phoenix in special coaches. They were before the Interstate Commission there on Tuesday, and will be at San Bernardino today.

The meeting in this city between the railroad and the commission will be held next Wednesday, and in the United States District court, in the postoffice building. It will probably be an open meeting.

The Los Angeles-Pacific Electric Railroad has been bonded for \$200,000. The funds are said to be for betterment and extensions.

C. F. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific, on his way westward, turned aside to inspect the Guaymas branch through Sonora, Mex., and the coal mines of the company. He is looked for here about next Sunday. With him are H. N. Huntington, first vice-president of the company; J. C. Kruttschnitt, general manager, and William Hood, chief engineer; also several leaders of his family.

Herman Wheeler, general agent at Denver of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Northwestern, is here on a visit. D. H. Peck, a brother of Acting General Manager T. C. Peck of the Terminal, has been appointed commercial agent for the Great Northern Railway at Cleveland, O.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

WELSH'S SLAYER EXONERATED BY THE CORONER'S JURY.

The inquest over the remains of John W. Welsh, yesterday, resulted in a verdict of justifiable homicide, completely exonerating John S. Burritt from blame for the killing.

The testimony clearly showed that Welsh brought on his own destruction by making a murderous assault upon Burritt in his own house, after the latter had taken every precaution to avoid a quarrel and to keep out of Welsh's way. All the witnesses who were examined, testified to Burritt's uniformly peaceful disposition and the bad temper of Welsh. All the evidence showed that Burritt acted purely on the defensive when he struck the fatal blow, and that he would undoubtedly have been killed himself had he not made timely use of the hand ax, which he picked up while trying to escape from his assailant. The jury, in accordance with the evidence, reported a verdict reading as follows:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased, John W. Welsh, came to his death from blows on the head with a hatchet in the hands of John S. Burritt while in the act of defending himself against an assault by the said Welsh, and we further find that said killing was justified."

Coroner Holland approved this verdict, and immediately reported the facts to the police authorities, who discharged the prisoner forthwith. Burritt warmly thanked the members of the coroner's jury and the officials at the police station for the consideration shown him.

A bevy of Burritt's comrades from the Soldiers' Home who came to the city especially to attend the inquest, crowded around him when he was discharged from custody, and congratulated him on his escape from Welsh's murderous wrath and his complete exoneration from the charge of having shed innocent blood.

Welsh's remains will be buried Saturday under the auspices of the G. A. R.

ECLIPSE OF SATURN.

THE MOON WILL PASS BEFORE THE PLANET TONIGHT.

For those who have an astronomical turn, an interesting phenomenon will take place tonight, at midnight, when the planet Saturn, the wonderfully ringed world of our solar system, will be eclipsed by the advance of the moon in her orbit. There are many reasons, however, why the phenomenon will not be seen to good advantage from this city. In the first place, only the latter part, that is, the emergence of Saturn from under the disk of the moon, will be visible. In the second place, the occultation will take place before the two heavenly bodies have risen above the eastern horizon.

For the benefit of those who care to take advantage of the opportunity of viewing this celestial phenomenon, B. R. Baumgardner has computed the exact time of the commencement and close of the situation of Los Angeles. The occultation will commence at one minute before midnight, and will last one hour and seven minutes, or until 12:44 o'clock in the morning. The last contact will be at an angle of about 30 deg. to the horizon. Although this is not high enough to do away with the refraction and other atmospheric disturbances, yet it is sufficient for a good view, provided the night be clear. It is desirable to use an opera-glass or still better a small telescope, where such an instrument is accessible, but the unaided eye will suffice for those who have neither at their command.

Council of Education.

At the annual session of the California Council of Education held at Pasadena last December, the committee on the course of study for elementary schools made a report recommending many proposed changes in the course now taught. In order that the subject might have the attention which its importance deserves, the chairman of the committee was authorized to appoint an advisory commission of four members to examine the scheme proposed and to make suggestions relative to the general plan. Superintendent Fosbury yesterday received notice

KITTO TONIC.

A stomach corrective made of grape fruit. Will cure indigestion, dyspepsia and lack of appetite. Tonic up the system.

WATSON'S Compound. 251 Main Street, Los Angeles. Price, 50c. Sold in all drug stores.

ANTONY Theatrical Cold Cream, make-up and beauty goods at low prices. 241 South Broadway.

5c

As a fair example of the enormous reductions we have made throughout the store, we quote this:

300 pieces of lawns, dimities and corded lawns, in light or dark ground, worth 10c, 12 1/2c and 15c, per yd.

5c

Not looking for profits!

The Up-to-Date

Department Store is selling out, that means

every article must be sacrificed.

Are you

sharing in the huge bargain sale?

Special

reductions for Saturday.

113-115 North Spring Street.

5c

25c Black Brocade Dress Goods, 38 inches wide,

96 Sheets Shelf Paper, all colors, fine quality,

35c Curtain Laces, fish net patterns, high grade,

15c Turkish Bath Towels, extra heavy and strong,

65c Oil Boiled Red Damask, new designs, heavy weight,

10c Lamp Shades, fancy crepe paper, daintily made,

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

15c

10c

25c

10c

50c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

5c

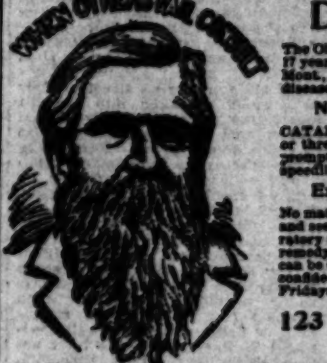
5c

5c

5c

5c

5c



DR. WHITE & CO.

(The Original Specialists.)

Since 1886, at 128 North Main Street, Los Angeles.

They cure all skin and blood diseases, kidney and bladder troubles, all forms of weakness and nervousness.

AILMENTS OF MEN ONLY.

Thousands have been cured in California and neighboring States by the use of their remedies. No harmful drugs used. Cures given by mail.

Consult Dr. White at Dr. White's Private Dispensary, or address a letter to him for a free consultation and advice. Prescriptions by mail.

128 North Main Street, Los Angeles.

(REMEMBER THE NUMBER.)

ADAMS-PHILLIPS COMPANY, 325 South Broadway, Home Telephone 816.

Bond Merchants,

To conservative investors we offer a few

First Mortgage Gold Bonds

Paying 4 per cent; issued under our personal supervision. Also a few First Mortgages upon Los Angeles City real estate, paying 5 and 6 per cent. Particulars upon application.

Deal in Securities Listed on New York Stock Exchange. Telephone Main 911.

BAKER.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California.

Farmers' and Merchants' Bank

Capital - - - \$500,000.00

Surplus - - - \$950,000.00

Deposits - - - \$5,000,000.00

Draws and Letters of Credit issued, and Telegraphic and Cable transfers made to all parts of the world.

Special Safety Deposit Department and Storage Vaults.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

LARGEST NATIONAL BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Capital, Surplus and Profits - - - \$675,000.00

Deposits - - - \$2,300,000.00

J. M. ELLIOTT, President

W. C. KENNEDY, Vice-President

W. C. KENNEDY, Cashier

W. C. KENNEDY, Assistant Cashier

W. C. KENNEDY, Auditor

W. C. KENNEDY, Secretary

W. C. KENNEDY, Treasurer

W. C. KENNEDY, Comptroller

W. C. KENNEDY, Controller

W. C. KENNEDY, Inspector

W. C. KENNEDY, Agent

W. C. KENNEDY, Clerk

W. C. KENNEDY, Messenger

W. C. KENNEDY, Janitor

W. C. KENNEDY, Porter

W. C. KENNEDY, Cook

W. C. KENNEDY, Baker

W. C. KENNEDY, Butcher

W. C. KENNEDY, Grocer

W. C. KENNEDY, Druggist

W. C. KENNEDY, Pharmacist

W. C. KENNEDY, Physician

W. C. KENNEDY, Surgeon

W. C. KENNEDY, Dentist

W. C. KENNEDY, Optician

W. C. KENNEDY, Musician

W. C. KENNEDY, Artist

City Briefs.

Remember the needy. Save your cast-off clothing, bed, bedding or stoves for poor families of the city. A frequent cause of poverty is lack of clothing for poor children. There are many poor families in need of whole-household food, and potatoes, beans, groceries, or canned fruit will be most thankfully received. Drop a card to Fred Vignette at the "Good Samaritan" (formerly Capt. Fraser's place), No. 125 East Seventh street, and anything you have to donate will be called for.

The Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House has removed from the basement of the Times Building, where it has been temporarily located, to its splendid new quarters in the new Times Building (116-118 N. Broadway), which has been especially designed and fitted up for a modern, up-to-date job printing and book-binding establishment.

Learn all about Southern California, its climate, soil, people, productions, commerce, progress and general business conditions by sending 10 cents for a copy of the mammoth Midwinter Edition of The Los Angeles Times.

Budded loquats—right kind: straw-bonnet, aprons, 4 lbs., 25c. Will. L. Brown, 401 S. Spring, cor. Fourth. Tel. Brown 885.

Opening of Easter millinery today at the Band Box. No finer stock in city. 415 S. Spring street.

Dr. Dodge has recovered from his recent illness and is again at his office, 313 Front bldg.

For time of arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains, see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Oratorical contest, Occidental College, tonight, 7:30. Take 7:30 Pasadena electric car.

An art education free by mail: new system. Address Lemco, artist, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Finest cabinet photos reduced to \$1.50 per doz. Sunbeam, 236 S. Main st.

Opals, diamonds, pearls, Mexican and Indian goods. Field & Cole, 349 Spring.

G. A. Millard, dentist, corner Main and Adams streets, after April 1.

Dr. B. E. Clarke, hygienic diet, diseases women.

Shells and curios, 248 S. Broadway. Dr. Chas. Parker, dentist, 115 W. 1st.

Whitney's trunk factory, 422 S. Spring. Pairs remodeled. D. Bonoff, 247 S. 347.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office, 115 W. 1st.

The fire department responded to an alarm from box No. 85 at 8:15 o'clock last night, and found a bonfire in the street in front of No. 1228 Darius.

At the regular Friday afternoon meeting of the High School Star and Crescent Society today, Superintendent Fosbury will deliver an address on the subject, "Some Thoughts of the New Century."

The report that the Ibbotson House, burned Wednesday night, had been wired for lights by the Edison Electric Company, was an error based on a misinterpretation of the company's furnishing current, but does not wiring.

A. Bonnet, charged with having deserted from the battleship Iowa while at Santa Barbara, on the 18th inst., and who is alleged to have stolen a bicycle belonging to a shipmate, was arrested yesterday afternoon on Main street by Police Officer Reider and locked up in the City Jail.

Roy Gage, the 13-year-old son of Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage, had a severe operation performed at the California Hospital Wednesday afternoon. Last night the boy was resting comfortably and was reported to be doing as well as could be expected. Governor and Mrs. Gage have taken rooms at the hospital in order to be near the boy and one of the other is at the bedside constantly.

Registration of Letters.

The new system by which mail carriers are allowed to register letters on their routes is now in operation and the Postoffice Department is anxious that the new system shall be properly understood.

Carriers are fully equipped with the necessary blanks and patrons of the postoffice can register letters at their homes, without going to the office as has heretofore been required.

The registration of letters by mail carriers is subject to certain rules issued by the Postoffice Department at Washington, as follows:

Only letters can be registered; and they must be ready when the carrier calls, as he is forbidden, on pain of dismissal, to wait even a fraction of a minute longer than is necessary to write the receipt.

Every letter must be enclosed in a strong envelope, which must bear the name and address of the party to whom the letter is addressed.

The postage and registry fee must be prepaid, either with stamps attached, or in money, the exact amount to be paid the carrier.

Carriers are forbidden to make oral explanations or engage in discussions with patrons, to register letters free, to advance money or stamps to pay postage, or to make change.

The registry fee for letters, foreign and domestic, is 8 cents in addition to full postage.

GOOD COOKING UTENSILS.

Are you a good cook? Then get aluminum. They are light, good conductors of heat, don't burn easily, don't chip or rust. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 South Spring street.

GET IT AT DEAN'S.

Two-quart Hot-water Bags...

25c.

We have more hot-water bags than we care to carry through the summer, so we have reduced our price on one kind to the unheard-of low price of 25c. Only two sold to each customer.

DEAN'S DRUG STORE, Second and Spring.

Watch this space for Physicians' Coupon for YOSEMITE WATER

Special sale and display commencing Saturday, March 21st.

W. C. Weaver, Sole Agent For Pacific Coast. No. 215 S. Spring. Tel. Main 25

Astigmatic Eyes.

Look at the lines. If they appear of uneven width, or some blurry than others, it is an indication of astigmatism. A special form of lens remedies this and makes the vision clear and sharp. Glasses fitted to the eyes by our expert optician at the lowest cost.

Best quality lenses. One nickel \$2.00 mountings, rimless.

Geneva Watch and Optical Co.

25 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Only Expert Shoemakers Build Our Shoes.

We Fit Your Feet.

Any kind of a shoe will not go on every kind of a foot—there is a shape and style of shoe especially adapted to your foot and you are sure to get the correct thing here. No other store goes to the same trouble or takes the same care in fitting as we.

Ladies' Shoes Polished, 5c.

Special price for 60 days on CAHUENGA MOUNTAIN WATER.

—OFFICE AT—

ELLINGTON'S,

N. W. Cor. Fourth & Spring. Tel. Main 1115

OFFICIALS ON A VACATION.

TWO GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES FROM ARIZONA IN TOWN.

S. J. Holsinger, special agent of the Department of the Interior, with headquarters at Phoenix, Ariz., and John H. Bowman, receiver of public moneys, at Tucson, Ariz., passed through the city yesterday en route to Northern California on brief leaves of absence from their official posts.

Mr. Holsinger was a newspaperman before he entered the public service. He founded the Ontario Observer in 1903, and was employed for a number of years as a reporter and editor in this city and Sacramento. His principal duties in the service of the government are the detection of timber depredations and public land frauds.

He has recently been detailed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office to make an examination and special report on the cliff and cave dwellings in Arizona and Mexico. He will enter upon this work about the middle of April and will probably be engaged in it for a period of six to eight weeks. It is his purpose to make a more thorough exploration of these prehistoric ruins than has yet been done. He is authorized to make excavations and to photograph all the most interesting portions of the ruins for a forthcoming government report on the abodes of prehistoric man in the arid regions of the West.

Receiver Bowman, who is accompanying Agent Holsinger on his vacation trip, is a noted Indian fighter and scout, well known throughout Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. He was one of two men who volunteered to make a hazardous trip into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado several years ago to bring out the bodies of two men who were murdered by Mike, a crazy Pima Indian, who went on the warpath and killed a number of white men along the banks of the Colorado, until he was finally run down and killed by members of his own tribe. Bowman and his companion found the bodies they were after. Each loaded one of the corpses to a raft, and with their dead freight they made a perilous voyage down the turbulent river, over rapids and through treacherous whirlpools which often threatened to capsize their frail craft and drown the occupants, or dash them to death on the rocks. But they at last reached the Needles in safety with their gruesome cargoes. The feat performed by Bowman and his brave comrade was much commented upon by the press at the time.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Michael E. Power, aged 23, a native of Illinois, and Emilie Davidson, aged 23, a native of Germany, both residents of Los Angeles.

DEATH RECORD.

HADLEY—At her late residence, No. 325 South Olive street, March 21, 1900, Mrs. Sarah E. Hadley, native of Michigan, aged 71 years 11 months.

Funeral services will be held at residence, Thursday, at 2 p.m. Friends invited.

POLAKI—At his late home, March 21, 1900, Louis Polaki, father of Samuel, Isidor and L. Polaki, and Mrs. L. Kline and Mrs. Jacques Blum, a native of Prussia, aged 72 years.

Funeral from residence of Isidor Polaki, No. 1131 South Olive street, Thursday, March 22, at 2 o'clock p.m., under the auspices of Pentecostal Lodge, No. 20, and friends and acquaintances invited. Interment Jewish Cemetery.

HARRILL—At No. 341 Stephenson avenue, March 21, 1900, Chas. Prand, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Harrell.

Funeral from the parlors of Peck & Chase Co., No. 421 South Hill street, today at 2 p.m. Friends invited.

FOOTE—At her late home, March 21, 1900, Mrs. Christine Foote, a native of New York, aged 74 years.

Funeral from residence of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew F. West, No. 2191 South Figueroa street, Thursday, at 2 o'clock p.m. Interment South End, Ind.

MOLL—Suddenly, at his home in Hollywood, March 21, at 10 p.m., Charles G. Moll, husband of Mary Pezman Moll, a native of Connecticut, aged 72 years 2 months 27 days. Answer in Jesus.

NICHOLSON—At Highland, March 21, 1900, Stella Nicholson, a native of Nova Scotia.

Funeral from her home in El Monte, Cal., March 22, at 10 a.m. Friends invited. Interment Savannah Cemetery.

LOS ANGELES TRANSFER CO.

Will check baggage at your residence at any point. Office, 212 S. Spring. Tel. M. 41 or 24.

THE LADY UNDERTAKER.

Mrs. Connel, with Orr & Hines, 427 S. Broadway, has taken in all the latest and children entrusted to their care. Tel. M. 41.

DEATH OF C. E. HERRIN.

Died in Merced, March 9, 1900, Charles Bradford Herrin, aged 67 years 5 months 10 days. This passes away one of our esteemed pioneers. Time is busy with his reaper. Mr. Herrin was a nephew of ex-President William Henry Harrison, and father of Mrs. M. C. Hilly of Los Angeles.

Tailor Suits Made to Order.



Have You Seen the Very Latest?

If you have not been here you certainly have not. There is not a suit in this store that will fail to find an owner. Just suited for it. Every gown shown is designed to be becoming to some particular style of woman. Prices from

\$10 to \$50.

Want a Jacket?

See this nobby one at \$5; pretty cloth, hand-somely lined and carefully made. Ladies who know values say it's by far the handsomest jacket in the city for the money.

Beautiful Waists.

Hundreds of ladies are buying their summer supply of shirt waists in order to get first choice of styles and colors, and it's a most wise idea. You'll be pleasantly surprised at our kind of dollar waists, and when comes to the exclusive and novel styles from \$3.00 to \$5.00 each, there isn't a stock in town that will compare with ours.

SEPARATE SKIRTS IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES AND DESIGNS.

The Unique WOMEN OUTFITTER 215 S. Broadway.

Ladies' Dress Shoes



ARE being shown more extensively in French heels this season than ever before, while those for every day use carry a low, flat heel and broad toe. We are prepared and would be pleased to show you some of the handsomest and best in this season's creations. High or low in cut, with or without French heels from \$3 to \$6.

INNES-CRIPPEN SHOE CO., 215 S. BROADWAY. 21 W. THIRD.

Grand Opening of Spring Millinery AT THE BAND BOX.

No finer stock in the city (No Trimmer from New York). All the nobly styles of Dress and Walking Hats at Popular Prices. Ladies, come and see us. You will be pleased with our goods and your treatment.

415 South Spring Street.

Spears 171 N. Spring St

Store Alive with Brilliant Bargains

We want every one to learn about this store and its methods. The "Trade Sale" will make it worth your time to come. We are building up a vast trade by cutting prices to the very core. Whatever you need, buy where it costs the least.

"Trade Sale" Crushes Prices.

20c Fancy Colored Hose, 12½c	75c Drawers with deep-embroidered trimmings.....46c
30c Beautiful Lace Striped Hose, black or tan.....24c	75c White Skirts.....47c
35c Imported Black Hose.....23c	35c Ladies' Vests, long or short sleeves.....23c
35c Ladies' Night Gowns, embroidered insertions.....59c	25c Ladies' Vests, dainty trimmings.....14c
65c Muslin Gowns, very well made.....59c	75c French Shape Corsets in black, white, pink, etc.....46c
\$1.00 Extra Fine Muslin Gowns.....73c	\$1.25 White Petticoats with deep embroideries.....89c
35c Corset Covers, pretty and nicely made.....22c	40c Ladies' Neckwear, all the latest styles.....24c
50c Handsome Corset Covers, trimmed with embroidery.....24c	75c Shirt Waists, newest styles, handsome colors.....44c
40c Fine Muslin Drawers, lace trimmings.....23c	\$1.50 Shirt Waists, beautifully made.....69c

ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY

—FOR—

Nome, St. Michael, Dawson

And All Points on Yukon River.

Carriers of the United States Mails

FOR NOME DIRECT.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.....S.S. "TORTLAND" April 26th, 1900
FROM SAN FRANCISCO.....S.S. "TOLAR" April 28th, 1900
FROM SAN FRANCISCO.....S.S. "RAINIER" May 10th, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL OTHER POINTS.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO.....S.S. "ST. PAUL" May 20th, 1900
A Steamer Will Be Dispatched Every Fortnight Thereafter.

For Juneau, Sitka, Prince William Sound, Cook's Inlet, Kodiak and All Intermediate Points:
FROM SEATTLE.....S.S. "HERTHA" Commencing April 1st
And Monthly Thereafter.

For new folders, maps and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 210 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAR. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

The Importance of Tools.

I believe in the wisdom of supplying the best tools known before expecting the best results obtainable in mechanical dentistry. It is impossible for any dentist equipped as fully as my laboratory is to produce as perfect artificial teeth as I can deliver, or to produce work as cheaply and quickly as I can able to do it.

For this reason you have a right to know something about your dentist's "workshop." I'll be glad to have you look in on mine.



Phone R. 221. Sparks Block, Cor. Fifth and Hill Sts.

Any one purchasing a hat and the trimmings at this store during Opening Week, can have it trimmed free of charge.

Two Days More

And then our opening and our opening offer will be as an end.

You'd better not wait until the last moment. We've no doubt there will be an uncomfortable crowding.

It's a rare, a remarkable offer. We've secured the finest stock of new millinery in the city. It is of a quality that would command handsome prices, but we're more than ever selling on a cut-rate principle. In addition we've made this opening inducement.

Can you afford to neglect it?

THE WONDER MILLINERY 219 S. Spring St.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. On receipt of \$2.50 we will promptly deliver free, any shoe in our store.

F. F. WRIGHT, 111 S. Spring St. Nadeau Hotel. JOHN F. HUGHES, Mer. 720 Fifth Street, SAN DIEGO.

FLOWERS

Roses, Violets, Foliage, Fruit and Berries, in fact every flower that nature produces in a grand assortment of colorings

At Cut-rates.

H. HOFFMAN MILLINERY 215 S. Broadway.

Odd Things 325 SPRING STREET

NEW IMPORTATIONS.

Of all shades of the latest material For Tailor-Made Garments. Special sale today only. \$60 Suits for \$25.

VIENNA LADIES' TAILOR, 240 S. Broadway. Tel. Red 1772

A. Hamburger SAFEST PLACE BUTTERICK PATTERNS AND PUBLISHED

Opening Sale.

Three days of unprecedented selling. One day is already passed—two more days of such value-giving as one can see and find upon such an occasion opening bargains, if we may use this word, were fully advertised in yesterday's Times. Today we reiterate a few that are noteworthy:

Women's Silk-lined Pebble Cheviot \$1.00 to \$2.50 Mosaic Jewelry for 75c.

\$1.50 Walking Hats 75c.

Fresh Buttercup Candies 15c pound.

Pure Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs

Men's \$1.00 Silk Front Golf Shirts 60c

\$6.00 Taffeta Silk Petticoats for \$3.50

\$1.50 to \$2.00 Kid Gloves for 85c.

Men's 20c All-linen Handkerchiefs 10c

\$1.75 Universal Food Chopper \$1.25

\$1.25 Homespun Mixed Suitings 75c

\$3.00 Persian Wilton Rugs \$1.75

\$1.50 Washable Shirt Waists 90c

Boys' \$1.50 Washable Suits 69c

50-inch Black Storm Serge 50c

50c Wash Silks for 25c

25c Imported Corded Gingham 15c

Women's \$5.00 Shoes for \$3.50

Banister's \$5.00 Shoes for Men \$3.50

Peerless

Secure Gold Medals wherever they are exhibited. They ARE peerless.

Their latest triumph, Philadelphia, at THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION.

You are invited to our products.

Note Price

Very Old Port, Angelica.....

Sherry, Muscat, Angelica.....

Riesling.....

Zinfandel.....

Orange Wine.....

Guckenhimer Rye Whisky.....

Old Oscar Pepper Whisky.....

All leading brands equally

Our Wines and Brandies

grown in our own vineyard,

as to age and quality. Give them

Southern Cal.

220 West Fourth

WEL. M. 222

"Didn't Hurt a Bit"

I can recommend Dr. Schiffman and his method for painless extraction of teeth without any pain whatever. I have had 12 teeth extracted by him, and I will gladly recommend him to any one suffering in that way.

Words fail to express my appreciation of the Schiffman method. The slightest pain, and absolutely no bad after effects. My mouth is now as comfortable as ever.

THIS is to certify that Dr. Schiffman extracted my teeth without any pain whatever, and I will gladly recommend him to any one suffering in that way.

PER 25th, 1900—God bless the man that invented the Schiffman method to get around the teeth. It did not hurt one bit.

MRS. F. C. ROBINSON, 1204 W. Second St.

107 N. Spring St.

Great Wonder Sale

Clothing at H. Cohn & Co.

Opens Next Monday.

142-144 North Spring Street

Watch for our ad. in Sunday papers.

LOS ANGELES

UNCLE SAM DO

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Mr. Easy advertised for a woman

fortune. "What do you mean

am," said the nurse, "it was

Uncle Sam: "Now, who's the

house of representatives

house of representatives

house of representatives

house of representatives

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 18, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR.... \$4.00
SINGLE COPY.... 5 CENTS

UNCLE SAM DON'T LIKE IT, AND WANTS IT "ACKNOWLEDGED."

A la "Midshipman Easy."



Mrs. Easy advertised for a wet nurse for her son. One was presented by the Doctor, with the remark that she had had a "little one." "What do you mean," said Mrs. Easy, "in introducing to me a woman whose child cannot name its father?" "But," said the nurse, "it was such a little one."

Uncle Sam: "Now, who's the father of that?" The Nurse: "Please, sir, it don't matter; it's such a little tariff anyway."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics concerning a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; Sea' by Sea' want; the Development of the Ship; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timothy Scherlock's Scientific and Social Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Pining Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures; and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 20 to 25 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1897.

COUNTRY HOMES, EAST AND WEST.

THE Spokane Spokesman-Review recently offered a series of prizes for editorial contributions by women. Among the articles contributed, was one on "The Western Home," in which the writer expresses the conviction that the country of today in the West is inferior to that in the East in the conditions which go to make the life of the rising generation happy and useful. "The West," the writer says, "has many successful people who have neglected the home and home influences. Where the home should have been built, they were not financially able to accomplish their plans, and they gave up. When they secured the money needed, they had lost the desire to make bright homes, and when the children grew up they breathed an atmosphere which was not pleasant to them, and many of the young folks could stand it no longer than they were compelled to." The pleasant country home, she says, is almost a myth, and adds that "the pleasant suburban spot is unknown, because it would require a few dollars and some labor to perfect it, when beginning from the rough as left by nature."

Such conditions as this writer deplors may prevail in the State of Washington, where she resides. If so, she is justified in deploring them. But they do not prevail in all parts of the West. Southern California must not be included in this broad assertion of the inferiority of rural homes, as compared with those in the older States of the East. To be sure, there are certain features of the rural home life in the East which do not exist here to the extent to which they do there. There many of these homes have been occupied successively by several generations of the same family. A sort of veneration has grown up for the old landmarks, and the houses are stored with the relics of ancestors. The sentiment which grows out of such conditions necessarily cannot prevail to a similar degree in a part of the country, a large portion of which has not been settled more than a single generation. But there are other conditions in the rural life of Southern California, at least, which fully compensate for this loss.

The type of rural homes in this section is high, because of the high type of the people who occupy them. This statement may seem a little bombastic, but it is true. The greater portion of the people who are living in the country districts in this section of California are men and women who came from the best homes of the East. They are men and women, not only of ambition and energy, but of intelligence, of high social and moral qualities and of elevated purposes. The character of the country schools is an evidence of the kind of culture these people demand for their children. It is not unusual to find pupils in schools remote from any town pursuing the study of Latin, for instance, or other branches which are very rarely pursued in the country schools in the East; and the qualifications required of the teacher here are greater than for the corresponding grade of schools in the East. This is because the people themselves, the parents of the children, are better educated than the average adult in the East, who lives and works on a farm.

The rural residents of Southern California are readers. They read books, but they also read newspapers. It is doubtful whether the percentage of daily newspaper readers among the strictly rural population is as great in New England or in any of the Middle States as it is in Southern California. It is this demand for prompt information in regard to current events that has warranted The Times in extending its facilities as it has for delivering its daily issues to residents of country localities, and it is the demand for clean, entertaining and instructive reading that has given the Sunday edition of this paper, accompanied by this Magazine, its wide circulation among this portion of our population.

The reports of the last Federal census show that the percentage of farm homes in California owned by their occupants is a trifle greater than the average throughout the

United States. This fact of ownership is an important feature in determining the character of the home life. Ownership gives a sense of permanency in the home that cannot exist in the family that lives on rented land. It affords something for the young man to look forward to in the way of personal proprietary interest, and thus tends to make the home attractive to him. In this respect, as the census shows, California is not behind the average of the States.

The climatic conditions here in Southern California constitute another circumstance which tends to make the home in the country more attractive than in the East. There during several months in the year, especially in the more northerly States, out-of-door life is practically impossible, or at best very uncomfortable. The young man on the farm who has to shovel his way through snow banks from house to barn before he can "do the barn chores" in the morning, has to chop holes in the ice to enable the stock to drink, and is unable to get away from home on account of the depth of the snow in winter, or of the mud in the spring and fall, is not likely to fall in love with his home life, and it is not surprising that he betakes himself to the city. Here the resident of the country can be out of doors with comfort nearly every day in the year; can have flowers, fruit and fresh vegetables about his home the year round, and can take a drive when and where he pleases.

No, the rural home life in this part of the West is not less desirable than that in the East; on the contrary, it is more to be desired. If it is not so in the State of Washington, the evident remedy is to come south.

THE TRANS-PACIFIC CABLE.

THE prompt construction of a telegraphic cable across the Pacific Ocean, to be under the control of the government of the United States, has heretofore been advocated in these columns. The Senate Committee on Naval Affairs recently ordered a favorable report on a bill to construct such a cable line to Manila, going by way of Honolulu, the Midway Islands and Guam. This route is undoubtedly a much more desirable one to follow than that proposed in the bill which provides for the laying of a cable from the Washington coast along the coast of Alaska to the extreme end of the Aleutian Islands, thence to Russian territory, thence to Japan, and so on to the Philippines. This latter route, it will be seen, leaves the Hawaiian Islands untouched, and a great part of the value of a trans-Pacific cable would be lost on this account. The advocates of this route try to meet this objection by proposing that a separate line be laid to Hawaii. Even if this were to be done, the route proposed is a long, indirect one, involving great risks of injury from storms, currents, dragging anchors, and other conditions which would be encountered in much less degree along the more direct route specified in the bill which the Senate committee favors. But the greatest objection to the Alaskan route is the fact that the line would necessarily cross foreign territory, and its use would be subject to the control of powers which might become hostile to the United States. In the possible event of war with either Russia or Japan, the cable would be rendered useless. While it is true that there is no immediate probability of hostilities between the United States and either of these countries, such a condition is not impossible. And in the event of a war between Russia and Japan—which is not so improbable—it is not unlikely that telegraphic communication through one or both of those countries would be cut off.

The route by way of Honolulu, the Midway Islands and Guam, would touch only on territory controlled by the United States. Wars between foreign nations would not affect its use, and in the event of a war to which this country should be a party, this line would be much more easily protected than the other. The operation of this line would undoubtedly be much more easy than that by the Alaskan route, and the expense of maintaining it would be less.

Telegraphic communication with Alaska would be desirable, but to the superficial observer, at least, it would seem that when all the circumstances are taken into account, it would be better to construct an independent line there rather than one to the Hawaiian Islands. The bill favored by the Senate committee provides for the immediate construction of the line to Honolulu, but contemplates its extension to Manila and Hongkong.

The Baltimore American, in a well-considered editorial on the subject of a trans-Pacific cable, says:

"In considering the matter, it should be borne in mind that a cable, instead of being a heavy expense, would be the wisest economy. Future conditions must be considered, as well as those which now exist. Unless all signs are at fault, the situation in the Philippines will soon change for the better, and it ought to be possible to recall a large part of the army and navy concentrated at this point. A cable giving direct and confidential communication with the seat of government will simplify matters amazingly. It will enable the government to dispense with a much larger part of both branches of the service. With the rebellion at an end, the only cause for apprehension would be the encroachments of outsiders. With a cable to give timely warning of any danger, a small force only would be necessary, and the cost of the cable would be saved many times.

"There is wisdom, moreover, in undertaking an enterprise of this sort when the need of it is fresh in the public mind. Congress is prepared to respond to popular sentiment. As the sense of this need becomes blunted, and the government in a halting and costly fashion manages to get along without the cable, the bunglers and spigot economists, who are always on the outlook for an opportunity, prevent the improvement whenever an attempt is made to carry it out. It is marvelous how often these bogs economists are able to obstruct or defeat projects recognized as desirable and necessary. The need of a government cable as a means of defense of these outlying possessions is now generally conceded, and now is the time to provide for its construction."

LIGHTS AND FLAMES.

Today is the tomorrow of yesterday, as tomorrow is the tomorrow of today.

The rain and the sunshine are the same in the growth of the year.

Great books are the deathless monuments of the human mind.

The expression, "I told you so!" is the language of the conqueror.

To be good is grander than to be great.

If never a moment slipped by so unimportant, estimate the value of what one life might mean.

There is no happiness that earth can give, that which is found in the perfect marriage.

The biggest idol that we worship is ourself, and how the vision is enlarged, and the ice of indifference toward others is melted.

There is no highway in the world that is as enduring as that which is paved by friendship.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Boston Globe:] The wealthy Americans are much in evidence at wicked Monte Carlo.

[Chicago News:] Now that a girl has been selling gum, a few of them may be expected.

[New York Tribune:] The less people know the Puerto Rican tariff bill will really be, the more are in denouncing it as an outrageous wrong.

[Seattle Post-Intelligencer:] Andrew's over threatened imperialism seems to have been scattered by the bright prospects of the market.

[Syracuse Post-Standard:] The best way is to leave his country, not in the form of a largely in the form of iron, steel and machinery that all of us can afford to look pleasant.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] A New York Times article may be compelled to fall back upon the halls and saloons for popular entertainment.

[Philadelphia Times:] Mr. McKim's Ohio dinner in New York was a broad and a faith in the nation's ability to meet its duties that have arisen in its history.

[Chicago Post:] A state of war does exist in this country. This statement may seem exaggerated for the benefit of strong men who may be fact that the men who are working in the unions have found it necessary to fortify their headquarters and otherwise a range to war.

[Philadelphia Record:] The beer brewers have issued a great deal of literature in the beverage which they produce is not necessary, a necessary of living. Yet in a suit against courts they now insist, through their counsel, not a necessary of life, and that, therefore, violating the Ohio law which condemns the raising of the price of necessities as contrary to public. But in opposition to the Cincinnati court appears to be of the opinion that liquor is a "necessity of life."

WAR AND PEACE.

Since first the dawn of human life,
Break o'er our own fair world,
Have angry words called men to arms,
And hatred's darts been hurled.
Since first rose hate in Cain's bosom,
And human gore was shed,
From East to West, from Pole to Pole,
Hath sounded War's rude tread.

Earth's time passed on from hour to hour,
The untamed heart of man
Was ruled by might but might
In wrath his life blood ran.
Then came the glorious Prince of Peace,
To bring his love to earth;
His gentle voice bade every cannon
His day brought concord's birth.

His life on earth was glorious,
His sun shed soft, sweet light;
His voice made armor's clanging
And stilled the deathly fight.
Have men forgot His gentle words,
As time goes on to eve,
And thrown aside, or never heard,
The "peace" He died to leave?

What are the boasted works of all
What means our cultured
What is the learning of man's
If it drives peace away?
For still there sounds from shore to shore,
O'er ocean, land and sea,
The call to arms, the cannon's roar,
The shout of victory.

Let all the learning of the time,
Let all the vaunted lore
Unite to still in every clime
The battle cries of yore.
Oh! let the men who prize the name
Of "Christian" as their own,
Drive out the shame of battle's roar,
And dying soldier's moan.

That when the eve of time is o'er,
May still be felt the ray
Of joy that came with morning's dawn,
To brighten all our day.
Oh! every voice, from every land,
Drown out the battle cry,
And shout of "Peace!" from Pole to Pole,
Reach to the sky!

November 23, 1899.

To Do and to Don't. By Robert J. Burdette.

King of the Beasts.

Like a bar of the beaten gold,
I glaze in the summer sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
The fellow who weighs a ton.
I and not so challenges bold,
I know me no vaulting horn,
But I think he who treads on me—
He's a man who has never been born.

Like the dew of the field, vain man
Shall be dead at the dawn of the day;
Who shall feel my grip on his heel,
Who shall see him fade away;
I'll be high up in the air,
When he looks where his head ought to be;
When down-come crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clean gone upon me.

Though me to scorn on the stand,
I am quiet and humble and meek;
I am a gun, but the deeds I have done,
I'll be crier grating to creak.
I am a Republican born;
I am a socialist fearless I be;
If my head were a crown, I would bring it low down,
And my proud heel upon me.

And You Got That Hat?

It would seem right to build monuments to the men who have done things. Not the men who "do" us, but the men who have done things. Carlyle's men; Plutarch's men. "God offers us a choice," says Emerson, "its choice between truth and lies. Take which you please, you can never have both. That is true; there is no real life, there is no life without the living, in continued inaction. But it has been said that much may be achieved by a proper use of negation. It is a noble thing to do. Sometimes it requires much courage to 'don't.' For instance, you have heard of the 'invented'—if it was an 'invention'—the stove-pipe hat—what Prof. Peck calls the 'top hat' whatever kind of a headgear the 'bottom' may be. You have wondered why the man—a woman would hardly have invented it—supposing always that it was not an invention—thought it was comfortable; or convenient; or serviceable; or beautiful; or useful. And he thought he had one of those ideas in his mind, or he would have committed the thing, which must have appeared a crime in the eyes of mankind when it was first seen. You can easily understand the reason for the continued existence of the 'stove-pipe hat,' otherwise the 'top hat,' the 'top hat.' It is merely because men have the small courage to leave the thing off. No man likes to wear it. No man is his own true, unrestrained, frank, open self in it. The whole attitude and being of the man changes the minute this sheet-iron cylinder rests upon his unshaven brows. His easy and graceful laxity of attitude and his lithe movements submit themselves to the refrigerating process of the most tyrannical article of apparel that he ever wears. No man frolics in a 'stove-pipe hat.' And if he attempts it, it is the gesture of an aged elephant. When people 'frolic' in full dress, it must be done with orchestral accompaniment on a wood floor, and it affects the rational mind painfully, as though we should behold the venerable Mr. Hoar, or say the impossible Charles Sumner singing a rag-time song with the dancing interlude of a 'cellar-door flap.' The 'stove-pipe' is not formed for antic tricks. It is dignified, stately, and preposterous. It is two-thirds empty, and never nearly so high as it appears to be. Every man guesses at the height of a 'top hat.' It lends itself to deception. Always it gives to its wearer a degree of dignity that is false; a mark of importance that is exaggerated. You have seen a man who looked fit to be president of the United States when he stood erect with a stove-pipe on his head. And when he took off that hat, you wouldn't trust him to carry apple parings to the door. You'd be afraid that he would get lost. I once rode fifty miles behind a man whose Prince Albert coat, stove-pipe hat, and dignified face convinced me that he was the editor of the new Universal Dictionary and Encyclopedia of all Universal Dictionaries. I was trying to make a respectful opening for a conversation, when he turned and asked me—he was writing a letter with heart-breaking pains, if I 'spelled opinion with one p or two?'—and when I told him with what niggardly parsimony of spelling I spelled it, he said he never could remember 'whether it was opinion or ap-pinion.' Then I confessed that I was always a little uncertain about 'parallel'; it was ever my favorite stumbling block. But he said he 'got along dead sure with that, because he always thought of 'peril,' which he could spell, and then 'parallel' came easy." After the usual confession of our etymological deficiencies, conversation flowed naturally, and he told me that he was then on his way to Nodaway county with a carload of horses and mules to sell. And I knew that that hat would not only sell the horses but the buyers as well. Now, in a golf cap and his shoes, that man couldn't trade a Kentucky thoroughbred to a blind man for a lame mule—if there ever was such a thing as a lame mule. It was the deceitful hat that misled me; that would fool that man's untrained senses. Of course, the hat must have its accessories—the 'joke' in its nefarious work. Once in awhile you will meet a man who wears a silk hat with a sack coat. Well, isn't dangerous; he might as well brand himself 'banned from home.' And he should always have his address pinned on the lapel of his coat. I remember once to have seen a man in his shirt sleeves, wearing a stove-pipe hat; a new one, very high, exceeding slick, and exceedingly shiny. The reader is prepared to learn that he was taken out of jail a few weeks afterward, and brought by a mob, for some other, but far less flagrant offense. But I have always thought that the combination

had something to do with the wickedness which led to his tragic end.

Who Began It?

Who was the daring man who wore the first one? Couldn't have been one of 'our set,' because the cavaliers didn't affect the top hat. The gilded youth of what 'Jecms' calls the 'huppusuckles' wore soft, graceful hats, not unlike the 'rough rider's' and cowboy's hats. Nothing could have been further away from the top hat than the cavalier's plumed and be-laced slouch. The Puritans and the Friends affected a greater severity in head covering, although William Penn's hat was a most becoming and graceful article of apparel, if one may judge by his pictures. Although, oddly enough, I believe the only authentic portrait of the great, loving-hearted apostle of peace and gentleness is painted in the steel armor of a soldier, and is bareheaded! But the gentle William came of splendid fighting stock, and that portrait was painted in the days of his youth. But some man one day confronted society in the most uncomfortable hat that was ever worn. And he established a fashion, that with true masculine consistency—well, say conservatism—has outlasted a thousand changes of bonnets and other feminine head frippery. Did I say frippery? Permit me to withdraw the word before anybody can read it, and substitute 'garniture.' He was a brave man. It wasn't Napoleon Bonaparte. Imagine Napoleon in a 'plug' hat. He would have died a captain. And it wasn't Washington. If you should put a top hat on Greenough's statue of Washington, the bronze statue of America would have a fit and fall down off the dome of the Capitol. Put a 'top hat' on the head of any of the world's great sons, as we hold their figures and countenances in the speaking marble, and see what would become of them—Paul, Columbus, Frederic the Great, Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Boone, Davie Crockett, Charlemagne, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee. The top hat is the idol of society; it is the crown of the statesman, the mark of the politician; it is universally accepted and universally respected—has any sculptor ever dared fasten it on the brows of genius, patriotism, righteousness, in bronze or marble? Perish the thought, and down with the statue. And yet men wear it. In England, I believe, it is worn by children of 3 years and upward. Our English forefathers used to play cricket in it. And when we accept that we are willing to believe that they used to be buried in it. There are some Americans who go to bed in stove-pipe hats. Sometimes. But it's powerful hard on the hat. And the head.

Who Dares to Quit?

Just as brave a man would be who dared rebel against the tyranny of the top hat in lands and cities where its supremacy is acknowledged. Oh, there are places, of course, where men wear golf caps and tan shoes with dress suits, but they don't count in this present discussion. One can understand somewhat of the veneration which the 'plug' has inspired in masculine human breasts, by gazing upon the resurrected articles that annually appear in the parade on St. Patrick's day, for instance. In the cities of the East, notably in New York, one may read, as the long procession winds its way through the crowded avenues, the history and evolution of the stove-pipe hat, beginning in the gray dawn of its existence. And on the Fourth of July, the 'Grand Marshal' would be a weak and contemptible thing were it not for his high, slick, shiny silk hat, only four years out of date. How it always happens to be so old is beyond comprehension, as my recollection of Fourth of July parades is that the grand marshal is invariably thrown off his horse into a sand heap or a new cellar the minute the band strikes up 'Hail to the Chief,' and, as a rule, he lights on his hat, with his head in it. I never heard of a grand marshal being struck in a vital part. Don't you see what an exertion of will and what an exercise of courage it would demand from you to do such a simple thing as to dress comfortably, and wear an easy jacket, a negligé shirt, comfortable shoes, and any sort of slouch hat or cap that you enjoyed, at some occasion where society demanded of its votaries the sublimest sacrifice, the self-torture, of discomfort and personal artificiality? Don't you suppose he was a brave man who wore the first pair of long trousers? Napoleon Bonaparte introduced them into the uniform of his army in Egypt. A whole regiment of men, donning the new 'bags,' might get along with very few fights among themselves. But what of the unhappy soldier who strayed away from his own regiment, and got into a camp where they still clung to the knickerbockers?

I spent a summer at a quiet little Canadian resting place on Grand Manan Island when there was just one man, a professor in Columbia University, who wore a bicycle suit. And the children of the village used to follow him about every time he went out of the hotel. They gathered in front of the piazza every morning to wait for him. And when he walked down to the village to get his mail, they escorted him, filling the air with their joyous cries and sarcastic salutations. Once when we were out sailing on the Bay of Fundy, he fell overboard, and it was darkly whispered at the time—though I really never believed it—that he leaped into the icy water intentionally, rather than face the waiting throng of expectant villagers on the shore. There are plenty of men who will suffer martyrdom in a great cause and for great principle—this professor was one of the foremost men who smote the old Tweed ring in the teeth—but the courage that is required to do little things that are greatly sensible is just about as rare as the courage of martyrdom. The man who slouches and lounges through his sweltering summers, gracefully and easily and comfortably in cap and knicks, should always remember, with grateful heart, that his comfortable raiment has its roll of martyrs and heroes. I wouldn't mention the professor's name for a thousand, but what was good then, is good now. During a tour through the South last year, My Lady wore a traveling suit, with a short skirt. And the very darky women whom we met, sweeping the streets as they saw the

'white ladies' do, turned to stare, and filled the soft sunshine with unrestrained giggles at 'de lady wid a gaffs dress on!' But if she had swept gracefully along the sidewalks in a pleasant little whirlwind of straw, dust, tobacco quids, old cigar stumps, withered leaves, burned matches, wrecked cigarettes, general expectation, and all the variety of sidewalk flotsam and jetsam, drawn by her snowy skirts as the moon draws the tides, it would have been considered so perfectly ladylike and decorous as to attract no attention whatever. Being exquisitely dainty is all her taste, however, and regarding all that sort of street improvement by women with a shuddering disgust, she had the courage to make herself appear singularly fastidious. A few years ago men wore soft outing shirts with loose, unstarched, comfortable collars. But for some reason or other they couldn't stand comfort, and the negligé shirt today is made far more uncomfortable than the dress shirt, with a much stiffer collar and an equally inflexible bosom, and is considered 'negligé' because it is colored that it may not show dirt, I fancy, and may be worn a few weeks longer than a white one. When Jonas Hanway began to carry an umbrella in England, in 1750, he was surrounded by hooting mobs. Now, not to carry an umbrella at all times and in all places, is not to be English. And if you are not English you are a Boer. (Joke; everybody laugh!)

English Unspelled.

And I suppose the man who got tired of spelling 'through,' 'thorough,' was much derided for his illiterate way of spelling it. When Richard Rolle of Hampole, who had written a Latin commentary on the Psalms, was persuaded to rewrite it in English, he did so, but he entered his protest against a dangerous heresy of spelling reform that was even at that time, about 1350, threatening to defile and corrupt the purity of the language, saying, 'I see no strange Ynglys, but the lightest and commonest, & swilk is mooste lyk unto the Latyne.' And so he wrote his commentary in good, plain, common English, so that whose should read it should not 'drede erryng.' But the spelling reformers kept everlastingly at it. A hundred years later than Rolle, Caxton, in a prologue to his translation of 'Virgil's Eneydos,' complains that he is criticised for his 'advanced English,' his conservative critics accusing him of using 'ouer cyrurus termes which could not be vnderstande of comyn peple.' But when he desired to use the 'old and homely terms' which everybody could understand, he 'toke an olde boke and redde therein, and certainly the englysshe was so rude and brood that I could not wele vnderstand it.' And explaining that the English which he wrote was not the English spoken when he was born, he says, 'We englyssamen ben borne under the domynacyon of the moone, which is neuer stedfast, but ever waueryng,' wherefore he exercised the privilege of wavering a little himself, and so plunged into the spelling reform without even calling a convention of philologists to discuss the matter. And the moon has kept on varying and the language and its spelling has kept on changing ever since, until Josh Billings is about as ragged looking as Chaucer, but a thousandfold easier to spell and pronounce. It was Artemus Ward who admitted that Chaucer was a good poet, but the worst speller he ever read.

New and Good.

Oh, it isn't to do new things simply because they are new. Nothing is so empty and so wearisome as 'fada,' and yet, to be just to the faddist, there is nearly always the tiny, almost imperceptible germ of good in the fad that outlasts the fad itself, and establishes very often the new custom. To do new things because they are better than the old; because the world has outgrown the old, because the new is the more convenient; the more sensible; that calls for leaders and martyrs. He would be a brave man who would leave off wearing tail buttons on his coat. But even now he wears but two. Your grandfather wore four, not one of which buttoned anything. You are not as old man, but you can remember when there was more work on the tail pockets of a coat than there was on all the rest of the coat. And I tell you, boy, what your grandfather couldn't put into those tail pockets, you couldn't put in a valise, and that is stating the broad, deep fact rather mildly. He could carry a whole court docket with all the papers on both sides of the cases in which he was interested in the starboard pocket, and a clean shirt, brush and comb, a silk handkerchief bigger than the shirt, and a snuffbox and two or three big red apples in the other. 'Bulge?' You couldn't notice that he had a thing in the pockets until he began to discharge the cargo. That was one of the mysteries of it.

It requires a great deal of courage, my son, merely to leave off doing useless things. Not wicked, harmful things, but just useless things. Yesterday and its ways has a strong grip upon our lives. I will confess myself to a strong aversion to putting on some new things. Just about the time my slippers grow broad, and flat, and delightfully comfortable, somebody tells me they are not fit to give to the tramps, and with strange perversity and irreconcilable difference between doctrine and practice, she immediately gives them to the tramp. And a new hat—does not every man view with aversion the appalling change from an easy hat that has learned almost to adjust itself, to a new one so near like it that only an expert hatter can note the difference? Do you be brave enough and strong enough to quit doing the useless things that you and your fathers before you have been addicted to, and it won't be long before you will begin to leave off the hurtful things.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

[New York Main and Express:] 'That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Molly,' said a mistress to the Irish servant. 'What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?' 'Shure, ma'am,' replied Molly, 'I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise.'

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

PICTURESQUE INDUSTRY THREATENED
WITH DESTRUCTION.

From a Special Correspondent.

ESSEX JUNCTION (Vt.) March 10.—As the sun mounts higher and higher in the heavens these bright, sunny days of early March, there are hundreds of farmers in Vermont who are confronting one of the most serious problems that has come to them in a generation. It is time to prepare for the annual maple-sugar season, and much of the preliminary work has already been accomplished.

There is no denying, however, that the maple-sugar maker is solicitous regarding the future of the industry. During the past three years the forest tent caterpillar

to Vermont. In 1899 there was made in Vermont less than one-third of the usual amount. The atmospheric conditions which prevailed during the season undoubtedly constituted the chief cause of this shortage, but it was noticeable that sap did not flow in the usual quantities during the few days when good sugar weather prevailed.

In 1899 the caterpillars were more numerous than in the two previous years, and their destructive work was more thoroughly done. In several instances railway trains were stopped by the worms, which had crawled over the tracks in such numbers that their crushed bodies, acting like grease on the rails, caused the wheels of the locomotives to slip.

Entomologists who made a study of the situation in 1899 found that the caterpillars were infested by parasites, which destroyed the moths in the cocoons, and for this reason there is hope that the pest may gradually disappear.

If, however, there shall be a corresponding increase in the number of caterpillars the coming summer, the conclu-

of the trees are leg-wearying, but once the sap is all in running order, the work is comparatively easy. It is times when the sap runs so fast that the buckets be emptied twice during the same day, and the gathering team must hustle, for a momentary lull in the flow of sap means a loss of time. The farmer is a good observer of the Sabbath, but he will not let his sap buckets to overflow on the day of rest.

Changed by Modern Improvements.

Boiling by night was a frequent occurrence in the old iron kettles and pans, but the efficiency of the scientifically-constructed evaporators has made almost unnecessary. With a modern outfit it is possible to gather, one to four, can successfully evaporate a place of from 700 to 1000 trees, provided the fuel supply is not too extensive.

Continuous "sap weather" for any number of days is the exception, and not the rule, and there is no leisure for visiting from sugarhouse to sugarhouse.

Undoubtedly much of the charm of the maple-sugar season is because it marks the end of the long, dreary winter and the beginning of the glad time. During the winter the ground may still be covered with a foot or more of snow, yet there are many signs that spring is near. There is a warmth in the south wind that has not been noticeable for months, and the cold, dry power of the atmosphere has changed. The birds have added volume of water from the melted snow, and again found their voices to protest against the cold from which the sun has not yet fully released them. Crows have left their winter homes in the bushes, and on moonlit evenings the weird calls of owls startle the lone pedestrian. All nature seems to change as yet almost invisible, and man, with his keen vision, must of all.

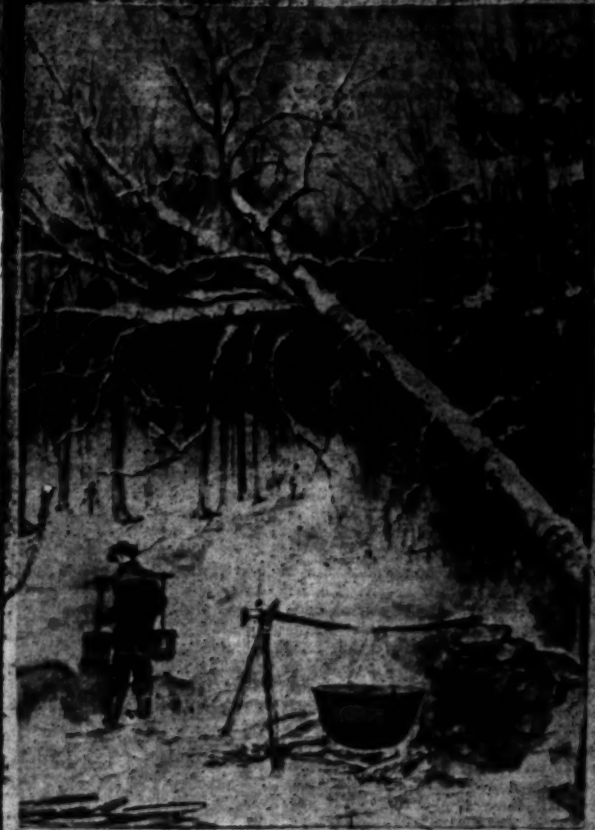
While sap is being gathered and reduced to syrup, the work is entirely in the hands of the farmer, but the sugaring off is an occasion for the gathering of the entire household. He who has not eaten maple sugar waxed on snow has missed a treat, and of which the most accomplished confectioner would be proud. Then, again, a sugaring-off is an occasion for a head gathering. Many times arrangements are made for a social gathering of different sugarhouses, and an invitation extended to the people in the neighborhood. There is no formality at these assemblies. It is expected to eat all the sugar that he can hold, and the limit is reached, to take the sweet taste from the mouth by eating a sour pickle, in order that the work may come more. The social function is no way hindered by the work. The syrup is boiled over a hot fire, reaches a certain consistency, when it is turned into the pails or wooden cans made, and allowed to cool. The process is simple, and requires the attention of a person, whose duty it is to see that the syrup is not boiled over the edge of the sugaring-off pan.

Origin of the Process and Early Methods.

The origin of the discovery of the process of sugaring off from the sap of the maple will always



Gathering the sap.



The Old way.



The Up-to-Date Evaporator.

Cilicampa discolor) has swept over the territory to which the rock maple (*Acer saccharinum*) is indigenous, and has wrought incalculable damage.

The pest did not make its appearance in any considerable numbers until the spring of 1898, and the sections afflicted were scattered, but in 1899 the most remote orchards were invaded and the trees were completely defoliated.

Hundreds of trees are known to have been killed, and many of the dead giants which were a source of profit to their owners, and to their fathers before them, have been cut down during the past winter for lumber or firewood.

Of the 50,000,000 pounds of pure maple sugar annually produced in the United States, fully one-third is ac-

sion must be inevitable that the maple-sugar industry is in jeopardy.

The absolute destruction of the maple-sugar maples in Vermont, which is not an improbability, should the conditions of the past three years continue to prevail, would mean not only the loss of a considerable annual income to the State, but the passing of one of the most picturesque features of rural life in North America.

Even for the gray-haired grandfathers, who made his first syrup in an iron kettle, sugaring still has its fascination. There is no department of labor on a Vermont farm which so nearly resembles play. If the snow is deep the breaking of the roads, the scattering of the buckets and the tapping

mystery. Years before Columbus set foot on the Indian, the Algonquians and the Hurons of the Champlain Valley, possessed the secret of the maple. A gash was hacked in the tree, and the sap from the wound trickled into a inclined piece of wood into cunningly-constructed birch bark.

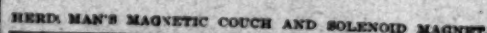
A quantity of sap was placed in shallow pans, and having heated a number of stones over a fire near by, they were dropped into the liquid. As the cooled they were replaced with other hot stones, and the process was continued until the sap thickened. It is highly probable, considering the nature of the

The steam improved was from the potash
works, by the spray fire, to the sheet-iron pan, stone arch
and masonry sugar house.* The arches really were long
and low, made of stone masonry, with pieces of
wood for supporting and a tall, brick chimney at the
west end. The arch was built a little smaller than the
one at the latter was placed upon it the arch
rested on wood. Wood, cut four feet long, and the draught
went by the open front and high chimney, made a fierce
blast away many times the number of gallons
of steam heated, that could be evaporated in the old potash kettles.

sample trees in the Green Mountain State. H. K.

The experiments on human beings," says Prof. Herdman, "were made with a view of determining the influence of this magnetic field on the metabolism of tissue as ascertained by the quantity of waste matter." Metabolism is the technical term for "the act or process by which, on one hand, the dead food is built up into living matter,

Prof. Herdman's experiments upon small animals have been more extended than upon men. As soon as they were old enough to bear separation from their mothers, a lot of guinea pigs or rabbits was divided into two groups as nearly alike in age and weight as possible, and were carefully weighed. Each group was subjected to conditions in all respects similar, except that from 5 o'clock each evening till midnight one group was placed in a cage made of No. 20 underwriters' wire, through which a five-ampere current with 248 alternations a second was passed, while the other bunch was placed in an exactly similar coil not connected with the current circuit. This plan was pursued with each pair of groups selected until they had reached their full growth, or from 6 to 12 weeks, according to the age of the animals at the beginning of the experiment.



"As far as these experiments go they appear to show that alternating magnetic stress is in some way related to a quickened metabolism of tissue; that the magnetic energy goes through some sort of transformation, and reappears as physiological energy. Growth can undoubtedly be accelerated by the use of electricity, but it must be admitted that the growth thus obtained is unhealthy, and in the end is disadvantageous to man or animal. Such diseases, however, as rheumatism, gout and constitutional disorders produced by defective excretions will in time be treated successfully by methods similar to those employed in the experiments described, that is, by inclosing the patient for a short period each day until improvement is effected in an electro-magnetic field."

J. OLIVIER CURWOOD.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

WHAT AN OBSERVING WOMAN SAW
IN PRESIDENT SAM'S DOMAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

EVER since the United States became a real factor in the West Indies certain elements of the population in the negro republic of Hayti have been looking forward to its ultimate annexation to this country as a possible solution of their greatest troubles. Certainly there must be some radical change in Hayti's government if there is to be much true progress there.

At the present time its so-called independence is Hayti's greatest stumbling block. But annexation would impose a terrible task upon the American authorities, for all Hayti is in a state of disorganization, social, moral and governmental, such as can hardly be imagined by any one who has not studied carefully existing conditions there. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that from the President, Simon Sam, down, the people are in a positively hopeless



WOMAN OF THE EXCLUSIVE SET.

state. There are exceptions, but they may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

President Sam loves to call himself "The Lion," and his people imitate him, some in all seriousness, but the majority in scorn. Anything more unlike a lion than His Excellency I cannot well imagine. His courage is of such poor quality that he never goes anywhere, either in the city or the country, except under the escort of the entire Haytian "army."

An Interview with the President.

Soon after my arrival in Port au Prince I had my first interview with His Excellency. I was on hand at the ap-

peccor, Hyppolite, built a little railroad, eight or nine miles long, installed two electric-light plants, and laid out a few miles of good road. I agreed with His Excellency, however, that the money spent for these improvements had been thrown away. Then, seeing how lovingly he clung to the great gold chair of state in which he sat, I timidly asked how he liked being President and what chance there was of another revolution. He hastened to assure me that the utmost content and quiet reigned (although for days nothing but revolution was talked of out in the open) and that the Haytian army was never in better shape.

The Haytian Army.

The Haytian army is made up of citizens who are "run in," as a hard-working market woman told me when I asked her why her man didn't do the work. She said she wouldn't let him carry her load to town, because she "didn't want to lose him to the army." It is the funniest thing I ever saw, this army. The Fourth of July "Invincibles" of any western village would be a well-organized military corps by comparison. There are no barracks. About a hundred and fifty members of the soldiers lodge in a building in the palace grounds that used to be a sort of prison. The remainder sleep on the sidewalks and porches, or suspend their hammocks along the street from tree to tree.

The Haytian soldier boils the plantain that forms the chief feature of his rations in a tin can over a few embers in the middle of the street or on your doorstep. His dessert is a mango. His pay is 50 cents (Haytian) a week—when he gets it, which isn't often. When he escorts the sacred person of the President the soldier's uniform is of dark-green cloth, with much gold trimming and many buttons. His every-day raiment is practically a fig leaf.

I had the pleasure of seeing President Sam's wife at Petionville. Her amiability, which he values particularly, is justified by her avoirdupois, as her penchant for pink and light blue piques is justified by her complexion. His Excellency has six grown sons. His "palace" is fully deserving of the appellation, and he manages to live rather comfortably, even if he does realize that revolutions grow over night in Hayti. President Sam is disliked by every class. He knows little and cares less about the duties of a chief magistrate. He is a Voodooist at heart, and a clandestine participant in occasional festivities of that cult.

Deplorable Municipal Conditions.

Municipal government, like national government, is a farce in Hayti. There is not a well-defined street in Port au Prince, the capital city, and sewers are unknown. There are no health nor sanitary departments. A hen or a horse may die in the street, and in the street it remains. I saw a dead pig, which a lot of children were hauling up and down the roadway with a string in play.

Facing the cathedral, where His Excellency attends divine worship and thanks the Lord for all His blessings, is a square intended as a public park, but now a loathsome pesthole, from which insects swarm in dense clouds. After 6 or 7 o'clock in the evening the streets are in total darkness. The fluid lamps erected around the city by some former well-meaning administration are minus their tanks. The electric lights surrounding the palace are lighted only on Thursday evening, concert night, until 10 o'clock.

Instead of foreign capital being encouraged, as the President intimated he should like it to be, everything is done to discourage it. The Haytians look with suspicion upon every white person who lands. No Caucasian can own real property unless he marries a negress. The few French, German and English merchants and bankers, who represent the real and commercial wealth of the colony, manage

years, perhaps, there is a bonfire, and the dead are partially cremated. In the meantime, however, heaven. Marriage is practically unknown among the masses, but children are reared in profusion.

Despite their laziness and fifth and general conditions. The Lycée, with a splendid faculty, the "Brothers' School," the college under the Friars of St. Luis; and the seminary of St. Cluny, for young ladies, are the principal centers of the commencement exercises of the year. The exhibition of embroidery, sewing, drawing and painting was most remarkable. All the institutions above are for the wealthy and well-to-do, and are by no means neglected. Free day schools are able to pay about.

Notwithstanding their general education, the women are not extensive readers. Periodicals find their way into their homes. Books are few and of a desirable character, and there are none of the large picture books for the youngsters which are the hearts of American children.

The main reason, undoubtedly, for the lack of the native Haytian is to be found in the general culture, which supplies mangoes in endless quantities grow everywhere without cultivation, and the sustenance of the population. The negro grows bread and meat. The cultivated area of the country is limited, and the southern part is practically a desert. Coffee takes the lead among the products. The oxen; mules capable of everything and enduring long, and a few ponies, tender-eyed, docile, and being the only beasts of draught or burden.

The local conveyance for merchandise, a



PRESIDENT SAM, "THE LION" OF HAYTI.

with an adjustment of two bamboo poles, the palm leaves, is a remarkable contrivance. It is equalled by those piled on to the diminutive country it rounds sharp corners, mounts slides down a hill on a bunch of garbage and composes with no apparent strain or threat of

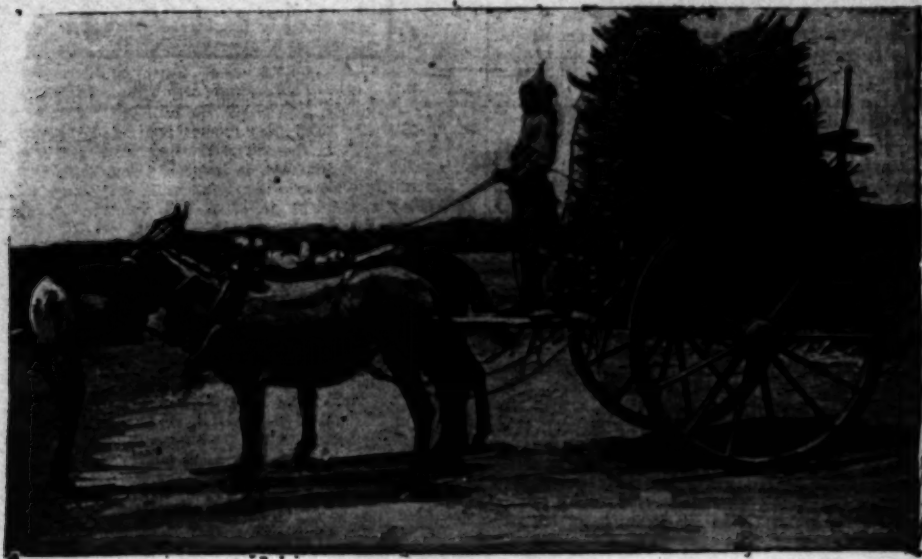
The Voodoo Dance.

The chief dissipation of the native is the dance and in this high and low indulge with the Knight of the Garter or grande dame in a over glided through the stately minuet when the native Haytian feels in the habit of the barbaric ceremony, whose series of dances to the stranger and may not be described. It is a dance of blood, drawn from an animal "sacrifice." It is even more than the alcohol, and the source of degrading and repulsive in the extreme.

All voodooists are fatalists, and when they see the possibility of an event they expect it to happen, particularly if it is something. If the pope-lai predicts a general or national proceed to burn the town; if the man-lai predicts a political savior is of human descent in born, they stir up a revolution. The ruler, who springs out of this revolution, that his high place is not of human origin, the result of some heaven-born favor will

Altogether, they are a most remarkable

(Copyright, 1904, by Francis & John)



A HAYTIAN CART.

pointed time, 9 a.m., and was at once shown to the grand saloon on the second floor of the palace. The President greeted me cordially. He expressed pleasure at receiving "an American girl," and I returned the compliment by intimating that the world at large was impatient to hear from him. This delighted him. Then he vouchsafed the information that Hayti was not only the most fertile island in the West Indies, but the most beautiful as well, and exceedingly rich in minerals. All it needed, he said, was capital to get the riches out.

"But," he went on, "the people lack courage, a fact that is due probably to the little financial crisis which the country has undergone, purely as a result of Hyppolite's extravagance."

His Excellency said this because in Hayti they never forgive any one who takes a step in advance, and his pred-

to hold some property by buying through reputable Haytian citizens. After a purchase has been effected a heavy mortgage is taken out as security. Under this system some ideal homes have been built by the foreigners. Their houses are located as far from the town as possible, and as remote from the road as the extent of the property will allow. The seclusion is increased by gardens of dense foliage and thick hedges.

Filthy Streets, Clean Houses.

Though great heaps of filth and garbage of every description are to be found in the streets, most of the houses are clean inside. Everything in the line of refuse is shoveled over the threshold into the streets. When it rains the refuse is washed into a ditch at the side or into a hole in the center of the thoroughfare. Every two or three

Total va
In practi
on this t
not as
sted to
low:
most cost
of ci
cubic yar
of a
Total ...
duct val
Net poss
Thus in
household
olidation,
ception of
unted with
it. The r
ould be p
soon as p
aking the
Standar
their col
What Migh
Almost if
with ash
garbage o
in St. L
s, and 95
reposition i
deposed
where "New
made in wa
of ed p
Philadelphia
lost about
In several
manufacture
of the ha
of the fa
derived from
instruments not

STREET CLEANING.

A PROBLEM THAT INVOLVES GREAT EXPENSE AND STUDY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE city of New York alone has appropriated \$5,031,000 for street cleaning, snow removal and the disposition of ashes and garbage during the current year. More than \$50,000,000 is paid out annually for these purposes in the ten largest cities of the United States. To relieve the burden of taxation involved by these enormous expenditures, and at the same time to improve the service is a municipal problem of overshadowing importance. Whatever is saved from the cost of keeping the cities clean is, of course, the addition of just so much to the national wealth, and therefore the efforts of all who have entered this field have been directed toward making street cleaning and "final disposition" as nearly self-supporting as possible.

Scientists, both in this country and abroad, have shown that large sums can be realized through the scientific disposal of waste materials. As a result, it is probable that radical changes will be introduced into the method of street cleaning and the handling of household refuse in a comparatively short time, than in any other department of public work. An official of the New York street-cleaning department, whose duties include the supervision of the final disposition of most of the household waste collected, said recently:

"I am just beginning with this problem, and our experience to date has been such that I should not be at all inclined to find that street cleaning can ultimately be made to pay for itself and perhaps yield a profit to such an extent as to make use of scientific methods."

Household Ashes.

The household item of domestic waste, apparently, is a nuisance. Yet, under proper treatment, they may be made of great materials of surprising value. During the year 1900 there were collected in New York about 900,000 cartons, or 1,000,000 cubic yards of domestic ashes from stoves, ranges, furnaces, etc., in what constituted the city of New York before consolidation. The cost of collecting these ashes was about \$750,000; to haul them out to sea for final disposition cost about \$150,000 more, making a total of \$900,000. Careful analyses, covering the better part of a year, show that "domestic" ashes are made up of the following parts approximately: Recoverable coal, 50 per cent; iron ash, 30 per cent; clinker, 15 per cent; coarse ash and sand, 15 per cent; total, 100 per cent.

To separate the ashes into these component parts would cost about \$2 for eight cubic yards, so that the treatment of these materials collected would have cost \$185,750. According to the foregoing analysis they would have yielded of coal, 184,000 tons approximately; of clinker, 200,500 cubic yards; of iron ash, 675,000 cubic yards; and of stone, 100,000 cubic yards.

These figures were carefully compiled by the New York Department, and its officials have placed values upon the recoverable parts as follows, the coarse ash and stone being of no value at all, though they could be made into filling in low lands:

Coal, 184,000 tons, at \$2.50.....	\$460,000
Iron ash for use in concrete and filling beneath foundations (swampy buildings), 200,500 yards, at \$1.00.....	200,500
Clunker, 200,500 cubic yards, at 25 cents.....	50,125
Coarse ash (for use in mixing mortar), 675,000 cubic yards, at 25 cents.....	168,750
Total value.....	\$819,375
To practice the result would, of course, differ somewhat from this theoretical showing, but, assuming its accuracy, the saving to the city, were its "domestic" ashes sold to the separation process, would be as indicated below:	
Cost of collecting and disposing of ashes.....	\$900,000
Cost of collecting and hauling 1,350,000 cubic yards to separator.....	\$750,000
Cost of separation.....	168,750
Total.....	\$1,818,750
Total value of recoverable products.....	\$819,375
Net cost under new system.....	\$1,000,000

The possible saving.....\$750,000

Thus in the one item of collection and disposition of household ashes a city the size of New York before consolidation, could have the better part of \$1,000,000 by the adoption of modern methods. A commercial concern concerned with such a proposition would make short work of it. The machinery needed for bringing about the change would be procured at once, and it would go into effect as soon as possible. It is by utilizing "waste materials," making them into "by-products," that such concerns as the Standard Oil Company have built up a large portion of their colossal returns.

What Might Be Done with Garbage.

Almost as not quite as much can be done with garbage as with ashes. Under the present system the disposition of garbage costs about as much per capita in Chicago; as much in St. Louis; 40 cents in Buffalo; 46 cents in Philadelphia, and 50 cents in Boston. The discrepancy in cost of garbage is due largely to the greater waste that must be disposed of in some cities. Strangely enough, Boston, with its "New England economy" is supposed to prevail, with its wastefulness, the garbage running there at the rate of 10 pounds per capita. In Chicago it is 546 pounds; in Philadelphia, 500 pounds; St. Louis, 577 pounds, and New York, 600 pounds.

In some cities the garbage is now utilized in the manufacture of fertilizers by private concerns, which take it from the hands of the municipal authorities under contract. So far, the cities receive no part of the revenues derived from the sale of fertilizers, but the results of experiments are under way in New York and elsewhere in-

dicating that the garbage will not only be made to pay for itself before the next century is very far advanced, but will yield a net profit besides.

In every center of population the garbage question goes through several distinct phases. First, when the future city has only a small population the garbage is fed to the pigs and other domestic animals. As the population grows and houses are closer together, keeping pigs becomes unpopular, and the garbage is turned over to some farmer. The householders are glad to have him come and get it for nothing. Later, when the settlement has grown into a good-sized town, the farmers in the neighborhood compete for the privilege of taking the garbage. They are very willing to pay something for it. Still later, as the farmers are driven further out, the haul becomes longer and the garbage is a drug on the market, so that the farmers or contractors are paid for getting rid of the stuff. Then the city takes up the collection on its own account at a constantly increasing expense. At this point we have remained for a great many years in our cities.

Going Back to First Principles.

It is only four years ago that the city of New York ceased scowling its garbage out to sea. This system did great damage to the little towns on the Long Island Coast, where the beaches became pest breeders because the tides brought a large per cent. of the offal in shore. After long agitation the Legislature passed a law prohibiting the dumping of garbage at sea. A plant was built on Barren Island by a private concern, under a contract with the city. Here the garbage is now boiled and steamed, the product being a low-grade fertilizer.

New York was behind several of the other big cities of the United States in changing its method of garbage disposition, but in New York as well as elsewhere, the result has been such that experts now believe the time is not far off when the garbage will again be a source of revenue to the people, as in the early life of the cities. Fertilizers manufactured from garbage sell all the way from \$5.50 to \$5.50 a ton. Its bulk is reduced from ten to twenty times, according to the process. No American city has yet succeeded in getting a profit from its waste, but the system now coming into use has reduced the cost of disposing of it materially. New York has done much less than some other cities in this direction, but even New York is now saving the cost of the long and expensive haul of fifteen or twenty miles to sea. Instead, she now delivers to the contractors at the river dumps. The next step will probably be garbage utilization by the city authorities direct.

Separating Light Rubbish.

Direct handling by the municipality has already come in New York in another branch of waste—light rubbish. Heretofore all such rubbish, made up of boxes, barrels, paper and other litter, was hauled out to sea on the garbage scows and dumped. Now a portion of it, a very small portion to be sure, less than 10 per cent., is being handled as an experiment at a "disposal" plant located in the heart of the city. This plant was built by the late Col. Waring, and formed part of his great scheme for revolutionizing New York's street-cleaning system. The experiment has been most satisfactory in every way. As soon as political conditions settle, so as to make an appropriation for the purpose possible, a sufficient number of similar plants will be erected in various parts of the city to handle the entire accumulation. The city's paper carts collect about 100,000 tons a year. Under the present system, the collection and the dumping of this stuff into the sea costs over \$100,000. The department has received about 50 cents a ton, net, for the stuff handled at the "disposal plant," after allowing for interest, wear and tear, labor, etc.

On this basis the 100,000 tons now thrown into the sea would yield \$50,000. And, in addition, there would be almost as much again saved, because of shorter land hauls to conveniently-situated plants, instead of to river dumps, and the entire abolition of the sea haul. Then, too, it is figured that, handled in larger quantities, better prices could be obtained for the stuff recovered.

The "disposal plant," which was extensively written up in Col. Waring's day, is a very simple affair. Its first cost was only \$16,000. To this must be added the land value. Ten such plants, allowing for improvements that experience have suggested, could easily handle all the rubbish of the city for a good many years to come. The main feature of the plant is a "conveyor belt," of stitched canvas, eighty feet long, that runs up to the mouth of a crematory or furnace. The stuff brought in by the carts is dumped on the lower end of the belt, which travels very slowly. Stationed on either side of the belt are workmen who pick out the newspapers, wrapping paper, cotton rags, woolen rags, bottles, old shoes, rubber, tin cans, barrels and metals. Everything is put on a separate pile. The stuff left on the belt is carried into the furnace and consumed.

It is expected by experts that as great improvements will be made in the gathering of the rubbish, ashes and garbage as in its final disposition. Among other plans, a system of pneumatic tubes that shall cover the entire city, as the sewers do now, taking up refuse of all kinds and delivering at selected localities, has been proposed. There would be certain designated hours when garbage would be dumped, other hours for ashes, rubbish, etc., so that the materials would all be kept separate for handling and utilization. House connections would be made and street dirt would be swept into special opening at the curb, as sewer openings are.

Sweeping by Compressed Air.

Such a system would do away almost entirely with carts and hand labor in the street-cleaning department. Some engineers predict that sooner or later the streets will be swept by compressed air. Machine sweepers of the patterns now in use are not capable of making the streets really clean. Pneumatic sweepers of a small pattern have already been put in use for cleaning railroad cars, and from these it is prophesied a compressed-air street sweeper that will do the work better than either hand or machine sweeper will be evolved.

But before this arrives, and long before the pneumatic-tube system will become possible, owing to its enormous expense, a considerable burden will have been lifted from the street-cleaning department by the general use of auto-

mobiles. They will do away largely with the horse, the present greatest enemy to clean streets; they will compel better paving and they will be substituted for the horse in the work of refuse collection, causing both tremendous saving and enormously-increased expedition.

The automobile will also bring about a change in the disposition of another troublesome factor in street cleaning, if the rather daring suggestion made by Thomas A. Edison some time ago shall be carried out. This is the disposition of snow. Mr. Edison would "harvest" it, somewhat as wheat is harvested. According to the "Wizard's" ideas, the snow harvester would compress the snow into bricks. These bricks would be deposited in orderly rows on the sidewalks, to be gathered up later by autotricks. Being practically ice, Mr. Edison believes the bricks would be used for cold storage purposes. A six-inch snowfall costs New York about \$50,000 for cost of removal. It is estimated that in addition it costs the business community about \$50,000 a day in traffic delays, wear and tear, etc., and a thoroughly practical method of disposing of the snow in cities would be of almost incalculable value.

J. M. CHRISTMAN.

A DRUMMER'S YARN.

HOW THE ENTERPRISING FURNITURE SALESMAN MADE MONEY WITHOUT A SALARY.

[New York Press:] About once a year the five traveling salesmen meet, and the meeting never breaks up until morning. Business conditions are discussed, stories are told, and odd or exciting adventures related. Jim Morrow, who represents one of the largest notion houses, finished his story, in which he had pictured himself selling impossible quantities of his wares to unwilling buyers, and Bill Burton, who was as slow and quiet as his companions were noisy, said, with his characteristic drawl, "You fellows are all selling lots of stock and making good money, but last season I sold less than any of you and made more money than any two. And the people I represent don't pay me a thing besides my expenses."

The others listened calmly. "Want to give the secret away?" asked one. "We're ready for anything that means more money, but I don't see where cash can come in when a man works for his expenses."

"Of course, you don't," remarked Burton. "But you will when I explain. It's your turn to buy, isn't it, Clark? It's a long story and my throat's dry."

After Clark's purchase had received proper consideration, Burton began:

"Last year I traveled for a concern that made dining-room furniture. I got a fair salary and sold enough of their goods to satisfy them. They also paid all my expenses. This year I hustled about a bit, and after I had made some calculations, I was able to offer them my services without salary, provided they paid my expenses."

Burton paused and looked over the group through half-closed lids. The others looked expectant.

"If that is intended as a funny story, old man, I must say that as a humorist you come last in the line," said Morrow.

"The explanation is to come," Burton said slowly. "As you know, all furniture manufacturers are specialists; one concern makes parlor suits, another dining-room furniture, another sofas and lounges and others make only beds and bedroom fittings. Yet each retail store sells all these goods. I now represent five firms, each of which makes furniture that does not come into competition with the product of the other four firms. Each one of these five firms pays my expenses, but none of them pays me any salary. Each item of car fare, every hotel bill and all incidental charges are repaid to me five-times over, and it's a good thing for all my employers. As for myself, of course, it is good for me, because when I stay at a \$5-a-day hotel, I make more money than if I limited myself to the cheaper ones."

"It's a good scheme," said Morrow.

"Seems to me it's somebody's turn to buy," said Clark.

THE GOLDEN TEMPER.

THIS IS THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE OF A WOMAN'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

"The art of being companionable is a secret worth finding out, even if it takes time and patience to learn it," affirms Mary Stuart McKinney when writing of "The Companionable Person" in the Woman's Home Companion. "Some people are born with the happy knack. There is a spontaneous gaiety that you expect women to have, just as you expect the birds to sing and the sun to shine. Many a very bad quarter of an hour has been averted in the domestic circle by a bright laugh or a gay rejoinder. The laugh may be saucy and the rejoinder a bit of verbal buffet, but if it is only done good-naturedly, it will be all the more effective. It used basely to be said of men that the only way to make them happy was to feed them well. That could only have applied to a small and commonplace minority. Of course, no one wants an uninterrupted round of even the most brilliant smiles any more than he would wish to make three meals a day off meringues and biscuits glacés, but it is safe to say that countless numbers of willing and delighted masculine captives may be led by the lightest chains that gaiety and good-humor can forge. One result of a great deal of the imperfect education that is dealt out by the handful nowadays is that some women are apt to set undue value on mere book-learning and the gift of conversation. This kind of a person looks upon your little joke as beneath her dignity, and she treats you to a somber harangue on the necessity of having serious views of life at the moment when you are striving to look at things cheerfully in an effort to forget cares and anxieties. It is a woman's privilege to lighten the shadows and be all that is gracious and bright on the ornamental side of life. It is a good plan to let much learning sit as lightly as possible and to get into the habit of making 'little troubles pass like little ripples in a sunny river.'"

Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the popular Governor of New York, is off for Cuba. The purpose of her visit is to inspect the homes, home life, opportunities and conditions of the people, with a view, presumably, to assist in plans for their improvement.

IN THE PHILIPPINES. RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIEUTENANT LATELY RETURNED.

By a Special Contributor.

AN INCIDENT that occurred the first time I ever saw the gallant Gen. Lawton, illustrated his aversion to anything that tended to impede his rapid and untiring movements. It was at Pasig. A brigade had been concentrated there to sweep the Laguna province and capture the town of Santa Cruz, where Pio del Pilar had gathered a force of several thousand insurgents.

Gen. Lawton arrived, to take command, early in the morning. His presence was felt at once. Out of apparent chaos he soon brought perfect order, and the brigade was ready to embark on caissons within an hour after his arrival. As he walked toward the wharf to personally superintend the embarkation of the troops, his eyes rested on a mountain of camp equipment; blankets, shelter halves, canned luxuries and bottled necessities were piled up in an indiscriminate mass. He stopped, surveyed the big heap of impedimenta for a moment, and then walked rapidly to the soldier who was apparently guarding it and inquired to whom it belonged. The soldier informed him that it was the personal baggage of the brigade officers. Turning to his musician he ordered him to blow "officers' call." Before the last note had died away, officers were hurrying toward him from every direction. A few hours of Lawton had made them very prompt.

A Short But Effective Speech.

Awaiting until all were assembled around him, he said: "Gentlemen, this is not a pleasure excursion. A pocho is all I deem necessary for myself. You will find one sufficient for your needs. That's all."

Nothing more was necessary. In a moment a symphony of gurgles arose, as packages were opened and their contents transferred to the ever-ready caissons. Photographs of sweethearts were pressed more closely to manly beards and tins of "devil's" luxuries were jammed into that "Holy of Holies" of the soldier, the pocket on the left of his campaign shirt. The bulkier articles were soon transferred to the keeping of brother officers, who were to remain at Pasig. When a few days later that worn-out, mud-spattered column returned, the ponchos were mostly noticeable by their absence. The added weight of the inevitable tooth brush tucked in the hands of their campaign hats seemed a burden, and officers and men, discussing the expedition, on that, their first night of rest, decided unanimously that a rifle, extra ammunition, a palm leaf and an extra pair of feet were the only rational equipment for men who had to follow Lawton's pace.

Our New Judiciary.

"When Gen. Otis established the native judiciary, in Manila, he gave to the world an innovation in the administering of justice that in criminal cases would very soon either stamp out crime or necessitate a national appropriation for prisons. The Filipino judge believes that his first duty is to see that his court is not an expense, but a source of revenue to the government. When he takes his seat on the bench he wears an expression of wisdom (and some other apparel) that would put to shame the proverbial tree full of owls. He makes a rapid mental calculation of his pay per diem, janitor hire and incidentals, surveys the docket and in exactly two minutes and forty-five seconds decides what the day's profit shall be. He demonstrates at once that he issues no passes; that he plays only to paid houses. He also believes that the strong arm of the law should not wrest from the guilty alone the coin of the realm of Alfonso, but should be supplemented, octopus-like, with many tentacles, which would draw more of the depreciated pesos into the judicial maw. While the "strong arm" is relieving the guilty one of his burden of shakels, the lesser ones are reaching out in search of accessories to the crime, either before its commission, during the act, or after. For, says His Honor: "This man is guilty. No man even enters here who is not guilty. Consequently, his associates, friends and family must have absorbed by association, some of his guilt, or else he has come to this unfortunate estate through association with them. They are accessories to the crime, and lest they should not heed the example I propose making of the prisoner, I will impose a restraining fine upon them, which may be the means of saving their light brown reputation from becoming black, through specific charges in the future I anticipate."

Filipino Justice Practically Applied.

The first reputation thus saved was the personal property of a prominent Englishman, who came to Manila with a party of friends searching for experiences that would relieve the routine of a prosaic life. The day after their arrival was the Queen's birthday, and all of the party, with the exception of this gentleman, who was visiting friends in a suburb of Manila, started to celebrate it. By evening they were accompanied by luridly picturesque jags and the British lion was roaring in the fullness thereof. The spirit of imperialism soon guided them into the walled city and into a hostelry conducted by a Spaniard. They immediately took possession in the name of the Queen. Certain furniture, including the Spaniard, did not meet with their approval, and was promptly dumped into the street. The provost guard appeared at this interesting moment and the scene of the play was transferred to the city lockup. The next morning they appeared before His Honor, who was doing business in the inferior criminal court. The evidence, including the Spaniard's much-abused face, decided the court to impose a fine of 50 pesos each. After all pockets had been earnestly searched and their contents audited, a deficiency of 63 pesos was discovered. A messenger was hurriedly dispatched to their friend in Manila and he responded promptly in person. On his arrival they notified the court that they were ready to square accounts and

promise to be good. Looking at the new arrival, who had displayed a goodly roll, His Honor inquired who he was. "I am a friend of these gentlemen," was the response. "You are fined 25 pesos," was the calm rejoinder. "What for?" asked the amazed Englishman. "Having such friends," drawled His Honor, as he mentally transferred twenty-five to the profit side. "I'm a badly idiot if I will allow myself to be robbed this way," shouted the now-enraged victim. "Twenty-five pesos or thirty days in Bilibid prison," was the reply.

"But I was a mile away from the scene of this disturbance, and had nothing whatever to do with it." "But you have acknowledged to the court that you are a friend of these prisoners. I find you guilty of being associated with law-breakers and impose a fine of 25 pesos or its equivalent in imprisonment, which is thirty days."

Entreaties, threats of international complications were alike unavailing, and swearing that a Briton's rights should be respected, they paid the fines and departed unto the English Consul for redress. No good had their grievance placed before the American authorities in proper official form. There it was numbered and laid away with the other members of the "Grievance" family, some day to be exhumed and then cremated. This one experience in the mysteries of Manila life was sufficient to cause the departure of the entire party for Hongkong, and as they went, they wondered if they had been accompanied by their respective families, if all would have been compelled to oil the wheels of Uncle Samuel's new judicial machine.

Brave Allies of the Tagals.

Unfortunately, while the ennobling effects of civilization are apparent in many ways among so-called savages, the degrading influence of the ever-accompanying civilized vices are equally noticeable. A pitiable case of how a child of nature, possessing many noble qualities, can be degraded to the level of some of his white brethren, was that of an Igorrote chief, who was wounded and captured during the first day's fighting before Manila. The insurgent leaders had enticed a band of Igorrotes from their mountain homes, under promise of great loot when the city of Manila was captured. Armed with bows and spears, they were placed in the first line with nothing but shields made of skins to protect them from the fire of modern rifles and artillery. Their Tagal allies, armed with Mausers and Remingtons, occupied the intrenchments. They stood the infantry fire with remarkable courage, but when the artillery poured a storm of shell and shrapnel among them, they broke and fled, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. When the search for the wounded was made an Igorrote chief was found. A piece of shell had torn a ghastly wound in his leg and he was rapidly bleeding to death. Two faithful followers, one a woman, were with him, trying in vain in their simple way, to stop the flow of blood. As the surgeon examined his wound and applied the needed bandages, the eyes of the three followed his every movement. There was no evidence of fear, but simply curiosity and wonder at the rapid and skillful manner in which the wound was dressed. When they placed him on the litter he took the hand of the surgeon and raised it to his lips and an expression of gratitude illumined that dark face that was infinitely more eloquent than any words. They were a picturesque trio. Though small of stature, their long black hair falling in a shining mass to their waists, was crowned with a circlet of brilliant feathers; clothed with nothing but a girdle, every line of their superb figure shone like burnished copper. Graced with features of classic mold, they represented a perfect type of nature's nobility.

Falls Under Bad Influences.

The wounded chief was sent to the hospital in Manila and the other two were temporarily confined with the Tagal prisoners. Having occasion several months afterward to visit the hospital, I inquired as to what had become of the chief. I was told that he had recovered from his wound, but had not been confined, as he helped around the kitchen. I found him in a circle of convalescing soldiers. An old battered hat was pulled down to his eyes. He was dressed in a ragged blue blouse and a greasy pair of khaki trousers. His face, bleated from liquor, had lost all expression. Encouraged by the soldiers, he was attempting, in a maudlin voice, to sing a song they had taught him. What a contrast to the day he entered that hospital! Two months of contact with our civilization was enough to warp the innate man and develop the animal. As I turned away from the sight of that poor unfortunate, the thought occurred to me that there was something radically wrong with our civilization.

H. LEE CLOTWORTHY.

AN EPISCOPALIAN ENCYCLICAL.

[New York Tribune:] Three bishops of the Episcopal church, namely, A. H. Littlejohn of Long Island, George F. Seymour of Springfield, Ill., and Leighton Coleman of Delaware, have taken a step unprecedented in the Episcopal church. They have sent an encyclical to every bishop in the world who does not owe obedience to the Roman Pontiff, commending in the highest terms a volume entitled "A Vindication of Anglican Orders," by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Lowndes, an Episcopal clergyman, of this city. It also announces that a fund has been raised, to which it is understood Bishop Potter contributed, for the purpose of sending a copy of the volume to every bishop to whom the encyclical is addressed. This is done because, in the opinion of the three bishops, Dr. Lowndes establishes the validity of Anglican orders as against the letter of Leo XIII, and also because they think it desirable that the church in general should be apprised of the fact that the Episcopal church, though yet young, already possesses theologians and scholars. The volume will be translated into Greek and Russian.

FEARED THE REMEDY.

[Harlem Life:] Physician (with ear to patient's chest.) There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once.

Patient (anxiously.) That swelling is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.

SENATOR O. H. PLATT.

A MAN OF COMMON SENSE, FIRMNESS AND INTEGRITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—There are two men in the Senate, one from Connecticut, the other from New York. One of them has been a Senator twenty years; the other is serving his first term. A few weeks of service as Conkling's colleague in the dramatic resignation of Conkling and his departure in 1881. Aside from their names, the two Platts have anything in common. The New York Senator is a political leader—one of the most astute politicians in American history has carried any record. The Connecticut man is about as indifferent to the machinery of any man can be who figures in public life. The Connecticut Platt is less widely known than the other within the narrower bounds of his reputation is high.

If the selection of President of the United States were voted upon the Senate, the first choice would be the Alliance of Iowa. The second would be Gen. Platt. For years he has been noted among his associates for his judgment, firmness of opinion, common sense and high integrity. Without any of the glittering personal qualities which go to make the popular favorite, almost every quality that begets confidence and respect. He has homely virtues, chief among them a never-failing common sense. He is never swayed by popular clamor or by the emotions of the moment. He knows instinctively what the average man is thinking and what the average man would like to know. He is the kind of a person who would be selected to manage an estate; he would insure it a steady income and never take undue chances. He never undertakes a public question until he has studied it in all its aspects and so he is not one of those who rush into debate. When he addresses the Senate he is in close attention. He is one of the few who sometimes affect votes.

He is nothing of an orator. Public speaking is a chore for him. He speaks only when he is asked to and not because he likes the sound of his voice or looks for the responsive clasp of applause. He understands his own limitations and he has the trace of a delusion. There are not many men who



SENATOR PLATT OF CONNECTICUT.

of whom this can be said. He may wish it at times, but he does not deceive himself in his own estimation. Gen. "Joe" Hawley, his colleague, is a public speaker. He has a genius for swaying the emotions and for inspiring confidence. He recognizes this as a gift which he does not possess. His friends he sometimes talks about it, with regret, but never with even an infinitesimal jealousy or envy.

Platt is one of the best lawyers in Congress, practical and hard-headed; for years he has been a member of the Judiciary Committee. He is a man in the Senate who have a grasp of the situation. When it came to selecting a chairman for the committee on Cuba, the choice of Republican Senators fell on Platt. It was known that he was a man that he would never be carried away by any emotion, nothing suspicious or shady would ever influence his legislation over which he had supervision. He is those who appreciate the value of refraining from legislation at all.

Platt is no longer a young man. He is ten and the passing years have drawn furrows in his face. But there is no youngster in the Senate more equipped to cope with new problems that come to him. He is a strong partisan and an intense one. He is full of courage and endowed with a power of endurance that is almost superhuman. He wastes time in dwelling on the past or regretting that have gone. His conservatism is not a timidity; it is the life-long habit of a mind that is unillusioned and uninfluenced by impractical theories.

It is often said by those who know Senator Platt that he has many of the qualities that made Lincoln a great man—caution in expedients, patience, common sense and a sympathy as broad as the world. He is tender in his friendships and helpful.

THE COMING ECLIPSE.

THE EVENT ALREADY EXCITING A GREAT DEAL OF INTEREST.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—In one respect the sun's path, instead of extending over the cloudy-settled regions that intervene between Iowa and the coast, as in 1876, or stretching over the watery expanse of the Pacific as in 1883, when the United States sent an expedition to the Caroline Islands, 4000 miles west of South America, or let the eclipse go unobserved, as in 1892, when the eclipse was unobserved in Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, and Virginia, and traverse a very fairly settled portion of the country, which is covered with a perfect network of railroads. The track of totality begins on the Pacific Ocean, west of Mexico, at sunrise, trends due eastward over the United States very near New Orleans, and extends northeastward over Mobile and Montpelier, N. C., and leaves this country in the State of Virginia, and Cape Henry. Besides the cities and towns on the smaller maps, there are large enough towns on the path of the eclipse crosses the Atlantic Ocean at Columbus, Portugal, takes in Algiers and Tunis in Africa, and terminates near the northern end of Europe at sunset. The eclipse will last about 10 minutes near New Orleans, and 1 minute near Norfolk.

Only the favored few, who could afford to spend perhaps weeks in travel, have been able to view the phenomenon from their own doorsteps. The millions dwell within an easy day's journey of the country will be able to witness a portion of the show of home, for a partial eclipse will be visible in a large portion of the country. Nature has arranged with a generosity. Total eclipses were visible in the United States in 1805, 1823 and 1839, but their paths did not cross the settled regions.

Already the railroads have begun preparing to take advantage of the situation. None of the great cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville is more than twelve hours' ride from the path of totality. And, according to Prof. S. J. Pickens, chief director of the Naval Observatory, and one of the men who will be in charge of the eclipse, the eclipse will be visible with convenient localities where the eclipse will be total, and some on the day just preceding and some on the day following. This will undoubtedly result in a temporary boom for many of the cities. Besides the great towns mentioned, many of the Atlantic coast cities south of Norfolk will have a view of the great show, and every one of them will unquestionably send its quota of sight-seers.

The possibility of the path of the eclipse will render the value of the observations of incalculable value to science. Preparation is being made by nearly every scientific institution in the country to place their best instruments and observers in the field. The United States government will spend thousands of dollars establishing observing stations along the path of the eclipse. As Uncle Sam's principal observer, Prof. Brown, will have charge of the work with a knowledge born of long experience and a natural genius in all matters pertaining to the sciences. He is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and holds the rank of commander in the navy.

Under results are probable from the observations this year, says Prof. Brown, "than from any taken heretofore. The half decade since the last total eclipse there have been great strides in improvements in the apparatus used in the work. Photography has been wonderfully improved and the improvements in photography alone may be said to have made the observations of this year's eclipse the case with which the eclipsed region may be observed. It will increase the number of scientific observers.

Weather Observations.

The government is already preparing to occupy several stations along the path of totality. The necessary apparatus is being gathered and arranged, and men specially selected for the work are being engaged and their special duties in the observations are being outlined. Congress has appropriated to the Naval Observatory for expenses and salaries of two expeditions. The Naval Observatory will observe the eclipse have not yet been chosen, but they will probably be located about two hundred miles apart, one in North Carolina and the other in Georgia. A sailing cloud which might obscure the eclipse at one point may not affect in the slightest the observation at the other, and it is to obviate the danger from clouds that has caused the division of forces.

In the case of this year's eclipse, the Weather Bureau has been past been collecting data of the weather conditions in past days along the line of totality at all times of the day. The result of this investigation is to show that there is less danger of cloudiness in the Southern States and Eastern Alabama, nearly due south of the path of the eclipse, so far as that consideration is concerned. The scientists of the observatory, however, have thought of other conditions also, and although the path of the eclipse is longer in the neighborhood of Norfolk, it is shorter in the neighborhood of New Orleans.

ground in North Carolina and Georgia. The stations selected will be occupied two or three weeks before the eclipse. The instruments will be erected, and the part each man is to take will be thoroughly rehearsed. There will be a careful division of the work during the eclipse. Each man will be assigned to some particular duty, and he will bend every effort to the gathering of all data possible in that connection. There will be but a minute and a half in which to make all the observations, and it is imperative that each man should know definitely and absolutely what he is to do.

Thousands Will Take Observations.

"No previous eclipse has had the attention of so many skilled observers as will watch this one. The Smithsonian Institution will have a corps in the field under Prof. S. P. Langley. Princeton College will have a force under Prof. Young; the University of Pennsylvania, under Prof. Stone, and the Yerkes Observatory will conduct an expedition with Prof. Hale at its head. These are only a few of the practically every college and scientific institution in the country will be represented. All told, probably a hundred well equipped for some portion of the path of totality.

"The eclipse will be a great attraction for amateurs—persons who own photographic outfits or other scientific instruments used in observing the phenomena of the solar eclipse. Letters have been received at the observatory and of these unattached 'amateurs' will be somewhere along the path of the eclipse. The government does not discourage them, but rather gives them every encouragement, and counts contributions of photographs and remembrances that one of the finest sets of photographs of the eclipse in India in 1896 was taken by an amateur with a home-made camera, but one having an excellent lens. Amateurs have been a help in the field in many instances. When Prof. Campbell of the Lick Observatory went to observe the eclipse in India he took only his wife for an assistant; on the field he found all the trained volunteers to serve to manipulate the seven instruments he made use of.

"The expeditions to be sent out by the Naval Observatory will not be large ones. They will consist probably of five or six observers, including photographers. But the naturally has superior resources to draw on for making observations. It has at its disposal the lenses and spectrometers gathered during the last twenty-five years, and the institutions could afford to devote to the purpose. Large numbers of special photographic instruments, ranging from a 40-inch telescope down, will be erected on the special stations."

The Naval Observatory will shortly have ready for distribution a little pamphlet containing a map of the path of the eclipse, on a sufficient scale to show most of the towns and cities, railroads and streams, and the elevation of points along the path of totality, together with the exact time of the eclipse. It will also contain suggestions for amateurs, by following which they may be able to contribute much that is valuable from their observations. After the eclipse the observatory will publish a complete report of observations, with reproductions of photographs and drawings. Any sketches, photographs and observations of contacts in any observations, of sufficient merit to make them worthy of preservation, will gladly be received by the scientists and included in this publication. L. A. C.

TRAINING ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

[Letter in Boston Transcript:] In wandering about Schematized at night you may be startled by the sudden emergence of a church steeple or a factory chimney out of the prevailing darkness in a glare of white light, and its around the neighborhood, directed from a platform on one of the highest roofs in the electrical works. All the search-lights for the United States navy are made here, as well as some for other navies, and this is a branch of the business in which care is required, for on shipboard all devices for controlling lights have to be confined in watertight boxes.

There is at present a lieutenant of our navy and one of the Russian navy residing near the works for the purpose of overseeing and testing the lights. A white target has been erected on a hillside 6000 yards away, and the lens and mirror must be so accurately adjusted that the target can be picked up at night when the light is aimed in contrast with certain angles. And the glass coverings in case they would admit water, while in the other the heat generated by the arc light inside would break the casing; hence the glass has to be put in somewhat loosely in strips.

The beam of the searchlight has been seen, it is said, more officially declared that the longest range thus far is from Milwaukee to Chicago, a distance of eighty miles. Thirty-inch lights at sea have made signals that were read twenty miles away.

MINE RATS IN COLORADO.

[Indianapolis News:] Mountain rats in the mines in Colorado are about as big as a wharf rat, but they have a bushy tail like a squirrel, and are pets of the miners. Whenever the luncheon hour comes you will see the miners come from their holes, or nests, or wherever they live in the intervals between meals, squat on their haunches, and eat there until one of the miners shares his dinner with them. Whatever they get of the scraps of that meal they eat just as a squirrel does. The miner doesn't expect that would not share his meal with them.

Miss Edith Rhodes, one of the sisters of Cecil Rhodes, has better and larger diamonds, it is said, than most of the royalty. These were given to her by her brother, and taken from the famous Wessington mine at Kimberley.

THE OLD NAVY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORMER MEMBER OF THE MARINE CORPS.

By a Special Contributor.

WRITERS for the public press all over the country are writing of incidents and anecdotes relating to the "old navy," and the readers might form the opinion that it was only the commissioned officers of the navy who won glory for themselves and honor for their country. Quiet and unobtrusive was the enlisted man or seafaring hand, but he was there all the same, and today, while younger men take his place, he, in civil life, is doing his duty to himself and country as well as he did nearly forty years ago. Some are showing the weight of years and the responsibilities of business, both public and private, yet the mention of the old days when the maxim, "One hand for your country, and the other for yourself," was the only gospel known a-fer-the-mast, will brighten the fading eyes, and bring a smile to the wrinkling face, when incidents relating to old days in the service are mentioned. The late war with Spain has brought into prominent notice some of our old officers, who in the "old navy" were youngsters like ourselves.

The old receiving ship North Carolina was the dumping place for all naval recruits at New York, and here the novice was made acquainted with naval discipline in all its severity, and many a spoiled home-boy can thank his stars, that on board the old hulk he was shown the straight and narrow path that led away from the "brig" to honor and manhood. During the civil war, crews of battleships and gunboats, except those engaged on blockade duty, frequently changed and there was little opportunity for personal adventure or even personal friendship. Yet at times, as opportunity offered, displays of personal courage and patriotism were shown, that were equal to any in the world's history.

It was only after the rebellion was crushed that cruises of two or three years were indulged in, and hold crews together in a way which resulted in forming links of friendship that have lasted to the present day. The last crew with whom I served was that which manned the United States storeship Relief, a full-rigged ship of only 450 tons and old as the hills, having been built away back in the thirties and used by Lieut. Charles Wilkes in his exploring expedition along the Pacific Coast and Antarctic regions. But she was well built and well managed, or now she would be at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. After the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the published reports of the destitute condition of the French agriculturists aroused public sympathy to such an extent that the ladies of Philadelphia held a large fair, conducted on lines similar to mission that did so much good for the army during the war of the rebellion. The fair was a great success, and the managers deemed it best to send food and seed to the French farmers, instead of cash. The government tendered the ship Relief was the one chosen. All hands, from the captain down to the youngest boy aboard, had volunteered for the service. Many of them, both officers and enlisted men, had seen hard service during the civil war. Our Capt. George H. Perkins, aired for the first time his commander's shoulder straps, and we all felt proud of him, for we knew of his personal worth and courage, and the incidental display of the latter, when on the damp, rainy morning of April 25, 1865, he and Capt. Theodorin Bailey, of the United States navy, walked in full uniform the streets of New Orleans, followed by a screaming, frantic mob, to the City Hall, and from the Mayor demanded the surrender of the city to the Federal authorities.

Commander Daniel Delahanty, who commanded the U.S.S. Vixen in the war with Spain, was one of our younger deck officers. His rank then was master, which is now equivalent to junior lieutenant. We all doted him a first-class sailor then, and his record has proved that our judgment was good. John R. Carmody was the disbursing officer. He has been on the retired list of the navy for many years, and is now the president of the Washington Loan and Trust Company. Lieut. A. J. Iverson was the navigating officer, and a better sailor never walked a deck. He was a volunteer officer and had received his education before the mast and was one of the very few line officers of the navy who had not passed through the Naval Academy. He is now on the retired list, and resides at Santa Barbara.

In my wanderings over the Pacific Coast I occasionally meet an old shipmate and hear of others. On the little gunboat Sevanake, on which I served for a short time, we had a landsman named Depew. He is now one of the old cutlans hanging above a picture of the little gunboat, that adorns his sitting-room wall.

Of the old Relief's crew I have occasionally met a few. Harry Glasgow, a youngster who gained a record for courage and recklessness equal to any in the navy, now lives at San Diego, and when in a confidential mood, will tell you how he felt when he pulled the stroke oar in Lieutenant Commander Rhine's powder boat against Fort Sumpter, that dark and stormy night, when a dozen Yankee blue-jackets stormed and almost effected a breach in the walls of the fortress.

Among others of the Relief crew who, in civil life, are doing their part, stands John Griggs, the noted Chicago criminal lawyer. He was rated on the ship's roll as quartermaster, and a good one he was. Bill Monday, acting boatswain mate of the post watch, is now captain of a passenger steamer that plies between New York and West India ports. Our ship's apothecary, a boy named France, is now a doctor and living somewhere in Southern California. Bill Sheriff, our signal quartermaster, lives in Los Angeles with his married daughter, and loves to talk over old days with a shipmate, and regrets that the days of the sailor are over.

WILLIAM G. HODGES.

MYLES MAGUIRE.

A STORY OF THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

By a Special Contributor.

MYLES MAGUIRE'S dark countenance had always a stern look on it, but when he reached O'Rourke's letter his look grew a great deal blacker and sterner. He read it again, aloud for the benefit of little old Johnnie Gavigan, his clerk, and his tone was cuttingly sarcastic:

"Dear Mr. Maguire: Next Thursday, you will remember, is Patrick's day. The men are pressing me for a holiday, or at least a half-holiday. Two-thirds of them belong to societies that take part in the procession—and some of the men are expected to be there officially. I would like to give them their wish. Won't you please approve? We have progressed so well with the building since the beginning of February that we can easily afford it—there is now no doubt but that we will have it finished easily before the expiration of the contract time. Please reply at once, saying that I have your approval. Faithfully,

"Gavigan, Pathrick Aloysius O'Rourke is too damned impudent to have the nose on him to ask such a thing. And he thinks, too, I can't see through him. He's as transparent as a dry-goods window to me. The scoundrel means that we wants to straddle to some old crate of a horse, the leavings of a livery stable, and wave a square yard of green calico alongside that procession on Pathrick's day. What do you think of such mortal impudence, Gavigan?"

Poor Johnnie curled up within himself, for he had been done the immortal honor of being named a marshal for that day; he had put past enough money to hire a horse, and he had been trying to muster up enough courage to ask Mr. Maquire for the holiday. He shrunk in his shell, and did not reply.

"Write O'Rourke at once these words and send them by a messenger: 'I'd see you and the two-thirds of the men who are as big fools as yourself damned first. I am going up there myself on Thursday to see how many men will be dismissed to the devil for staying away from their work.' Have you that down? 'If that procession of out-of-work, lary devils, and tom-fools goes along Twenty-third street, and if one of your men lifts the tail of their eye to look at them I'll be there to order you give to him his dismissal.' Let Patrick Aloysius O'Rourke put that in his pipe and smoke it."

Johnnie Gavigan sighed deeply, but softly, as he wrote:
"33, BROADWAY, Tuesday morning.

"Dear Mr. O'Rourke: Much as I should wish it otherwise, I regret extremely that I cannot possibly afford to let the men get a holiday on the occasion of the coming festival which, as Irishmen, we all honor. I sincerely trust the good men and true who, on that day turn out to do honor to St. Patrick and Ireland, will be favored with glorious weather and that the procession will surpass—if that be possible—those of former years in numbers, respectability, order and general eclat. Very sincerely,

Mr. Maguire, contractor and builder, had been knitting his brows over another letter, while Johnnie Gavigan was, with a clamorous pen, scratching the foregoing.

Johannic was not as much startled as might have been expected by this piece of amazing intelligence—and for the good reason that his master had been springing it on him every morning for the last twenty-five years.

Johnnie took over the documentary evidence, first impressions from which only tended to prove that the world was going inky and going smoky. Where blobs of ink did not conceal it, the paper displayed that rich yellow coating which is only to be obtained by careful seasoning in a cabin where a considerable quantity of the turf smoke, instead of going out as intended by the chimney, crawls and swoops and curls, with loving fondness, around the household gods, before making its exit by the deficiency at the floor head. The reminiscence that from the document penetrated Johnnie's nostrils brought a big tear into his eye; the rear of Broadway died suddenly, Myles Maguire's office melted away, and Johnnie, a gossoon, barefoot, ragged and happy, with a snotog of straw by a turf fire in a little smoky cabin on an Irish hillside, and a clear-skinned, bright-faced woman in a linen cap was spinning and crooning a soft song in Gaelic. Ah—

"Gavigan, wake up! or what the divil are ye dhreamin' about? I asked ye to read that letter."

Johnnie started. And he read (with some difficulty, the calligraphy was certainly immature:)

"Corraclamp Upper, Meemadhring P O,
"County of Tyrone,
"June the 3, 1893.

"Dear Uncle Myles: I take up my pen to write you these few lines, hoping it will find you as thank God it does us at present in the best of health except we Jaimeas has the hoop-and coff. Dear Uncle Myles I go to school at Master Rainey every day in my life and he says I am a notorayus scollar and that I was born to be a priest, which I want to be very bad. But of course my poor father he has not the muneys to spare to make a priest out of me. Michael Burns of Tullyalt that was in America ten years and five in Pencilvaine, says it is far cheaper to be a priest in the States. So, as every one comes home tells how rich Uncle Myles is, I thought I would ask you to my my passage out there and I would soon earn enough of muneys to get priested, and I would say my first mass for you, and I would pay you back my passage muneys very soon. Dear Uncle wont you please send me \$2, and its youll be the proud man when I'm the parish priest of New York come day please God. My father he cant give me my passage muneys for you know he is a hard struggler and the spotty cow the one we called the Washer bitches she had a powed walk with her just the Washer Rainey she got stricken on the hill a month ago and died, and we have only Bernay left. My mother she is old always cry when I was we was that she would like to see me at home."

to see her wee Donech a priest, but she stopt tocking of it now this many years. She doesn't kno I am writing to you for my passage or she wouldn't let me, for I asked her to let me write to you for the lone of some munny to buy another cow and to buy her a dress and she got very angry with me and then bust into crying, and she went down to the room and cried a long time with the door shut. I will be 13 years next bonedire night, and I am a shile big fellow and able to work hard in America. I send you all our loves and m^r mothers love, for I kno she would send it for she always gives out a prair for you every knight when we are at the Rosary, for God to guard, guide and prosper Uncle Myles and keep his heart right. Write soone, and I lay down my pen and ink and remain,

"Your affectionit nefew,
"DONOCH McATKEE.

"P. S.—Please write soon."

When Johnnie Gavigan laid down the letter he inserted a knuckle under each glass of his spectacles, and forced something out of his blinking eyes, though his employer glared fiercely at him.

"Sir," said he, with a bold courage that astounded Nyles Maguire, "what answer will I give? Or, I suppose you prefer to answer that yourself? Can I get you a draft?"

If silence gives consent Johnnie in his still fright might be said to have given sacred affirmation of the statement.

After a little when Myles Maguire saw that his clerk was properly remorseful, he said in calm, firm tones, "There's no answer, Gavigan, to that foolish youngster's scribble. I showed ye that letter that ye might read it in connection with the wan from O'Rourke and see for yerself that the Irish here is as great idiots as at home, and the Irish at home as great idiots as they are here. Here's these poor fools of O'Rourke's that are wrastlin' with the wurri' and strivin' with all their might just to earn as much as 'li keep the life in them—here they are wantin' to lose half a day to go processin' with a crowd of equally damned fools, thrappin' themselves out in green ribbons, and squanderin' a couple of days' pay for the pleasure of throttin' behind a web of green calico, throwin' out their chests and throwin' up their china, and steppin' on time

to some o'f' rarin' air that their great-grandfathers used to dance to. And then here's these people in Irelan'—me own sister Ellen, no less—turnin' a child's head with foolish notions about becomin' a priest or a praicher, when it would be fitter (both for themselves and him) that they were teachin' him which fist to put foremost on a spade handle; and keepin' him at school every day, when it's in the ditch-though they should have him half the time. No wonder! no wonder! Small wonder there's poverty and hardships in Irelan', and plenty of want in Ameriky. It's seven an' thirty years, Gavigan, since I and me little bundle were thrown out of the ship on American soil, without the face of a friend to greet me or as much as an ac-

"But the race of Irish is to greet the dearest acquaintance to say, 'There ye are, Myles Maguire! and the devil send ye may prosper!' I was 16 bare years of age. I bent my back, and put my hands to, the day after I landed, and for hard years wrought the very soul of me put through me fingers. I met no friends, and I made none—what's more, I wanted none and wouldn't have them. I kept myself clear of all from home; they're never a help, always a hindrance. If they came to me wanst they soon found their welcome wouldn't keep warm for a second visit; and so they were soon shaken off. I saw that in Ameriky if a man wanted to go ahead it took him to think of himself and himself only all the time; forget Ireland, it's Patrick's days an' its poverty. I did that. And so signs on it, Myles Maguire, the poor delicate child that then jumped onto a quay at the foot of New York with his belongin's under his arm and as shillin's and 6 pence happeny in his pocket is now Mr. Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, honored and respected, and wan of the leadin' men in his line in New York City, with several hundred men in his employ and a bank account that I'll say nothin' of bekase I'm not a beastin' man. Gavigan, there's an example for yer foolish Irish to copy after! What do ye say to that, Gavigan?"

Johanno, as he stroked his beard, did not reply audibly. But he was thinking, "I am only a poor clerk myself, worth just \$16 a week, and with a wife and family and a struggle with the wurrl' always on me hands—yet Myles Maquire, with the big bank account and no war in the wurrl' so fret about but yerself, I would cry bitterly if I was compelled to swap places with you, an' have to take over your heart into the bargain."

Johnnie Gavigan was, of course, one of the foolish Irish.

"A glorious day, this, for the procession, air." Myles Maguire was standing on the rear platform of a Broadway car, and by way of reply to the remark scowled severely at the conductor who made it, and growled at the bunch of shamrocks he sported in his cap. The conductor, quite disconcerted, whistled up "God Save Ireland!" and repeated the remark to the next man who boarded. And when at the sharp turning on Fourteenth street the conductor sang out, "Hold fast," after Mr. Maguire had only just saved himself from being thrown off the car, Mr. Maguire felt he would like to kick the conductor. A poor workman, with his little bunch in his hand coming on the car, here raised his hat to the shamrock—whereat Mr. Maguire muttered something impolite, and fumed inwardly as if a personal insult had been flung in his face. "And maybe," he added to himself, "that poor fool hasn't the second quarter to rub again the first." A few blocks farther, an old woman who had been helped on by a policeman, fixing her eyes on the shamrock, muttered a prayer in Gaelic. The conductor plucked from his hat a sprig of the shamrock (though it cost him a pang) and presented it to the old woman, who kissed it passionately. Mr. Maguire, disdaining even to convey an order to the conductor, himself unrolled the cord, and bounced from the car at the next corner. "Damn you all!" he said. "TI! walk it." He did walk it. But the reverence of that poor workman and the passionate love of that old woman for a bit of a green weed prayed upon his mind—prayed upon it. "Here am I, Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, and rich man, without either time or inclination for this—this—damned nonsense; and there's people as poor as God made them, an' be wurrit against them, and they—they—oh, damn it all!" flung out from windows were green flags, to which the

burly drivers of two wagons raised their hats, their eyes dancing with some gleam of merriment. Most of the wagoners had stunk upon their little green flags, each of which represented a barrel of lager beer foregone. Hotel waiters, motels of hurrying foot passengers, sported some pale green, a very few, with pardonable pride, displayed the red. The brightness of the morning seemed, in the distance, to blend with the brightness of heart. And, strangely, the very poorest seemed to wear a face as the most well-to-do.

Mr. Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, could not help seeing this, though he may have shut both his eyes and his heart to it. He remembered how a poor devil with whom he was ago used to excite his sarcastic laughter by the half an ounce of happiness was worth a pound of gold. And now here were many poor devils, but their bare hands between them and the sun was on their faces and in their hands was he, with his money bags, and for twenty years he had not known how to smile! Evidently there was laboring under the delusion that money did not do anything, and was not the aim and end of crime, when there was something radically wrong. Maguire confessed to himself.

At the Victor building on Twenty-third street, which sported the sign "Myles Maguire and builder," the man had momentarily stashed away cents and nickels and a couple of Italian who had been grinding a travesty of "Day" out of his hand-organ, and who, then, thanks, gave them a representation of a week's slow torture, from which, by a desperate stratagem, they were supposed to fancy "The War Green"—and went on. Myles had remained away till the agony was ended, and when he found that a hunch-backed old fellow who by the side-path had stuck up a little noose on a barrel by his side. Myles stood looking man to the flag, and from the flag back to the man.

"That's a gay mornin', mister," the old fellow said, and went on with his work.

After a little Myles Maguire asked, "How
from Irelan', fren'?"

"Ah, troth, too long. Nineteen years, come it
 "Ah" till we do we ever think of Irish' men

"An', till me, do ye iver think of Irish now?"
The old fellow looked up at him sideways.
"Isn't it early in the mornin' ye're beginnin' to
he said then.

"Do ye ever expect to go back to Ireland?"
"With God's help. With God's help." The
sighed as he said it. "I came to die in Iowa
back there seven years ago this summer. If a
planter it's few summers would miss me that
be back. I have me wife an' children there,
to save far."

"I suppose ye send them money every year?"
"Every year! I struggle to send them, with a thrille of money every month. When I'm at work I can well afford it. I earn big pay, but I have two as brave sons as ever God blessed a mother with, and we're givin' them a good education to make somethin' respectable out o' the puttin' wan I've them on for the clergy, an' the other to be a schoolmaster. An' when I help to give 'em an' education of them both—for the elder wan wouldn't go for to keep them, let me tell them—I can't afford to go back to our Ireland after four years' hard work, an' me sons 'ill be an' meelf an' the cul' woman 'ill never know no father."

Myles Maguire was reflective for some time. "Are ye goin' to the parade today?" he said. "Och, sweet good luck to the contractor, wot ye say to him! An' he's an Irishman, too, they say. An' I'm Irish enough. But the heart in him—if he's got all at all, which I misdoubt—must be the same as mine! If a tenth of the bad prayers the contractor prays for him these two days be heard, I shall be in his boots. A niggerd he is an' he'll be doing else." Mr. Maguire was feeling slightly dubious. "May Saint Patrick chalk it up on the list of heaven's gates, to stare the villain in the face any way if he has the impudence to threaten me after he gives his last gasp. No, I'm not going to the second time, only, that I've missed the parade nineteen years I'm in Ameriky."

A mischievous American scamp, snatched the little flag, and went hastily on his way down the avenue. The old fellow was stooped, and had his hair white. Myles Maguire, observing the thing, was swept by two impulses—but the hunched back, the gray hair, the evident industry of the poor old soul, and the manner in which he did not recognize, curiously appealed to his sympathy. For seven and thirty years had kept his head from bending to such weaknesses. He started at a run after the thief. The latter, doubled around into Twenty-second street, and Myles Maguire was so close upon him that he could have dropped the little flag on the path. Myles stopped for a moment, for a novel feeling of righteous indignation came upon him, and he now felt even more eagerly than before, picking this fellow than the be-shamefaced fellow who had been so fast for him, and who had slipped over his shoulder at Myles, who then turned and ran with the flag. He was holding it in his hand as he ran in an abstracted fashion, when an astounded policeman, with a powerful box on the ear, making him drop the flag from his grasp, drove him dashed and staggered into the street, where he just escaped being run down by a cab that did not escape a cabby's lavish and unfeeling abuse.

"Ho-o-o! ye scoundrell ye! Ye thought me smart, didn't ye?" his old hunched-back head swung back at him, shaking his fist in which he held the flag. "Ho-o-o! ye oaf! vagabone! where have ye had so much scoundrellism in ye? Ho-o-o! ye blench ye if I had the time, and wasn't I on the hands on ye! Ho-o-o!" and he disappeared down the avenue, leaving Myles Maguire still standing and rubbing the side of his head, and trying to understand with.

When he got them fairly arranged he stood before the factory building, boiling with wrath. The old man had planted his little flag.

...with his work, but he saw Myles Maguire coming. He abandoned himself up, instantly, rolled back on his heels, and into fighting posture, and defiantly yelled, "What do ye mean?"

"I don't know," said Patrick Aloysius O'Rourke, who, by good luck, was on the ground, "what do ye mean?"

"I mean to whang even devils out of that out' curmudgeon, who's either thyrin' to make a hare iv me an' stale on the last bargain. Only I caught the waf iv his an' I don't know how the corner he was gone with it."

"That's Mr. Maguire, the contractor for the Victor," said the old fellow, when he had heard the story.

"I don't see a brass fardin if he was Sant Pether himself, or an' saintin' for Purgatory. I wouldn't stand the same punishment at his hands," and he looked the contractor dubiously in the eye as he proclaimed this.

Myles Maguire's wrath evaporated—even to his own astonishment. Determined to be astoundingly generous he turned once to explain. He told how the thing really did happen.

"I don't see a brass fardin if he was Sant Pether himself, or an' saintin' for Purgatory. I wouldn't stand the same punishment at his hands," and he looked the contractor dubiously in the eye as he proclaimed this.

Myles Maguire's wrath evaporated—even to his own astonishment. Determined to be astoundingly generous he turned once to explain. He told how the thing really did happen.

III.

Myles Maguire informed Mr. O'Rourke that, on second thought, he had decided that the man on the Victor should have a half holiday. Mr. O'Rourke was only surprised. But when he got down to No. 371, and there notified the patient and faithful workman that he should have a half holiday, Johnny said:

"What time does that parade start, and where is it?"

"At 3:30, from Madison Square."

"Well, good mornin', Gavigan, an' a pleasant day to ye."

"I don't want off in a half-dazed way. There's something wrong with me or with Myster Maguire," said Myles to himself—"an' I'm half-afraid it's with Myster Maguire."

And when, three hours after, Johnnie, in one of the few intervals he had on horseback (for the honor of riding in him one a year far exceeded the pleasure in poor Johnnie's own) noticed on the fringe of the procession Myles Maguire decorated with a great green sash, Johnnie only just escaped losing altogether his normally elusive wit.

Yes, Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, for the first time in thirty-seven years' sojourn in America, had come to join in the procession of "out-of-works," lary devils and no-fucks. He had tried to drop casually into the ranks of the first convenient opportunity, but a mounted marshal ordered him back to the devil out iv that, an' join yer own ranks.

When Myles Maguire looked at the marshal he observed in him the hunched-back old fellow, his own woman, who had that morning generously forgiven him for a man talk of which he had not been guilty.

Myles walked away backward. He tried to impose himself upon several succeeding sections, but with equal ill luck and fate. At the tail of the parade, only, he found welcome—a hand of irregulars.

The shouting and cheers that greeted them from the window and housetop, every man in the long procession took personally to himself, and waxed proud and elated. Before he had covered a score of blocks Myles Maguire was the vainest man and had the most blinding strut of all that vast procession, and to the awkward, long-legged fellow who preceded on his left he readily imparted the intelligence that this was "a big day for our Irelan'." The big fellow's reply—rather a snarl to himself—"I wish to the Lord they could see us in the street," discovered to Myles that he walked with them from his own parish. Both, to their delight, soon found that they were old comrades and schoolfellows.

"Myles Maguire," said Long Jaimie Haraghy, "I've got in my pocket here a pint of poteen that was brewed on the side of Knocknagher. When we get to the picnic grounds we'll have a jolly good slug for our times' sake."

Long Jaimie tasted the poteen, and transported them again to Tyrone. For more than thirty years Myles had had very little thought, and certainly less speech, of Tyrone, yet it was surprising how freshly and vividly in those old friends, old scenes crowded his memory and his tongue glid.

"An' the weather, too," said Long Jaimie, "ye mind the day we had with Master Muldoon of Pulvainy—eh, Myles?"

"With an' I do," said Myles, smiling a reflective smile, "ye mind the day Mickie Meehan made him sit down on the water?"

"I do! I do! That was a hard day. An' do ye mind the day we tied him to the stanchion in the windmill? Another wild day."

"I mind that. An' I mind the day he made you mount on your back till he'd flog me for brakin' in Donal O'Rourke's door."

"I mind that, Myles, as if it was yesterday. Bekase I was so long he thought he'd make me useful in some way. He miled me his assistant teacher, bekase on my side I was larnin' and manners inter m. An' do ye mind the day you an' me fought an' malavoged the side of the Lary Bush bekase I ayed yer mother and yer father when she was puttin' them in the pot?"

"I do! I do! Upon my soul, I do that, Jaimie. What a day it was. I always thought myself a party blower, but that day Jaimie, you went within an ace iv knockin' me on the head. Ha! ha! ha!"

fault. You mind it was me that doubled you over the ditch an' I lathered ye till you shouted 'Marry!'

"Myles Maguire," said Jaimie, feelingly, "I'm ashamed of ye."

"Long Jaimie Haraghy," Myles said; "no; but I'm heartily ashamed of ye."

"I'm very sorry, indeed, that ye force it out of me—but, Myster Maguire, I must say ye're a liar."

"Myster Haraghy," said Mr. Maguire, "I'm very sorry, indeed, to say it—but, ye're a notorious liar."

"I see no other way out iv it," said Mr. Haraghy, "than to go into the grave beyond an' settle it."

"Done!" said Mr. Maguire.

In the silence and obscurity of the grove both doffed coat and vest, tied their suspenders round their waists, and rolled up their sleeves, just as they had done forty years before, under the Lary Bush. They squared up at each other.

"Jaimie," said Myles, "I don't like to strike ye in cow blood. Please to aggravate me."

"All right, Myles. Used n't yer poor mother (God rest her!) count the prattles when she'd be puttin' them in the pot?"

"Ye lie, ye scoundrill!" yelled Myles, venomously; and he emphasized the remark by a terrific blow on Long Jaimie's stomach.

In an instant a hot and fierce encounter was in progress. Myles found he had not forgotten a certain set of the thumb-knuckle which, digging into his antagonist, used to deal damage in the after-school fights, and made him an object of admiration, respect and even awe, among his comrades. On the other hand, Jaimie made good use of the swinging sledge-hammer stroke that half a century ago he had cultivated and made a specialty. For five minutes they pitched into each other with hearty good will. They were once more boxing beneath the Lary Bush, with encouraging comrades about them; and they did not care whether Master Muldoon saw them or not, for they were fighting for glory, and absorbed in the dream of it.

But long Jaimie Haraghy was not as young as he used to be, nor his wind as good. After five minutes he was puffing hard; and then a timely and happily-placed punch of Myles's, put in the neighborhood of Jaimie's gastronomic machinery, did him up. He sat down hurriedly, and, when he could be gasped out:

"M—M—Myles—that's—enough!"

To tell the truth Myles was not sorry. Still he had a duty to perform.

"Jaimie," said he, as he stood over his victim, "did me poor mother count the prattles goin' intil the pot?"

"She—didn't—Myles."

"Jaimie, who's the liar—me or you?"

"I am the liar, Myles."

"An' Jaimie, who axed for 'marry' that day under the Lary Bush?"

This one gave poor Jaimie lengthened pause.

"I say again, Jaimie, who?" Myles had the awe-inspiring knuckle scientifically set.

Jaimie saw the knuckle, and he said:

"It was me axed 'marry,' Myles, me." And he added, colloquially, "Though I'm rammed if I believe it."

"That's all right, Jaimie, give us a grip of yer flat. So long as ye give in to the truth, ye're free to believe what pleases ye."

They shook hands heartily. Myles helped up his fallen friend. Each helped to dress and smooth out the other; and then they went back to the picnic party, spent a most jovial evening, and went home mellow, both, and happy.

To young Donoh MacAteer of Corraclump Upper, Meena-drin P. O., county of Tyrone, Ireland, Johnnie Gavigan, next day, addressed a letter containing a respectable check, and a promise to pay all charges incurred in polishing a priest out of the aforesaid Donoh. "I have been forgetful in the past," the letter said, "but for the time to come, please God, your poor mother will not find me so. I am going home this summer to find if Knocknagher Hill flames as yellow with whin flowers as it used to do, and if the trout are as plenty as ever in the burn at the back of Pheelim McGinley's garden (God rest him!)"

At many subsequent Patrick's-day parades, Myles Maguire, in the saddle (sometimes) was a proud and conspicuous—if not untidy—figure.

Myles Maguire went home again and again for many summers, and his eyes filled one Corpus Christi that he sat in the old chapel and heard Fr. Donoh MacAteer of the black head and handsome, thoughtful face, read his first mass—for him, Myles Maguire. And when he turned to look at his sister Ellen, her bowed head and frame were trembling as she sobbed with joy. "Myles," she whispered, "Myles, I'm happy an' content to die any time God calls me, now. May the good God bless an' reward you, me brother!"

"Whisht! Arrah, whisht with ye, woman!" Myles said, reprimandingly. But the big tears ran from his eyes and sank with Ellen's into the sacred clay floor.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

[Copyrighted, 1906, by S. S. McClure Co.]

YALE'S BLIND SCHOLAR.

THE REMARKABLE RECORD MADE BY ALEXANDER CAMERON OF THAT INSTITUTION.

[New Haven Letter in New York World:] One of the college celebrities, Alexander Cameron, Yale's blind man, has packed up his trunk and gone home to St. George, N. E. Ill. luck has been pursuing him all the past year, for he has repeatedly gone to the hospital suffering from the effects of overwork, and this week the crowning calamity met him as he went to breakfast. He had almost reached the door of the restaurant when he walked into an open sidewalk area, and fell, cutting his face so badly that several stitches were necessary. This final misfortune sent the blind philosopher to his country retreat, where he will employ the next two months in writing a thesis for his doctor's degree on "Tactile Perception."

For the last three years Cameron has been a noted figure at Yale. He has been studying philosophy in the post-graduate school, and has at the same time been taking a course in the divinity school, so that he is well known to a large circle of students. The undergraduate knows him quite well by sight, for he was to be seen on the campus

at all hours, with his cane pointing in front of him, from one lecture hall to another. The news of the accident this week has drawn general attention to this remarkable man, who has almost attained the distinction of a Ph.D. degree, and is the first blind student in America, it is said who has ever climbed so high.

Owing to the blunder of a doctor Cameron was deprived of his eyesight at the age of 5 years, and since that time he has been obliged to struggle, not only against his infirmity, but also against poverty. While attending lectures at Yale he has supported himself entirely by lecturing and preaching, making enough in the summer to enable him to live at college in the winter. Good spirits and hard study have made his progress upward possible; the sad-faced theological students who read to him an hour at a time every day never fail to be astonished at his cheerfulness and alertness. Although Cameron has the dour Scotch face of a Carlyle, he is a man of lovely speech and keener sense of humor. He does not admire the sternness of Milton and writes not a line of poetry himself, an unusual boast for a blind man; he finds the abstractions of Kant and Schopenhauer more entertaining than the airy nothings of the poet.

Cameron is a type of the scholar cormorant; his appetite for knowledge grows by what it feeds on. Hour by hour fresh student volunteers knock at his door and relieve the reader; the blind man sits in his study afternoon and evening and drinks from the wells of philosophy and theology. These studies are never interrupted except when he goes to the hospital. It is scarcely necessary to say more concerning the industry of this student, when it is stated that he has been in the habit of attending twenty-eight lectures a week; the average college student thinks he is a martyr to learning if he attends three lectures a day. The amount of work that Cameron has accomplished during the last ten years is amazing. He is now 27 years old, and in addition to a thorough college education in higher mathematics is master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin and modern languages. The almost incredible labor in acquiring these languages may be better realized when it is said that he has copied from dictation most of the classics by means of the machine used by the blind in making raised letters. Hebrew was too refractory for this implement, and as no blind man had ever studied Hebrew before he was obliged to invent a machine of his own, with which he copied out the awful contents of a Hebrew grammar and most of the Bible in the original.

Trigonometry and mechanics also gave him some trouble, but he overcame all difficulties by devising a system for making raised figures; as for his algebra, he worked that out in his head, from simple factoring to the sinuosities of calculus. Before entering Carleton College he had already shown such proficiency that he was graduated from Duluth Central High School, one of the largest high schools in the United States, head man in his class, with an all-round average of 93 per cent. He was class orator into the bargain. At college he took four years' work in three, and since graduating has received the degree of M.A.

MEN OF NOTE.

Rev. Dwight Hills is mentioned as one of the preachers for Harvard during the next college year.

Cardinal Gibbons will soon make his fifth visit to Roma, where he will be granted an audience with the Pope.

Gen. Funston is stationed in the central part of Luzon, and has 4000 men under him, scattered about in small garrisons.

James Lane Allen said recently that his "Choir Invisible" has sold in England and America to the extent of 500,000 copies.

Bishop Bowman said recently that he had been in the ministry forty-one years, and during all that time he had been too busy to take even a week's vacation.

Dr. Leyds, the Boer representative in Europe, is something of a versemaker, and has recently written several patriotic songs for the use of the Boer soldier.

The Rev. Dr. E. Allen Tupper, pastor of the fashionable First Baptist Church at Montclair, N. J., has given up his church to help the poor and work among the unchurched masses.

In the course of some comments on Gov. Roosevelt, the London Spectator observes: "When the Philippines are finally reduced to order Theodore Roosevelt would make as admirable Governor-General of the archipelago."

Giles F. Filley, who recently died in St. Louis, gave up his whole fortune, nearly \$1,500,000, a few years ago, to meet the notes of a friend which he had indorsed, although he might have taken advantage of the bankrupt laws.

Ex-Senator Philatus Sawyer of Wisconsin is visiting in Washington. He recently sold his last piece of property in Washington, and now owns only a trifling bit of suburban acreage. He takes a keen interest in Washington affairs, and is extremely well posted on what is going on.

Mark Twain related in a recent address that he once set out to ride from Hartford to Boston on a bicycle, got tired of it after five miles, and took an express train. "What time did you leave Hartford?" asked a friend in Boston. "About 7." "What! And you don't mean you've ridden all the way on your bicycle?" "Enough of it," said Twain, "to prove it could be done."

Judge Henry Clay Caldwell of Arkansas, who is talked of as a running mate for Bryan, was appointed to the United States District Court of Arkansas by Lincoln in 1864, and held the place for twenty-six years. He was made a Circuit Court Judge by President Harrison. He was born in West Virginia, but grew up in Iowa, and was colonel of the Third Iowa Cavalry in the war of the rebellion.

Only one man in American history—Justin S. Morrill of Vermont—had a longer public career than that to which John Sherman can point. Mr. Sherman was for forty-three years prominent in national office. He was secretary of the Whig convention which nominated Taylor for President in 1848. His career on the national stage began with the birth of the Republican party in 1854, when he was first elected to Congress.

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE MANILA MARKETS.

A CITY OF ZINC AND MAT SHEDS, WHERE THE WOMEN DO THE BUSINESS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MANILA, Feb. 5, 1900.—Come with me this morning and take a look at one of the big markets of Manila. There are many scattered throughout the city, but the largest is over the river in Tondo. It was formerly held in a big building, but this was burned down, and the government is now advertising for proposals for a new steel market house. The temporary market consists of perhaps ten acres of rude sheds made of a framework of poles, covered with straw matting or corrugated iron. These sheds are arranged like a little city with a wide street through the center and numerous alleys running this way and that. It is a noisy city; a busy city and a city in which the chief business is done by women. The most of the sellers are women.

Let us enter the cloth bazaar. We walk through a long aisle of sheds filled with low platforms, made of bamboo, upon which women squat, with fancy calicoes and cottons piled up about them. Each merchant sits on her counter, the most of her goods being so near her that she can reach them without moving. Some have mantles and shawls hung upon poles above their heads so that they can pull them down as their customers demand.

All of the women merchants are in their bare feet, and all are bareheaded. Their sleeves, as big around at the end as a wash basin, come only to the elbow, and the necks of their jackets are cut so low that as they handle the goods a bare shoulder now and then slips out and you fear the whole may come off.

There is a woman who is selling some cloth to a couple of young girls who are dressed in Filipino costumes. The cloth is black; it looks like a shawl. See, one of the girls is taking it and is wrapping it tightly about her waist so that it falls to just below the knee. That is one of the garments worn by the Filipino women and she is trying it on. She evidently likes it, for she is scowling and protesting at the price which the merchant asks for the goods.

with merely a strip of leather on top to fasten the toe. There are some which are almost stilted, the toe and heel of the sole extending two inches below the instep. These shoes are much like the rain shoes of Japan, and they are intended for use in wet weather. The ordinary Filipino shoe is little more than a slipper, and none of the shoes confine the heel. They are held on by the toe, and as but few people wear stockings, their bare heels go bobbing up and down whenever they walk. See those two girls coming this way. Notice how they throw their feet out as they push their way along on their heelless clogs. They swing their arms to and fro as they go and throw their stomachs out, standing so straight that they almost lean backward. The girls of Japan are pigeon-toed. The Filipino maidens are just the reverse.

In another part of the market we find scores of women selling vegetables of all kinds. They have sweet potatoes and squashes, lettuce and onions, and many vegetables strange to our eyes. Here is one squatting with a basket of white roots beside her. I wonder what they are and

her sentences. She seems to have a good supply of which she is about to buy. The juice from the areca palm. It is ground or mixed with it. The juice of a bit of lime is mixed with it. The juice of what like that of tobacco. Chewing the betel is common among both men and women here. There are shops in Manila where the nuts and leaves and other women we meet in the market chew the juice on her teeth and her lips, and we see the custom is common among the lower classes of Luzon. The habit may come from the Malays, the island centuries ago and intermarriage with aborigines, forming the race of Filipinos as we know them. Among the Malays about Singapore and in every one can chew the betel, the Burmese saying that "any dog can have white teeth, but only a man able to afford the betel nut can have beautiful



Buying and selling is here to a large extent a matter of bargain, and the two may dicker a long time before the sale can be made.

At the next counter a man is buying a bright piece of calico, and farther on other women are turning over the calicoes as rapidly as our women handle the goods on a bargain counter. As we go on down the aisle we meet women peddlers. They have baskets as big around as an umbrella and about an inch deep, filled with all sorts of notions. They carry them about upon their heads, taking them down when they meet a possible customer.

Some Queer Shoes.

We go out of this aisle into another, where we find nothing but shoes. The most of the shoes have wooden soles,

pick up a root and bite into it. It makes my tongue smart, and I find it is ginger. It is dug in the woods, where it grows wild, but so far almost none is exported. It is sold to the natives, who make a weak tea of it, which they drink with their rice and fish.

Chewing the Betel.

But what are these queer looking nuts which we see in that tray on the other side of the ginger? They look like our butternuts or white walnuts. There is a little pile of wet lime near them with some palm leaves beside it. A woman has stopped and is handling the nuts. She picks up one and bites it.

As she opens her mouth I notice her gums seem to be bleeding. Her tongue is red and her teeth seem to drip blood. Now and then she stops and chews a bit between

Prices of Food.

Here is a woman selling eggs, and further on with chickens and ducks. On asking the prices they have doubled and trebled since the Americans came. We find that chickens range in value from 10 cents each, and that eggs are 25 cents per dozen. They are given in silver, and they must be divided



duce them to gold. Bananas cost 10 cents a bunch, coconuts are 5 cents apiece and beef is 10 cents. In parts of Luzon the finest kind of cattle is raised. I am told there are vast regions covered with rice, and there are in charge of the soldiers, grow fat on the beef costs more than twice as much in this city as it does in Washington city, and pork is 10 cents a pound.

Pork is the chief meat of the people. In the country has its pigs. They are the only domestic animals, the buzzards of the country, living in that I cannot describe it. In some of the islands have been forbidden to eat native pigs, who has any respect for his stomach, would be obeying this rule. The natives, however, eat all sorts of ways, a favorite method of cooking is to roast a pig whole on a spit over the fire, which is thrust lengthwise through the

(CONTINUED ON THIRTIETH PAGE)

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

When Gen. Brocksbridge Made a Bull Mare.

"I am in government service," said an ex-soldier, "the best of men are led by a bull mare, and the mules have to follow her with a blind confidence that is astonishing. After the surrender of Santiago our army of mules had several pack trains that were kept in a line near the camp. One day Gen. Brocksbridge came to see the mules, who at that time had shifted his headquarters to a point near San Juan Hill, and how to handle them with a saddle animal was a serious question. The mules of South Cuba had proven very hard on the mule, and they were nearly all dead or disabled. In fact, the only respectable-looking beast we could scrape up was a bull mare belonging to one of the trains, and the mules were accordingly given to saddle her up.

"The general mounted and was riding away toward headquarters, when suddenly a most hideous and unearthly howl broke loose from the corral. The mules had caught sight of their leader and were frantically endeavoring to get at her. Each one braying at the top of his lungs, and in a different key. It was the most horrible sound I have heard in the province since the bombardment of the mules, and for the time being it looked as if the mules were going to tear down the stockade. Brocksbridge was startled and returned to investigate. Meanwhile a dozen packers had jumped into the mule and went to work on the brutes with clubs, trying to keep them from forming around in a circle so as to distract attention. At last they succeeded, and the general calmly disappeared down the road before the mules could start again. He would have cut a unique figure had he ridden up to Shafter's tent, leading a squad of mules of sixty-four government mules, and that is what would have happened had it not been for the mules of mind of the packers."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

When the Russians Fought a Duel.

"The Russians have been arranged between the Long Tom and the Boer and any one of the favorite guns of the war, but in the Crimean war was fought a duel between two pieces of artillery, which, considering all its details, probably has not been paralleled in warfare.

"The day the Russians sent a message to the English at the time a fog of smoke was flying. 'Your 32-pounder gun,' said the Boer, 'which you people call Jenny, is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good. We should like to have a fair fight with her.'

"The challenge was accepted and everything arranged for to fight next day. When the time arrived all the batteries moved firing, and the two armies looked on, says the New York Press.

"The other gun detachment," says Sir Daniel Lyons, 'mounted on the parapet and took off their hats, saluting the Russian. The Russians returned the compliment. To the English gun, as the senior gun, was given the compliment of being the first shot. It struck the side of the emulsion. Then they fired—a good shot, too.

"The shot did from Jenny went clean through the Russian emulsion, and up went two gabions. The blue-coated lads upon their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponent. Not a bit! A minute later down went the gabions and out came the Russian gun.

"Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good. Jenny got a thump, but it did her no harm. At length, I think after the seventh shot from our side, 'we' the Russian gun clean knocked over.

"The fellows cheered vociferously, and the Russians mounted the parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of their defeat. All the batteries then opened again."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

When a Picture by a Private.

"This is a grim picture from a private's letter:

"One of our fellows was talking to a parson who went to the battlefield of Klandsdaagte a day after the fight. He says there were terrible sights, the most awful of which was a Boer sitting down quite naturally, with a bayonet stuck through him and about six inches of the muscle of the back as well, while the Tommy who had given the mighty blow, was lying down as if asleep, with a bullet hole in his forehead. The Boer was grasping the barrel of the rifle with both hands, and his eyes were staring out straight ahead of him with a horrified look in them, as if he had seen a ghost."—[Westminster Gazette.]

When a Horse Trap.

"An EXCURSION bit of outpost work is described in a letter from Private Albert James, serving with the mounted infantry:

"Another of our fellows, who was out scouting, came home a nigger minding some sheep, or pretending to be, and he had an Express rifle with him. So our chap took his own rifle in the saddle, galloped up to him, and covers him with it, makes him put his hands down and then go back a step or two. Our chap then asks him questions on all different things, and the nigger says there are no Boers knocking about. He is going to take him prisoner, when all of a sudden he hears some shouting 'Dick' and 'Joe.' So he leaves his prisoner and goes up toward the rocks until he is in speaking distance. Then he sees he has been led into a trap, and jumps again and rides for his life. You can tell when they are there, I'll swear, at least fifty yards off, and the commencement of the firing and we had to go as hard as ever our horses could take us over the hill of hell—some like rabbit holes, and lumps of stone and stones and one thing and another for at least a mile or more. The colonel who is in charge of us doesn't let us dismount and fire, as he said we should

all be cut up, and they were too strong for us, as we were only a small party—and he has got a fine breast of medals—but, 4—them, let's get it over. A month today and it will be a bit nearer, I hope. We chaps were swearing like 1 o'clock when he wouldn't halt us and let us have a packet at 'em, but I expect we shall have another pop at 'em yet."—[Westminster Gazette.]

A Royal Fusilier's Letter:

SECOND LIEUT. C. E. KINAHAN of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, writing to his father, G. P. Kinahan, Baginbott, from Staatsmodel Schule, Pretoria, says:

"We were all taken prisoners, together with the Gloucester Regiment and a battery of mountain artillery, which accounts for us being in Pretoria so soon. We went out at night to occupy a hill right in the midst of the enemy, in order to protect White's flank for an intended attack next day. Everybody knew that to be able to relieve us he would have to be entirely successful, and from what we hear he was not. As we were going up the hill in the dark a small party of Boers dashed through our ammunition mules, causing them to stampede. By this move we lost all our mules (300,) and with them all our ammunition and artillery. We started fighting at 5 a.m., and in a few hours' time the Boers were firing on us from all four sides, until by 1 o'clock they were firing at about two hundred yards' range and doing fearful execution. You don't know what it means, shooting at a Boer; he is behind a rock, and all you can ever see is his rifle sticking out. For the last hour of the fight I had a rifle and ammunition which I took from a dead man, and blazed away for all I was worth. Then we fired bayonets and prepared for a rush, when the Boers fled. We were all then taken prisoners, except two officers killed and eight wounded, and marched to the Boer laager, and sent off that night to a station twenty miles distant in wagons. While we were in their laager they treated us extremely well and gave us food and tobacco. All you read about the Boers in England is absolutely untrue; they are most kind to the wounded and prisoners, looking after them as well as their own wounded, and anything they've got they will give you if you ask them, even if they deprive themselves. We came up to Pretoria in first-class sleeping carriages, and the way they treated us was most considerate, feeding us and giving us coffee every time we stopped. The day we arrived we took up quarters on the race course, but we have been moved into a fine brick building, with baths, electric lights, etc. They provide us with everything, from clothes down to tooth brushes. They also feed us, and we are constantly getting presents of vegetables and cigars from private people. In fact, we can have anything we like, except our liberty; for some reason or other they won't at present give us parole, and we are surrounded by sentries. There are close upon fifty officers in this building, and they have got any number of wounded ones in different places. They say they won't exchange the officers at any price."—[London Chronicle.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Singular Catastrophe.

THERE are still, it seems, a few wolves in New England. One of them got himself curiously into trouble near Talbot, Me., the other day, as the following shows: "A widow named Sigalard was working in a field while her goat, which is a large, fine animal, was grazing a little way off along the edge of the woods. A wolf sprang on the goat, but by a curious hazard the goat must have raised its head at the same moment, for the head of the wolf was caught between its horns, and could not be withdrawn. Each beast pulled in a different direction, and the noise of the struggle attracted Mrs. Sigalard's attention. She was too frightened to call for help, but fortunately a neighbor happened to pass. He held the wolf's hind-quarters while the widow stabbed it in the side until it was killed. The goat, since its adventure, has been affected with a kind of St. Vitus's dance."—[Kansas City Journal.]

Baby Fox Adopted by a Ewe.

NYE, of Hopbottom, Susquehanna county, Pa., has a domesticated fox. Last spring he discovered that something was carrying off his poultry. He suspected a wildcat, and he set a trap to catch the marauder. Instead of the wildcat the trap caught a fox, and the farmer promptly dispatched it.

Hardly had he done so when a little baby fox came out from the brush and moaned piteously around its dead mother. The farmer took it home. Refusing the food offered to it, the little fox was in a fair way to starve to death, when Mrs. Nye had a bright idea.

One of the ewes had been robbed of her young by the wildcats, and the little fox was carried to the bereaved ewe to receive nourishment. The fox threw amazingly on sheep's milk, and the strange foster mother formed a strong attachment for the little fellow. Before other animals and to all human beings, except Nye, the fox is extremely shy, but it sleeps side by side with the ewe, and the farmer can handle it like a house dog."—[New York Press.]

Fooled by a Fox.

LORD CONGLETON'S preserves near Maryboro, Queen's County, were recently the scene of a most unusual sporting incident, which goes to show that the impudence of foxes is pretty well on a par with their proverbial cunning. states a letter to the London Telegraph. A woodcock was flushed in the pleasure grounds, which were being beaten for rabbits near the house, and was promptly knocked down by Mr. McKenna, Lord Congleton's agent. Just as the latter was about to pick up the bird, however, a fox suddenly dashed out of a thicket of rhododendrons, and

snapping it up, bolted away with his audaciously-acquired prize, despite much shouting and hallooing on the part of those who were eye-witnesses of an episode well-nigh unique."—[New York Mail and Express.]

Spiders Found in Venezuela That Spin Silk.

CONSUL PLUMACHER, of Maracaibo, under date of December 28, 1899, reports that large silk-spinning spiders are found in the palm trees of Venezuela. Some produce white, some yellow silk. The Consul understands that the silk has been made into handkerchiefs. A copy of the report, together with a specimen of silk accompanying it, was referred to the Department of Agriculture. Under date of January 27, 1900, the entomologist says that silk produced in this way cannot be made valuable commercially, because of the troublesome necessity of keeping the spiders separated to prevent their devouring each other. Their food being insects, this also involves considerable labor in supplying them.

Attempts to utilize the silk of a Madagascar spider of the same species some years ago, resulted in the discovery that the product was more expensive than ordinary silk."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Took Them Along.

ANECDOTES of dogs are innumerable. An entertaining one tells of a farmer who, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home. The driver found the dog so useful that he determined to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, he locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the driver had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's great astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Child Attacked by a Rat.

MILDRED RENWICK, the pretty, flaxen-haired, two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Renwick, is suffering at her home, in Camden, from wounds of the face and hands, caused by being attacked by a vicious rat, while she was sleeping in a crib by the side of her parents.

Shortly after midnight the parents were aroused by a piercing scream coming from the crib. Mrs. Renwick jumped out of bed and hurriedly lighted a lamp and hastened to the crib. As she did so a large rat jumped from the crib and ran across the floor. The mother was horrified when she beheld the chubby face and hands of her darling covered with blood. Between sobs the interesting little tot whimpered, "Wata, mamma, wata."

Mrs. Renwick seized her child and ran down stairs with it, followed by her husband. He seized a poker and the family cat, and returned to the room to dispatch the rodent, but it was not to be found.

The sharp teeth of the rat had bitten nearly through the thumb of the child's right hand, and her cheeks were also lacerated. The wounds bled profusely. A physician was summoned. He cauterized the lacerations.

After the excitement had abated Mrs. Renwick kissed her little daughter and was about to place her in the crib again, when Mildred protested, saying, "No don't want to sleep in my crib and be bit wiv wata."

In the rear of the house of Mr. Renwick is a large barn, which is infested by rats.—[Philadelphia Correspondent Baltimore American.]

Catskill Cows' Corrupt Ways.

SAD indeed is the tale of bovine depravity that comes from the Catskill Mountains.

Demoralized by intimate association with the giddy and irresponsible deer that were released from the State park several years ago, the farmers' cows have taken to jumping fences and indulging in other reprehensible practices.

Up to the time when these deer were let loose to kick their heels at large all over the mountains, the cattle of the region were untouched by scandal. They were renowned for their modesty of demeanor, their sobriety and attention to business. They would make a detour rather than trample on growing crops, and nothing could tempt one of them to pull up so much as a carrot without permission.

But when the mountains became infested with lightsome four-legged things, adept at the running high jump, strange to the tyranny of the milking shed, amenable to no authority, and greedy for the daintiest produce of the agriculturist, the fatal germ of dissipation was introduced among the herds.

They went into hard training for acrobatic feats. When they thought the farmers were not looking that way they practiced handstands and high kicking. They worked hard to reduce flesh and acquire lightness of foot. The deer gradually gave them the benefit of encouragement, advice and example.

The worst of it was that the deer, being protected by the State, the farmers dared not shoot them.

In course of time it came about that the Catskill cow that couldn't jump a fence to devastate a cornfield or a cabbage patch, was looked upon by its contemporaries as an old fogey, a survival of the stone age, unworthy to associate with the superior "new" cows of today.—[New York World.]

"Mother, may we go out to flirt?"
"Why, yes, you little fellows;
Keep in touch with the millionaires,
But don't go near the Wilkes."

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Report Telegraph Operator.

TALL young countryman, looking as green as a suit of "button-down" clothes and a slouch hat could make him, applied for work in the Broad street, New York, office of Henry Smith, in 1871. Mr. Smith was manager of the consolidated telegraph lines, then in opposition to the Western Union. Like all other managers, he could not resist the import operator, and told the young rustic that he was dependent altogether upon his skill.

"I can keep up with the best of 'em," said the young man, and he was taken into the office.

Mr. Smith noticed that the applicant appeared to be a little nervous, but out of curiosity, and possibly with the idea of having some fun with him, he gave him a table and a chair, and said: "I have a message then due from Washington."

"Well, I'll have to work pretty fast," he warned him, "because the Washington man is in the habit of rushing things." The young man, however, was not in the least nervous, and did the work as fast as he could. Mr. Smith continued to work with a "sender" in another part of the office, and put his fastest operator, "Dick," to work sending a 3000-word message. Edison, who was then in the office, grasped a pen, and, as soon as the instrument was ready, dashed off the copy in a large, round, legible hand, and then, as if deaf to all other sounds, he could catch the faintest click.

When the message, faster and faster, twenty, thirty, forty, and then, at last, a crowd of operators gathered around the desk, and then, at last, a crowd of operators gathered around the desk, and then, at last, a crowd of operators gathered around the desk.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

Success.

around here will vote for McKinley this year, if you don't scare them off. Whatever you say in your speech, don't get the Democrats mad. Conciliate them, Cy; conciliate them."

Salloway shook his shaggy locks by way of understanding and approval. "All right!" he said.

The speech began. It ran along all right enough until Salloway approached the side and shot a message to the Democratic party. Then he grew emphatic and eloquent; also severe. "If before me," he said, "was a yawning chasm, and at the bottom of the chasm were the fires of hell, and if above the chasm was suspended a basket containing the entire Democratic party, do you know what I would do?"

The crowd listened intently. The Democrats present were especially anxious to hear the answer.

"I would cut the rope," shouted Salloway, in his loudest voice.

The Republican committeemen who had appealed for conciliation went out on the sidewalk and said "Oh!"—[Washington Star.]

None for Him.

TWO negroes were hoeing cotton on a hot summer's day, when the following occurred:

"Uncle Joe, don't you wish dat we had live in dem good days er 'Lijah do profit, when we cud set under a big shade tree on shat our eyes on have de birds come on feed us lak dey did him?"

Said Uncle Joe: "No, you fool nigger, ef we had live in dem days dem white folks wud had dat man Joshua keepin' de sun stan'n' still all de time, on we niggers nebber wud be fru wuck. No, sah!"—[Atlanta Constitution.]

The Tale the Butter Told.

SECRETARY VAN NORMAN told a good one at the Indiana dairy meeting that may be new to many. A judge of butter at a fair had been passing on the merits of the exhibits, when he came across a churning that had been made in somebody's kitchen. This is how he told it:

"When I drew the trier from that roll of butter," said he, "I could have told the family history for a week back. It was of the striped, spotted and streaked variety—in layers, like a confectioner's jelly cake. The first layer had a wash-day odor, and I knew that was Monday's cream; on Tuesday they had onions for dinner; the third layer told me that the kitchen was painted on Wednesday; Thursday the cook had combed her hair while the crack stood open; and my nostrils led me to Friday's cream by the fishy odor. On Saturday all the farm hands must have been smoking their pipes, but I guess they had a religious cow that didn't give milk on Sunday."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An Embarrassed Mother.

A WELL-DRESSED woman, with a beautiful baby in her arms, attracted the attention of all the passengers on a Germantown car yesterday. Every one was fascinated by the baby's pretty and smiling face, and particularly by two golden curls, which hung down her cheeks.

After a while the child became nervous and began to tug at one of the curls which protruded from her hood. The woman—presumably her mother—quickly stopped her, but a few moments later she looked out of the window. No sooner was her face turned than the child seized her bonnet with both hands and pulled it off. It offered little resistance, but, to the astonishment of every one on the car, the curls came with it, and the supposed golden haired baby showed that in reality its head was without the semblance of a hair.

The child swung the bonnet to and fro and laughingly held it up for the inspection of the other passengers. It was almost a minute before the woman turned around. When she saw what the baby had done her face flushed and without a word she picked up the child and walked sedately out of the car. When last seen she was trudging down Spring Garden street with the baby tucked under her arm like a sack of oats, but still holding tightly to the bonnet and cooing: "See my poety hair?"—[Philadelphia Times.]

Would Enjoy the Opportunity.

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN of Mississippi has deservedly acquired and brilliantly maintained the reputation of being the wit of the House. While on especially good terms with himself some nights ago he told this little tale in a very sad tone of voice:

"When you speak about your dead members," he said, "it reminds me of a speech I made once against the extravagance of Congressional funerals. That speech went down to Mississippi and when I get back there an old friend of mine came up to me and said: 'John, old fellow, we read what you had to say about them Congressional funerals, and your constituents admire every word of it. By gad, you just tell them up there in Washington that if you die you don't ask them to bury you; you've got lots of friends down here who'll take pleasure in doing it.'"—[St. Louis Republic.]

Julian Ralph's Expensive Mistake.

JULIAN RALPH, the journalist, was strolling one day along the boulevard in rather a lonely mood, when two of the newspaper correspondents came up; by a sort of premeditated hazard they came at the luncheon hour. Mr. Ralph greeted them like brothers. "You don't know how much good it does me to get a chance to talk English," he said. "Why, do you know what I did today?" They didn't know. "I got shaved three times this morning at the barber shop in the Grand Hotel—because the barber could say 'Yixsir; thanks, sir.'"

They were strolling down the Boulevard des Italiens. "Come and have a chop with me," said Mr. Ralph, in his usual cheery way. "I noticed a little restaurant near here—quiet, modest, cheap-looking little place—but by the looks of it I am pretty sure we can get things clean, anyway. And of course we don't want much."

Mr. Ralph led the way into the "cheap little place, but clean." His friends raised their eyebrows, but they were too polite to say anything. They had their chops, with preface of oysters, fish and other good things, and a codicil of salad, cheese and fruit.

"Now, I suppose thousands of people walk past this place

every day," said Mr. Ralph, "and never dream of coming in; they'd rather go to some gaudy restaurant and waste money on mere style. I like things plain and simple and home-like. Garçon, the bill, si vous plait!"

When the bill came it was Mr. Ralph who raised his eyebrows; it was—but never mind; Mr. Ralph's clean little place was the Café Anglaise, the most expensive restaurant in Paris. I dare say that now, while he is eating camp fodder in the Transvaal, he'd like to face that luncheon again—bill and all.—[Vance Thompson in the Saturday Evening Post.]

Went in With Clean Faces.

THE tales that are told of the late Dan Rice, the once great circus man, are legion. There was probably no more original man in the country than Mr. Rice. He had a great fondness for boys and he never gave a performance when all of the corners and byways were not filled with youngsters who had not paid a cent to get in.

One story relating to this sort of incident is told by Capt. George J. Grammer, traffic manager of the Lake Shore Railroad. At the time of the occurrence, Capt. Grammer was a boy living in Zanesville, O., and was a boy with the rest of them. He was standing one afternoon with a few hundred other boys looking longingly into the tent, but not having the price of admission. It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first grand entry of the circus people, when he would leave. On this occasion he saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys and called them around him. "You want in, don't you, boys?"

"Bet your life," shouted back the youngsters.

"I'll tell you what. All the boys who are back here in ten minutes with clean faces and hands get in."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a rush for the Muskingum River, and in less than seven minutes all clean faces and hands came back to the tent. The boys went inside with a rush.—[Cleveland Leader.]

"A Just Judge."

THERE are any number of stories to be printed about Judge Caldwell, but here is one that is said to be typical: He was hearing an argument whereby an attorney for an insurance company was attempting to evade payment of insurance on a purely technical ground. Judge Caldwell interrupted him. "Let me understand you, Brother Todd," he said to the attorney. "The policy was issued?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And the premiums were paid?"

"Yes."

"And the house was burned?"

"Yes."

"And it was not set on fire?"

"No."

"Brother Todd," said Judge Caldwell, "you can sit down. The jury will return a verdict for the plaintiff."—[Washington Post.]

The Effect of Two Telegrams.

MY RECENT experience in the Customhouse," said E. R. Catchings of Boston, "reminded me of a story I once heard of an Englishman who was journeying toward Berlin. This was in the days when Bismarck and Germany were synonymous terms, and the Iron Chancellor was at the height of that mighty power which he wielded so long and so successfully. The German customs officers were a surly, ill-conditioned lot, and they not only threw all the Englishman's clothes out upon the platform, but absolutely refused to pack it in his bags, trunks and portmanteaus again. He in his turn refused to pack it, asserting that it was the duty of the customs officers to do so. The conductor, who was all impatience, since his train was behind time, finally told the Englishman that if his baggage was not packed up and on board in five minutes the train would leave the station without it, and without him, also, should he elect to stay with it. 'Very well,' said the Englishman, 'I'll stay, but I must first send some wires to Berlin.' Blankets being produced, he wrote a couple of dispatches, and, handing them, with some money and instructions not to read them, to one of the attendants, asked that they be forwarded at once. In less time than it takes to tell it, the entire force was at work packing the stranger's traps, and then, with profound respect, they bowed the Englishman on board the train, and remained uncovered until it had pulled out.

"The explanation of this extraordinary change of conduct lay in these telegrams, one of which was to Bismarck, saying that the sender was sorry to be unable to keep his dinner engagement, and would explain on his arrival at Berlin. The other was to the British Ambassador. After briefly explaining the reason for the delay in his arrival in Berlin, he asked that a complaint be lodged in the German Foreign Office. Needless to say, the Englishman was not acquainted with either Bismarck or the British Ambassador."—[New York Tribune.]

His Stomach Wasn't Weak.

CAPT. REID of the United States transport Sherman has been running between San Francisco and Manila with troops for over a year. He has had some funny experiences; and in a letter to his father in Pittsburgh lately, told the following story of an Irish recruit who was going over to join the Fourth Cavalry. The big trooper had gotten outside the Farallones on her voyage west when she began to feel the heave of the Pacific. Of course most of the soldiers became seasick and the majority of them were hanging over the rail in various stages of dejection. The Irish recruit held out as long as possible, but he soon felt a few premonitory qualms and was soon paying tribute to Neptune like the others.

The captain in charge of the draft was passing along the deck putting a kind word here and a sentence of encouragement there. He came to Mike and stopping beside him, said:

"You're pretty bad, my lad?"

"O' am," said the soldier, trying to stand at attention and salute his superior, "an' O' suppose th' doctor can't do annythin' fur me?"

"I'm afraid not. Poor fellow, you have a weak stomach."

The Irishman bristled up at this in indignation:

"O' don't know about that," he gasped. "O' notice O'm throwin' as far as anny av th' rest av thim."—[Pittsburgh News.]

ROMANCE OF A GLOVE FITTER.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS near the close of an intensely hot day in August, and though many of the city people had been away at the seaside and other resorts, some public celebration had called them back, accompanied by countless numbers of country people. The stores and shops had been crowded all day with customers, and among the many weary clerks in a large store was Virginia Moore, who served the public at the glove counter.

Under favorable circumstances Virginia would have been a beautiful girl—yes, really beautiful—but life seemed very hard to her, she hated her work, and longed to be free and happy like many of the girls whom she fitted with gloves.

So an expression of discontent often clouded her naturally sunny face. Today the cloud was very dark, indeed. Poor girl! She had all day been fitting gloves to a miscellaneous throng of customers, many of whom had been fault-finding and hard to please.

They came in with their perspiring hands and blamed her because the process of fitting took so much time. Girls of her own age gave her the sharpest twinges of pain. Some merely looked at her with an expression of conscious and proud superiority, while others dictated to her in a manner so overbearing, that, as she said to herself, she would like to slap them in the face.

Virginia was usually a strong, healthy girl, but today her back ached so intolerably that in the middle of the afternoon she had gone to her employer and asked to be excused for the remainder of the day.

He looked at her with such indignant surprise and denied her request in a voice so harsh that Virginia felt stunned.

It was the first favor she had ever asked of Mr. Martin, and as she returned to her hated task, she resolved that it would be the last, even if she dropped dead at the counter.

The weary hours dragged on, and near closing time an elegantly dressed elderly lady came to her counter, seating herself with hauteur likely to discountenance any possible familiarity on the part of a clerk. Before asking for what she wanted, she studied the girl with a cold and suspicious scrutiny. To a practiced eye her manner at once marked her as one of those dwarfed and petty natures who pride themselves on their "exclusiveness"—one of those women who always bring a smile to your face by reminding you of a line by a recent author, who said "any one—a fool or an idiot can be exclusive."

But Virginia's point of view had been narrow. Humanity buying gloves is not at its best. At once a spirit of antagonism was roused in her heart and showed in her voice and manner.

The lady's hands were large, and moist with perspiration, and she insisted on trying gloves half a size too small for her. After vainly trying half a dozen pairs, Virginia in desperation told a lie, assuring the lady that a No. 7 was a 6½. It was an elegant glove and fitted beautifully.

For a moment the lady regarded her rather shapely hand with complacent satisfaction, then asked: "Did you say this is a No. 6½?"

Poor Virginia! She had not been used to telling lies; she flushed, stammered, then said bluntly, "Yes, I said so, but I told a fib, it's a 7."

"Take it off at once," the lady commanded in a low, imperious voice, "and find me a pair of 6½ precisely like them. Are you in the habit of telling lies?" she continued.

"Oh, not more than a dozen a day; sometimes it is harder than telling the truth," said Virginia flippantly.

"What utter degeneracy," said the lady to herself, then to the girl, "I'm surprised that Mr. Martin keeps a girl whose word cannot be relied upon, and I'm sure you will lose your place if you do not improve your conduct. A girl in your position cannot afford to be too independent. You must learn to control your temper or it will get you into trouble. It is your duty to wait on customers in a pleasant, courteous manner, as though they were doing you a favor, which of course they are."

By this time Virginia had the glove partly on, so the lady was obliged to listen. Then she said: "And what about the customers, haven't they a duty to perform, too?"

"What do you mean?" the lady said with a haughty stare.

"Oh, I think you take a one-sided view of the question. I think we shop girls, even if we are poor and ignorant, deserve some respect and consideration."

"Oh, you do!" (and in the most contemptuous voice) "do you think you are worthy of much respect—a girl who tells lies?"

"I wasn't talking about myself alone, but shop girls in general. Some of them are really gentle, and maybe we had ones would be better if we had a better example set us."

"Do you mean me?" said the lady, startled out of the calm air of superiority she had been assuming.

"Oh, no," said Virginia in her softest voice, for she was beginning to enjoy this "fight," as she called it. "I was only talking about customers in general. If they would treat us with the courtesy they demand from us, we would be quick to copy them."

"But my poor girl, can't I make you understand the difference in our stations? Your position in the store depends on your being agreeable and pleasant to people. I can go where I please to buy goods, but you must take whoever comes!"

"Oh, I see, I see," said Virginia, "you believe in doing right when it is policy, not simply as a matter of conscience."

"This is becoming insufferable," thought the lady, "to be talked at by an ignorant glove fitter; is there no way of making her feel her inferiority?"

But before she could speak, Virginia, who had been vainly trying to persuade the No. 7 hand into a 6½ glove,

said in her smoothest voice: "Don't you think, lady, you would like the No. 7 gloves?"

"No," she said, snappishly, "I'll try somewhere else, but before I go, I want to give you another piece of advice. You dress altogether too extravagantly. People always suspect something wrong when a girl in your position dresses expensively, and in the very latest style."

Now, Virginia was not expensively dressed. She had that rare knack of wearing her clothes well. This last speech was too much for her. The implied insult made her furious.

Prompted partly by anger and partly by a spirit of mischief, as she removed the glove she gave her arm a peculiar quick twist, which flipped the glove across the lady's face, then with an air of great meekness, said: "I beg your pardon, lady, I am so awkward."

Without even a look, but with rather undignified haste, the lady departed, and as Virginia watched her, she said to herself, "And she calls herself a lady!"

Outwardly, the girl was calm, but inwardly she trembled with excitement. Rage, shame and fear, each in turn made her pulses tingle.

Everybody had been too busy to notice the passage at arms between her and her customer, but she felt sure the lady would report her to the proprietor. What a fool she had been. She would get her "walking papers" tonight sure.

On her way to the cloak-room for her hat, the floor-walker informed her that she was wanted at the office. Poor Virginia! It was not her first summons of the kind. She had been in different stores of the city, and each time her ungovernable temper, or unruly tongue, had gotten her into trouble, but this was the first time she had been in disgrace since entering the service of Martin & Son. Poor girl! hers was a stormy nature and she was peculiarly unfitted for the work required of her. As she entered the office, Mr. Martin, who was usually rather kind and considerate, sat scowling in his big chair. It had been a hard day for him, too. The excessive heat had given him a headache, all sorts of annoyances had combined to rattle his temper, and this complaint about Virginia seemed the last feather. She was valuable to him. She was so quick and skillful and her good looks attracted people.

"Well, miss," he said in a hard, cold voice, as she entered, "I hear you have been impudent to one of our best customers, what have you to say about it?"

Virginia faltered a moment and he added: "Out with it, I want to hear your side, and I haven't much time."

"Well," said Virginia, "I suppose she called it impudence, but I don't think she herself was a model of good behavior. I think she simply tried to rouse the lion in me. She made me try a dozen pairs of gloves on her, and all the while she kept finding fault with me, and giving me advice, which she said suited my station; so, finally, I thought I'd return the compliment, and give her some."

"And what did you advise her to do?" he asked.

"I told her to set us a good example and we'd be quick to follow it."

A faint gleam of amusement swept over Mr. Martin's face, but it instantly hardened as he asked: "And did you strike her in the face with a pair of gloves?"

"No," said Virginia, "I kind of shook the gloves out like this" (giving her arm a little jerk) "and one of them flipped across her face."

"Tell me the truth, miss," he said sternly; "was it an accident?"

Virginia flushed hotly, but truth was too strong within her. "No, it was not an accident," she said, defiantly, "and I'm glad I did it."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," said he, "we will say no more. You know as well as I do that it was shamelessly rude in you and cannot be overlooked. Come to the cashier tomorrow and get what we owe you. We can dispense with your services."

Then a full sense of her situation came over the poor girl. She knew by experience how difficult it is to obtain employment without good references, and she had almost nothing saved for a day like this. These thoughts overcame her pride and she begged him to give her one more trial. "Give me some other department, anything, but don't discharge me."

"But," said he, "if I give you some other department, what assurance have I that you will not be hurling bottles and scissors at customers?"

Then, as he remembered the immense wealth of the lady whom this perverse girl had insulted, he said shortly: "No, miss, I'm done with you. Good night."

Virginia walked to the door, then turned with a white, drawn face and said: "You leave only two roads open to me, and both lead to destruction."

As Virginia passed down the street on her way home, her heart was full of bitterness. She hated all the happy people she met. Two young girls stood in a doorway talking lightly, happily together. Standing with clasped hands, they looked at each other so fondly, so joyously, that Virginia's heart swelled with envy.

Did sisters, for they were evidently sisters, care for each other like this? Was this the common lot of humanity, and would she ever share it? Her restless soul was so tossed and pierced with unhappiness that this lovely picture only angered her, and she fairly glared at them as she passed by.

The place she called home was a single room in a tall tenement house on a poor street. No one was there to greet her coming with joyful expectation, or kiss away the scowl that marred the beauty of her face. No mother, no sister, no friend. The room was hot to suffocation.

With a sigh of exhaustion Virginia dropped into a chair by the narrow window, and sat there for an hour brooding over her hard lot. She was in that low, melancholy state of mind when only the dark side of life presents itself. When she first came to her present lodging, she had found on a closet shelf a bottle of dark liquid labeled laudanum, and often in her dark moments this little bottle had appealed to her as a means of escape.

Life, young, healthy life was hers, but she sat there deliberately planning to fling it away. At last she rose with a look of settled purpose on her face.

"Yes, I'll take it," she said; "I can't stand this any longer."

After putting her room in perfect order she proceeded to assort the contents of a little tin box. Old letters, childish trinkets and keepsakes were all it contained, most of which Virginia threw into a box which answered the pur-

pose of a waste basket. Some of the letters were some she discarded with a glance, but a letter written in a childish hand fixed her eyes. She read it, the lines of her face became haggard, her look of set purpose gradually melted into a dreamy expression. A shadow of a smile came and then a flush of shame. The note ran thus:

"Dear Ginnie: I have to go to the city tomorrow. I am writing to tell you about the change. I'll bring the money tomorrow. My greatest reason for telling you that I gave Jim Boyd a turn is a night for calling you Ginnie and asking if you are cold, or jugged, and if he does it again, I'll be one. I think your name is really pretty, and you the nicest girl I'm acquainted with. I will be your true friend."

"P.S.—I send with this a ring I made out of a piece of abalone shell. It will give me some idea of how you wear it. My love for you is like a true friend."

What was in this boyish scrawl, bearing years before, to bring such a swift change in her? Hurriedly, as though she feared deliberation, she glanced once more over the faded letter, a leaf from a happy past and carried her to those days, when she and the writer went clamoring.

She saw again the sturdy little fellow, freckled legs, vigorously digging his toes in search of the coveted clams, and heard him as he tossed them out to her (for picking up a basket was her part of the work). She heard the gentle murmur of the sea, that indescribable murmur of the waves at low tide, and saw the radiant sunset light that brought heaven down to earth.

How she and Bessie had loved the sea, and how they guarded her, and stood between her and always been strictly honest and honorable in their relations, and how he despised anyone who was cowardly. Brave, loyal little Bessie, he had said: "What argument has life to his neighbor?"

Mingled with her thought of this far-off memory of her gentle mother, who had died when she was a child, she sadly recalled the lonely years. Bessie had gone back to his home in another State. Virginia went to live with relatives, who understood her, nor dreamed how the children grieved for love. School and books were her only friends.

So the years went on until the summer when Bessie appeared on the scene again. Overgrown, manly youth, his face showed that strength and integrity, which it had promised in his youth. He hunted Virginia up at once, and the old life resumed. They loved each other. Each had openly acknowledged it, nor made any secret of the joy of the present was enough. To her life had been so barren, that summer was like a new dawn to her full of a strange new delight.

Usually so tiresome, seemed lighter and even more glamorous of her love. She had always recognized a sort of comrade, recognizing in its varying semblance to her own stormy nature, and she whispered to her in softer tones than ever, more beautifully arched and the sunset light. Thus was everything about her glorified in Bessie, and "all things through him took new meaning."

At the close of the summer he had returned, and she was to write soon and often, but to this day she never heard from him.

The very next day after his departure, Bessie, who had decided to go East, but what would be of Ginnie? They could not take her, and they were not of the fact that she was a sort of white dove in the hands. This sufficed to arouse a spirit of revolt in the girl, and she assured them she could take care of herself. They agreed with her in this, declaring her quite old enough to earn her own living; and she placed for her in a store in the city, and she went with a friend of theirs, who, they said, would keep her straight, thus virtually (and as she thought) putting their hands off her.

Poor, inexperienced Virginia! Life had been a series of disappointments. To her the life of a clerk was imprisonment. Her authoritative manner of her employers, and her with and left the friend whom her relatives had kept her straight.

She wrote to the postmaster at her old home if any mail had come for her, and receiving none, she wrote to Bessie, explaining the change in her name, and a word had she ever received in reply.

Mr. Martin's dreams were haunted by the thought of Virginia's white, accusing face, and he was startled sense of guilt. Yet, why should he? If the girl went to ruin, he was not to blame. He found dead in the morning, the whole truth was out, and no one would hold him responsible for her fate, no one but himself. He was not devoid of conscience, he knew if the girl committed suicide, his conscience would render him miserable.

He could not forget how coldly he had treated her in the afternoon when, on the plea of being asked to be excused from duty. He could find some excuse for himself, but at last he found himself a "selfish brute."

"I see I'll have to do something for her," he thought, as he turned over, hoping to get some sleep. But he was too wide awake. His mind was on the side of the question.

"The girl was right," he declared, "she was right" (though he admitted that Virginia was specially fitted either by nature or opportunity to the old lady's need.) "Swelling with vanity, she goes about thrusting her opinions on other people with an utter disregard of their feelings. She doesn't she practice some of her own principles. Trouble would have been averted had she been kinder. A kind word or a friendly smile to girls like Virginia Moore, and how many could not those whose wealth and beauty are their only advantages, impart some of their own to those who bear heavy burdens?"

"Now as the number which we desire to write is 1900, we commence with MD. To account for the remaining 400 we must accordingly resort to the device of placing a detaching digit before a digit representing exactly that much more than the required value, in this instance a hundred. Our 400 is, therefore, expressed by CD, and the entire 1900 is shown as MDCD."

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke

BIOGRAPHY.

A New Portrait of Washington.

A N AMERICAN girl sketched it. It is not filled with lines, dates and angles, such as are made to be crammed into the head of school children. It is a thing of art and life, this little portrayal of the "first American."

Through the enchanted hall, rather far from the hand of oblivion and decay, where stand the great of earth, just like so many gods who neither age nor pass away, generations after generations march, and with them many a pair of eyes. And nothing is quite so interesting as the reflection of a great man which—if you happen to be a bystander—are mirrored back at you from those innumerable pairs of eyes that journey on. And the picture of the homes and households of Washington which we are made to see in this volume is one of the most pleasing. Not a life of Washington exactly (for that, the author thinks, to the great loss to you and me—has already been "told over and over again, till the words are half meaningless," but "of Washington's life in these eight houses, and of their fate in turn"—and as the reader will find out—very much more.

It tells you from what line of ancestry and in what sort of a cottage the great man came into the world; how young Col. Washington looked on his wedding day, and how his bride in her "high-heeled slippers, 'the smallest five'" (woman's vanity, so suggests the author, brought about the change in the numbering of shoes nowadays); how he hunted with Billy, the "bedizened dandy," he of the turned-down velvet cap; how beautifully Mrs. Washington kept her house and managed her negro women, so that the house seemed to run by itself; how Franklin House looked and was furnished at the time of his New York residence; how Humphreys "took him in" in announcing him into the presence-room French fashion; what courtesy he showed to Mrs. Gen. Greene; how the fashionable head-dress of Miss McIvers caught fire and how there was "no undue rustling of stiff brocades," seeing that it was a good form, as now, for ladies to give their dignity a little holiday only in the presence of mice and cows; and how Washington entertained Indian chiefs; of McComb Mansion, of Morris House and the Germantown House; how Nelly Custis grew up to delight Washington with her charms, and when he made her the present of a harpsichord, how she "mixed tears and practice upon it four hours a day;" and then of the life at Mt. Vernon, how he acted as his own gamewarden and surveyor; how he insisted in misspelling to his last day, "of" for "off," "exceptence," "excepting" for "accepting," "aparcer;" of his death and that of his lady, and even unto the fate of some of the slaves and the servants who were dear to him and his.

The author has touched the home-life of Washington with a dainty hand—none but a feminine artist could have accomplished the task quite so well. And it is not a great wonder after all that a book of this sort has not appeared before. Full of humor of a quiet and dignified type, full also of anecdotes and bright sayings, the book is a very entertaining reading. Her descriptions are vivid, and this author shows more than a hint of being a good story-teller. As for her prose, her literary art,—I dare say that there are not many authors who show so much maturity in their first books as does this chronicler of the "first American."

"It was a gleeful Yale-tide" (from this you can judge what a story-teller she was, as well as how well she commanded her pen), "when many a glass of palate-tickling 'methigler' found its easy way to the shining negroes; and no doubt among the guests, many a glass of 'punch-and-honey' testified the good quality of Lady Washington's receipts."

"Col. Humphreys was a poet. Col. Smith was no poet, and had no special fondness for live poets. When the deck work was over and they needed to stretch their limbs, they usually did so in different directions. If he liked, Col. Humphreys was permitted to address the 'verdant hills,' covered with snow, undisturbed by an audience. Col. Smith's constitutional brought him one day to petted old Bishop's domain, where, not far from the cottage, Sarah, his daughter, was milking. Her figure looked frail as she stooped to pick up the pail. . . . 'De, miss, permit my stronger arms to assist you,' said the gallant New York colonel. . . . Of handsome British officers old Bishop had told awful tales to Sarah, and why should not these warning tales apply to handsome young American officers as well? She shrieked, threw down the milk, spattering the colonel from cocked hat to boot-toe, and ran to the house screaming all the way. Old Bishop appeared in the doorway. . . . 'I'm a-goin' to tell the general! I'm a-goin' right straight an' tell the general.' The colonel explained his harmless kindness. 'I'm a-goin' to tell the madam, too,—the madam the same as raised my child!' Col. Smith said a word or two to the empty air."

And, then, the summary estimate of Washington: "Two writers of history go on the assumption that the Washington of history did not exist, because it could not be."

"Vegetable nature is beautiful, and human nature never. George Washington is not an ideal—he is a fact. 'No man's ideals approach the beauty of reality. . . . 'Nature casts her noblemen into forms of beauty never dreamed of by art."

The book—the first and the last from the author—is interesting. But even more so than it is the life of the author herself. The preface to the book by Molly Elliot Seawell tells the story of an exceedingly brilliant young life. A young woman who wrote in her diary, "I cannot bear to be patronized. . . . I am a little more proud than Lucifer. I can understand why he fell. He would not be patted on the back by some of the other archangels, so he got the ill-will of the influential ones," and who also wrote: "Yet into my soul the spirit of thankfulness has crept, and I pray God to let it grow greater and greater. The servant of a Roman general was ordered to say to him at every meal, 'Remember Carthage.' I want every small

trouble and each great one that God may send to me to say to me, 'Remember your lasting joy and the goodness of God;'" she who was a devoted lover of Emerson; she who believed "that love has eyes," and who has such a warm attachment to her country and its institutions (and that, in this day!); she who has such a horror of being a blue-stocking when she walked in the very highest social circle of the land, and she who could leave a book such as this at 30—it is impossible not to admire a woman like that.

[The First American: His Homes and His Household. By Lolla Herbert. Harpers, New York. Price, \$2.]

FICTION.

Miss Wilkins's Short Stories.

This fifth collection of short stories from the author of "The Revolt of Mother" opens with the history of a New England maid, the daughter of a parson. Her name is Love. A slender—a very slender (I don't mean in the number of pages over which it is spread, far from it!) love story. Parson Lord, her father (most appropriately named, both he and she; for this is, at best nothing more than an allegory, a fable) is a pious man who assists the Almighty by predestinating what his little girl shall be in life. But, of course, that little sarcastic baby-imp, naked, and with arrows (why he is always pictured that way I am sure I do not know) comes along and interferes with the pious plan. A squire's son falls in love with her in the most approved, impossible, old-fashioned way imaginable. Love is true to her sense of obedience to her father's wish. And



MISS LILLA HERBERT.

so in spite of herself, the old squire, to the surprise of everybody concerned, marries them. After all is over, it turns out that the pious father was not such an iceberg after all. The second story in the volume is also a love story whose amazing originality and merit is in its rapid commonplaceness of treatment and the impossibility of the character of Anne and of the thief lover of hers—his reformation especially. It is, indeed, delightful to see a maid—that is to say, if you could turn this knowing world into an innocent baby-land—who would meet a stranger in a wood and straightway pronounce over him the judgment, "There is no man in the whole world so noble and so good," and what is more, persist in the same opinion when she finds him breaking into her house through the window, without the least invitation, at a midnight stormy hour. The whole thing seems to be enough to arouse the sense of humor in a passably dull person. She knows him, to be sure, just simply knows him—through the infallible intuition of woman—to be the unknown writer of the letters she has been receiving as soon as her eyes fall upon him for the first time. New England, indeed, must be a paradise if her maids have so great and abiding confidence in the infallibility of their intuition.

There is at least something of a "story" in the third tale, which tells you what a resourceful maid Catherine Carr was, and how she saved her lover from the English officers, and how merrily she told her first untruth—not a lie, as the author makes out. Of course, it takes a little stretch of imagination somewhere to be convinced that the English soldiers pursuing a deserter from their ship could mistake the mixture of currant jelly and paste over the face of a man for the outbreaking of smallpox. Still they were gallant fellows, and Catherine was a pretty girl.

In the last story, "One Good Time," some good people may think there is a deal of pathos.

Altogether, it is one of the most excellent books that the most devout could find to fill the shelves of a Sunday-school library of a very Puritan community.

[The Love of Parson Lord and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

BOTANY.

On the Structures of Plants.

A series under the name of "Twentieth Century Text Books," edited by A. F. Nightingale, Ph.D., and Prof. C. H. Thurber, of the University of Chicago, has just added unto itself the second book of botany. The author devotes the first twelve chapters to the history of the evolution of

plant life from the lowest; chap. xiii is devoted to chap. xiv to Angiosperm families; chap. xv to matters. The last three chapters are given to the evolution of tissues and the physiology and ecology.

The author is at the head of department of botany at the University of Chicago, and if the book is to be a guide, one may be very sure that a student of the field work. It is comparatively simple, but does not believe it good to indulge in all manner of terms—so bewilderingly dense in an old-fashioned way, as the author does not forget the aims of the book is to introduce the student to the literature of botany, you will meet with much of Greek extraction as much as it would be for you.

If the schoolboys of the coming century are to be the author, it will be none of his fault.

[Plant Structures: A Second Book of Botany. By M. Coulter, A.M., Ph.D. Appleton, New York. By C. C. Parker.]

POETRY.

Wise and Otherwise.

This volume of poems is not without a few two-which, as you know well enough, is a deal in these post-Edwin-Markham days,—Spring.

The south wind caught two swallows
'Mong orange blossoms at play,
And over mountains bore them
To where the snowdrifts lay.
In soft, warm arms it bore them
To far-off northern land,
Where brooks were bound in fetters,
Wrought by the ice king's hand,
Till by an ancient maple,
The south wind set them free,
And the sunbeams smiled
Where the snow was piled,
And danced in the leafless trees.

Or this:

Hawaiian Love Song.

The Dane, the Celt, the Span,
Are lovers quite as true
As any o'er the tropic sea
To dreamy roundness drew;
But none can voice so sweetly
Love's glad triumphant joy,
As this untaught Hawaiian,
Aloha nui oe.

Pale autumn pensive lingers
Along the crimson wood,
Or bends to weep above the spot
Where late the poppy stood,
And sighs as sighs the lover
For one in far Hawaii,
Aloha nui loa
Aloha nui oe.

Some of the poems are serious full of pathos, Ring in the Nazarene.

Born in the manger in Bethlehem,
Thorny the path He trod,
Mournfully heavy the cross He bore,
Heir to the wisdom of God.

Mournfully heavy the cross He bore,
Broken and steep the way,
Dearest His message because of pain,
Light of the world today.

Gracious as rain to the sun-dried earth,
Turning the dull earth bright,
Truth is in blossom because of Him,
Ring in the Child of Light. Etc.

It may not be the best thing in the world to be looking for poetry (I do not mean a word) through these pages. But that does not mean that the book is so rich in themes of almost all sorts, all the way from war to piety, and ought to make up for the lack of poetry in modern verse. Nothing is quite as good as poetry for the memory task of a publisher, the least thing you can say of the poet who is king of Christ, of Victor Hugo, of Olympe, of some one else, of woman, solitude, spring, and Spia," and tells you:

"Leaves are brown in the autumn air," he says who can do all these and many other things. Wonderful, yes! And one cannot help but be how good natured the law of the land is to a class of poets. The writing of mediocre verse is a very serious crime, to be sure. Still, a man hung for a less thing than that—for example, [Sword and Cross and Other Poems. By G. Banks. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Price, 75 cents.]

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Anglo-Bear Conflict; Its History and Allayne Ireland (Small, Maynard & Co., 75 cents.) is another booklet for a busy man. It pretends to be exhaustive; it is a brief and shattering of facts that brought the thing to the author has spent the most of the past twenty years in the British colonies; has written a volume on "The Anglo-Bear Conflict," and naturally is expected to know about the subject. At any rate he has made use of the materials—the books and magazines—authoritative and otherwise, on the subject.

From a Special Correspondent.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Winter Sports in Maine.

IF YOU have ever been in a European ballroom or have had the continental method of dancing called to your attention," said A. R. Saunders of Augusta, Me., "you know that a European never reverses or backs, but constantly spins round and round, and always in the same direction. The reason for this is that the ballrooms abroad are always so crowded as to render any other way of dancing disastrous in its consequences and a practical impossibility. What brings this method of dancing to my mind is a recent visit I made to Van Cortlandt Park when skating was on; so crowded was it there that it wouldn't have been a bad scheme for New Yorkers to have taken a leaf out of Europe's dancing book and all to have skated in the same direction.

"But it is really little you know here of the joys of winter and what fun there is in an out-of-door life, when the cold weather is on. Bobolodging has a wide vogue in Augusta, and in Western avenue, from above the Anson Merrill place, you can slide to the Sturgis place, a distance of a mile. Winthrop Hill we seldom use for bobolodging, as it is too steep, but on the east side of the river, starting at Joseph E. Manley's place, you can get in another slide of nearly a mile. If the hill has been properly watered, the speed at times is simply terrific. Skating we seldom get on the Kennebec, as it often does not freeze with a smooth surface, and when it does it is usually quickly covered with snow; but the mill brook, embraced and guarded from the winds by the surrounding hills, invariably presents a mirrorlike surface, and the stretch of two miles above Wyman's Dam willing hands keep clear of snow.

"Then there is also sleighing. I am speaking now only of adults' sports, but for the youngsters you can multiply these by at least eight—hockey, snow forts, candy making, snow ice cream, snow bailing and a hundred others go to make up the play of boys and girls when our country lies buried in the snow. All seasons have their special features, but winter in the country is the one with the most pleasing features, to my mind."—[New York Tribune.]

Wild Cat at Large in New York.

WITH a rip-roaring, cantankerous wild cat roaming loose around Madison Square Garden this afternoon matters were extremely lively for a while at the Sportsmen's Show. The management endeavored to keep the escape of the ferocious animal quiet, but the excitement of the employees and the keepers of the exhibit from which the escape occurred betrayed the fact, and the story spread with amazing rapidity.

Women turned pale and children cried. Strong men tried to look brave, but failed lamentably. The west side of the Garden, where the fugitive had hidden himself, was the least attractive of the show for several hours.

The wild cat arrived from Bridgeport this morning with several raccoons for exhibition, and other animals. In attempting to transfer the animal from its box to a cage at the south side of the Garden, it got a glimpse of the buffalo's hump, or the fat-looking ducks, made a spring for liberty and succeeded.

It ran up the wire cage to the gallery and along the band stand. The band was playing rag-time music, which turned the cat back toward its cage and home. It was headed off, however, from home and good intentions by frightened and wild-eyed employees, and, spying an opening under the steps leading to the music hall, darted in there and fortified itself for attack.

This came all right, and the siege for a while bid fair to last as long as that of Ladysmith. The cat had all the best of it. Matches and bicycle lamps were used to locate the green-eyed feline. The highest gallery was the favorite point of vantage for most of the spectators.

At last a capture was effected by McDonald and Lewis, two old circus men, with the aid of a coil of rope and a gunny sacking bag. The management breathed again and the ducks quacked gleefully. "But it was an awful time while it lasted."—[New York Correspondence Philadelphia North American.]

Oldest Printed Book in the World.

A BOOK in the possession of a bookseller in Munich may be the oldest book in the world printed in type. It is a missale speciale, intended for use in the district of the Rhine. It has been carefully examined by several competent Germans and by M. Minet, who is an acknowledged authority on missales, and they agree—the former for typographical, the latter for liturgical reasons—in regarding the newly discovered book as prior to the Psalter of 1457. The French savant and one of the Germans date it before 1450, the former ascribing it to Gutenberg. So confident, indeed, is he that the title of the brochure which he has just issued on the subject bears the words: "The First Book Known to Be Printed."

If he is right the find is not the least remarkable of the many interesting discoveries made in the closing years of the century.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Five Queer Places.

DOUBTLESS the most unique spot in Europe is the little village of Altenberg, where on its border four countries meet. It is ruled by no monarch, has no soldiers, no police and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined and spend their days in farming the land of working in the valuable calamine mine of which it boasts.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two traveling schoolmasters are provided by the government, who visit the different families where there are children, and give instruction. The length of their visit depends on the astuteness of the children, and they may spend days or weeks, as the case may be, at one house alone.

A town boasting of a railway station which cost \$200,000 to erect and a duly appointed station master, and yet having

no train service, is unique beyond dispute. Dundee, in New Jersey, is in this predicament, the inhabitants having actually no trains, although their fine station is available for any amount of traffic, and the reason given for this strange fact, is that so long as the trains run through the inhabitants ought to be satisfied.

There is a place in the middle of the Pacific Ocean well known to mariners, where there is never any Christmas day. This is owing to its being in the 180th deg. of longitude and directly opposite to Greenwich, and, therefore, twelve hours ahead of Greenwich time. In a journey around the globe the other twelve hours would have to be marked out of the navigator's calendar, and if this point crossing the antipodes is touched Christmas eve then there can be no Christmas day.

In one of the West Indies group there is a colony of some eight hundred whites and blacks, where there are neither towns nor villages, nor fresh water supplies. In fact, there is such a scarcity of everything that the government has to send food and employment to the inhabitants to keep them from starving. Salt fish and sweet potatoes are the staple foods of the Anguillians, and the only water obtainable is brackish and tainted by the sea.—[Answers.]

Used a Bicycle Lamp on His Stirrup.

THE queerest adaptation of the gas cycle lamp yet heard of is that of a Virginian, E. L. Harper, Jr., who uses one on his stirrup when riding through a rough country at night. The story of this odd idea comes from R. Will Pitman, to whom Harper appealed for information concerning gas lamps. Harper is the secretary of a wheeling club at Big Stone Gap and also the inspector for a quarrying company. His business requires him to make cross-country trips, where a bicycle is impossible, and much of his riding is done at night. After experimenting with several lamps on his wheel, he adopted one with a top that is revolvable and permits the light to be thrown in any direction. This he has fastened to his stirrup with an ordinary lamp bracket, and he says it is indispensable.—[New York Letter.]

Seen Things Upside Down.

THERE is a boy, an inmate of a Massachusetts home for children, whose eyesight has been twisted so that he sees things upside down and wrong end foremost. While writing his letter, without knowing it, reverses his letters so that they appear upon his slate as ordinary handwriting would be reflected by a mirror. He commences to write a sentence in the bottom right hand corner, and writes from right to left.

When first admitted to the training school he was unable to write; but, when placed in the class and a copy book set before him, he seemed to understand exactly what was expected of him, and began to work. The schoolmistress was surprised when she saw the letters he had formed on the paper—they resembled nothing to her at first.

Time after time she tried to teach him to begin at the top left hand side of the paper, but he always started from the right. When the boy had learned to form his letters properly the situation dawned upon the amazed teacher. What she imagined was simply awkwardness and simple-mindedness was really the result of the boy seeing things upside down.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Romance in a Cottonwood.

A UNIQUE and interesting remnant of a love affair of long ago has recently come to light at Chicago Heights. A few days ago, W. H. Drake felled a large cottonwood tree, which stood on a residence lot, and commenced cutting and splitting it for stove wood. In one small section he found a five-eighths-inch hole, into which a beautiful lock of auburn hair had been placed when the tree was small and a wooden peg three inches long driven in, completely filling the cavity and hiding for many long years the cherished lock. An idea of the length of time that this treasure has remained in its strange rustic casket may be gained from the fact that the depth of the hole, three and one-half inches, reached slightly beyond the center of the tree.

The battered end of the pin seemed to have projected about one-fourth of an inch. From this it is estimated that the diameter of the tree when the pin was driven did not exceed five and one-half inches. When cut down the tree measured thirty inches in diameter at the stump, twenty feet to the first limb and stood seventy-five feet high; the pin was located five feet above the ground and the diameter of the tree at this place was twenty-six inches. Local authorities say that cottonwoods in this section grow about one-half inch in diameter each year, and, according to this, the hair has remained in its hiding place forty-one years.

The ground on which the tree stood was formerly a farm belonging to Jack Furra, a pioneer. Much interest has been excited by this strange incident, and efforts are being made to trace the romance that must be connected with the auburn ringlet.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The Musical Bicycle.

A VERY diligent student of Mother Goose remembers the young woman at Banbury Cross, who, when engaged in equestrian pursuits, wore "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," by means of which she was furnished with music "wherever she goes." An inventor named Goss, mentioned by a Paris paper, has sought in a somewhat different manner to afford to the riders of bicycles a similar delight.

It is proposed to adjust a harp of suitable dimensions to the frame of a bicycle between the rider's knees. Each harp string, or wire, would be provided with its own hammer, and the hammers would be operated by the spikes on a revolving cylinder—a music box cylinder, in fact. The last mentioned portion of the apparatus would derive its movement from a special sprocket chain from the pedals. The mechanical features of the plan are simple and feasible.

The only part of the scheme about which there is some doubt is the musical. It is conceivable that a lonely road a person might be charmed by a pretty melody, automatically conducted by wheelmen, each riding at a different pace, his fellows, playing a different tune and the result would be a most interesting and startling results. On the whole, it is to be hoped that Goss's dream will never be realized.—[Chicago News.]

Dead Sea Growing Smaller.

A FEW weeks ago was printed a report from the level of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, on account of the large volume of water which is now absorbed by irrigation. A similar report comes from the Dead Sea, which was formerly much larger than at present, the old beaches stretching at various points along the whole basin. Since the middle of the century it has been very slowly rising till quite recently falling again.

The phenomenon is not due to natural causes, but to the steadily increasing quantity of water which the Jordan River for irrigation purposes smaller streams flowing into the sea and being utilized by the increasing number of diverting all the water they can get to relieving the monotonous aspect of the lifeless region with many verdant fields.

The latest travelers say that some of the covering the bottom of that lake may be the water in the shallower places and that is a new aspect in addition to the depression that have always been observed on the shore, though this deduction goes steadily on, it is time to dry up the waters, for it requires over thirteen hundred feet long to touch the deep northern part of the basin.—[New York Tribune.]

Vegetable Tallow Tree.

THE people of China are eminently practical, and have added much to the civilization of the world by their habits of industry, of which the method of making vegetable tallow is an excellent example. This tallow is called Stillington oil, and is made from the seeds of the dropping product of the tree. The Chinese pick the seeds of this tree and place them in a wooden cylinder, open at both ends, perforated at the bottom. After being closed for ten or fifteen minutes, the tallow is then more readily separated. The seeds are then from the steaming cylinder to a stone mill, where they are gently beaten. They are then heated over the fire and sifted, by which the low is separated and resembles coarse meal.

In this state the tallow is put between straw and these placed in a press, by which the tallow is forced out and falls into a tub. Freed from the straw it is then a semi-fluid of a beautiful white color, made of it easily melt in hot weather, and they are dipped in melted wax of various colors or yellow—and are exposed for sale by the street vendors and other shopkeepers. This remarkable tallow is the banks of the Min, in Soochow, in China. Soochow, and has been transplanted to the United States. It is a tree with shining green leaves and yellow flowers at the end of the branches, covered by dark-colored seed vessels and white seeds. In late autumn, on the banks of the Yangtze River, in Chikiang, south of Shanghai, a striking object. The leaves are then a bright green instead of light green. When the tallow is out of the seeds the remainder is pressed out and is used to enrich the land.—[Pittsburgh Courier.]

A Medical Pigeon Post.

DR. KAPLAN of Granville, near St. Louis, Mo., has a pigeon post between possible patients and the doctor. A plan which other medical men with facilities might well adopt. Dr. Kaplan has kept wherever two or three houses are situated, and when a house is far away from the doctor's office, he sends a pigeon to the patient's house.—[Chicago News.]

FIGHTING BEHIND WIRE.

[British and South African Expeditionary Force] light which incidentally reveals the progress of the Boer campaign for the present campaign, the most minute details, is the story of the fighting which is now being so freely used by our forces in the field.

Regular readers of this paper will remember that last year the Transvaal government sent 950 miles of seven-strand barbed wire, which to inclose the entire system of the railway, the period in which tenders were being unusually limited. This sudden increase to fence the railway struck us at the time, because, in common with others, we knew the finances of the State were so as to permit of the immediate expenditure of £50,000 upon an undertaking of this kind. The circumstances, and, further, as a body dislike wire fences as being restrictive of the movements of their soldiers, and the publication of the tender, an American company had been selected by a Pretoria firm for the installation of barbed wire, and this huge quantity was dispatched in May, or about the same time, of the year.

By a Staff Writer.

...is doubtless made with the utmost
...to many another similar proposal has been
...and far less extreme proposal, for in-
...the Spartan custom of putting to
...all defective and weak infants. Nor will
...many who will entertain the idea
...has, indeed, been advocated before, with less
...the members of the medical profession.

...sighted proposal, however. If it had been
in the past, the world would have missed some
great men and women, since physical defects and
handicaps are by no means incompatible
with genius. It would probably have been disposed of in in-
fancy, and the world would have perished in childhood, Eliza-
beth would have been mercifully put out of the
world in early youth, and Charles Darwin would never
have reached the age at which he began his world-en-
riching work. If Dr. McKim's commission had judged
him unworthy, he would not have been granted that this commission would en-
rich the world in the genius, who among even the wisest
men is granted his ability always to prophesy greatness?
Is it not that we term genius is the result of labor fructi-
fying in the growing and inconsiderable mustard seed of
genius that no man can foretell its development
until the growing giant of the forest. The majority of
men have struggled to success without the belief of
any one most interested to concede their gifts. Nor is
it that the accomplished meet for humanity always per-
petrated by accident.

[illegible]

Since, through all the years of her physical helplessness, she has been the mainstay of her family, in other respects that could not be paid for by all the money that could be spent on her nor measured by the standard of any of all. Material and other losses have come into her life and through it all her unflinching courage, her affection and even a sense of humor undiminished by disease sustained and warmed their hearts in the darkest hours. She was more dependent upon her than she upon them. The other side of life is not the only one, although those who are dependent causes them to occupy themselves with it. They are sometimes inclined to think so. The physician is the broadest and most philanthropic of his kind, but the medical bias, where it exists, is sometimes severe enough to constitute a disease that ought to receive the attention of some kind of a commission.

The chief objection to Dr. McKim's proposition is a different one. Our human sympathies, the highest and most hardly won acquisition of our race, are of greater value than even physical soundness. Nor do we keep these sympathies in separate pigeon holes, so as to know so what we like with one and have all the rest left intact. They form an organic whole of character, and we find them in one respect to be vitiated in others. We cannot harden our hearts to the ill and suffering without becoming less tender toward the well and strong. To be put to death the physical weaklings of the race would mean that we had reached a state of moral degeneracy that could be compensated by no physical well-being. In contradiction of Dr. McKim's views as to the progress of the world constitute progress, human evolution is even going on with the death sentence. Long after the opening of the reign of Victoria, it was inflicted in England for petty theft. The act of Parliament which limited it to a theft of less than one pound was passed in 1830 only after great opposition. It was the subject of many bills in the House of Lords; and in 1861 an act was passed confining it to murder and treason. Nowadays, certain States have abolished it for the crime of murder, and other States have seriously considered its abolition, although there are still things to be said in its favor in this case, at least under the present conditions of our prisons and of the law of evidence. It is, however, a punishment that cannot be said for it in any other

Dr. McKim's plan secure even the physical and mental well-being of the individual. For human disease is the result of, directly or indirectly, of lack of principle even more than of lack of knowledge. We know how to spare others from the mental anguish and bodily need that result from disease. And every custom and influence that vitiates

our sympathies counteracts, in its final and larger aspects, whatever of physical good it may temporarily accomplish. Moreover, as Spencer puts it, on a broad view of human nature, the self-regarding virtues go with the other regarding virtues. The man who is considerate of others' rights to happiness generally respects himself, while the man who gratifies his desires and ambitions regardless of results to others is likely to indulge them in present pleasure regardless of the final outcome of his own life in the way of disease. This, if not true of all individual cases, is true in its general application. The opportunities of vice of all sorts increase with man's power over nature. The savage usually succumbs to these in his contact with civilised society because he has not the self-control of the higher of those types developed within that society. Increased disease would mean increased slaughter, and this, again, would react to the vitiation of the moral sense. A race of men capable of applying Dr. McKim's theory would not possess even sound bodies combined with heartlessness. Such a race of men must be one of increasing viciousness and brutish degeneration. The ultimate effectual means of checking extreme physical degeneration is rather the cultivation of a greater sensibility to the ill of others and of a public opinion and sense of personal responsibility that shall prevent the propagation of diseased types.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

[The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

To Brighten Dark Rooms.

M. L. L. REDONDO, writes: "Please tell me how to treat double parlors, with high arched ceilings, calsones in a rather dingy pink or ash of rose. The carpet is oak and brown and white, a neat leaf pattern in body Brancas. I have white ruffled organdie curtains at the four windows in the front parlor. There are two windows in the back parlor. The back room is most especially a music-room, but on account of close proximity to adjoining property, is dark and cold in appearance. As it is rented property I do not care to put much extra expense, if any, on walls, and had thought of using yellow curtains over the white. The dining-room across the hall, has a fern leaf paper in green. Could I use effectively the green draperies here, or what would you do? There are plenty of couches, divans and chairs, in the rooms. The portieres are perhaps the ugliest feature, being a reddish brown chenille."

You have not told me the coloring or kind of furniture you have in these rooms, but I think you can, in a great measure, correct the dinginess of your walls without having them recolored. In buying curtains for doors or windows, or couch covers, buy with a view to the use you can make of them eventually when you do not rent. A parlor furnished in differing shades of old rose can be made very beautiful, so that you would be safe to purchase cushions, chair covers and draperies, in this color. It is also a good color for wear, for a slight fading or change of the shade does not affect its beauty. I would not use yellow curtains with the pinkish walls, but would deepen the wall coloring and brighten it, by using curtains of one of those soft, delicious shades of old rose which add to the charm of any room. If you wished to use something really handsome here, and yet inexpensive, get India silk (it can always be found in this color), and border the edge down the fronts with a four or five-inch band of old pink brocade. If you line the whole with pink satin, you will have a curtain which will drape well, or hang in good straight folds, undraped. You will find that your brown chenille door hanging harmonizes perfectly with the old rose coloring. In your dark music-room use a good deal of this shade. Cover a stool with satin or plush in soft pink and introduce an exquisite lamp shade trimmed with small pink roses, or made of chiffon and silk. A cushion or divan covered with dull blue tapestry will look well in here. But let the main coloring be pink and white. A square of old rose brocade on your center table, with a silk tassel at each corner, will also help to brighten and enrich the room. There are times when small bits of rich textiles will give more life and beauty to a room than expensive furniture.

The dining-room, with its fern-leaf paper, should be extremely pretty with plain green curtains over white. You could then use a green art denim table cover which, with white center doily and fern jardiniere, is most effective.

A Pink and White Room for a Young Girl.

L. M. H., Los Angeles, says: "Will you please give me some ideas for furnishing a small room with a bay window, using pink and white as a color scheme. The room is for a young girl and I would like it to be as dainty as possible." I have recently seen samples of charming cotton goods which is a white ground with pink flowers on it. I would curtain the bay window with white ruffled organdie and hang outside curtains at the two ends of the windows of this flowered stuff. Select a piece of goods which will wash, and one which is nearly a pure pink and white as possible. The dainty effects is often spoiled in these stuffs by an intermingling of other colors. Of course there may be some delicate green as leaves to the flowers, but I really prefer the pink alone on the white ground.

Cushion a flat seat or couch with a ruffled cover of the flowered cotton, and among the figured pillows put one or two covered with pink India silk. You can make a mattress for this couch yourself by stuffing a case with excelsior and cotton wool, unless you wish to pay the furniture shops \$10 or \$15 for one. By using a long needle and stout cord you can catch it through at intervals and you will have virtually the same thing for one-fifth the money. Get a pretty little wooden rocking chair and have it painted most carefully with white enamel. Then cushion the back and seat and even the arms with your pink and

white. A box two feet square, on casters, covered and ruffled, will make a convenient shoe box, as well as a pretty low seat. These pieces with a pretty pink and white dressing table and a white enameled shelf for books, should make a pretty room. For a plain chair I would buy one of the wicker kind.

Covering for a Carved Table.

Table, Ventura: You say that you have a very handsomely carved table of dark wood, which has a border of the carving running around a felt center. You wish some sort of cover for this table, which will not hide the carving. There is nothing more in vogue now than pieces of rich old brocade, bordered with a narrow binding of gold galloon. These pieces are used on tables, mantel, shelves, etc., and are sometimes very rich and beautiful. I would find something of this kind brocaded in one color, or flowered in different colors. If somewhat faded, the colors will be all the softer and more beautiful. Fit it precisely to the center of your table, line it with white double-faced cotton flanne and bind it with a gold galloon. Your carving will look very rich beside this handsome center, and you will find it a beautiful background for handsomely bound books, or small bric-a-brac, also an attractive surface on which to set a handsome lamp.

A Terra Cotta Parler.

C. D. F., Pasadena: As your parlor is papered with pinkish terra cotta paper, and your curtains are simply white, you have an opportunity to give much character and color to your room by the use of cushions. You can use dull blue, vivid or soft green and an old rose shade of terra cotta. You will find that one or two, embroidered with gold threads, will bring the others into harmony and beauty. I think I would not use any yellow, unless it is precisely the soft, creamy shade of your ceiling paper sample. This, with some gold, would be all right.

For the upper part of your front window, get thin silk the exact shade of your wallpaper and drape it onto two rods. It will make a soft, pretty light. I should think your couch cover of old blue, cream, olive, etc., would go finely in this room.

An Unsatisfactory Room.

"Jon," of Los Angeles, says: "Some time ago I furnished a bed chamber in yellow and have not been pleased with the result. I have hung the inclosed cretonne in an alcove opening, also made covers with valances for the two white iron beds, these bedcovers and curtains are edged with yellow and white tassel fringe. In other furniture I have bureau and chairs in birdseye maple and a handsome bamboo table. While matting on the floor. Lace curtains at windows, sash length. Handsome bureau cover of ruffled lace edged Swiss, over yellow, yellow and white cushion, dainty yellow toilette articles, etc. I would be pleased to have you tell me what to add to, or take from this room to make it more attractive.

All of the things you have used in this room are pretty in themselves, and they all correspond, but you are at fault somewhere, for you say the room is not satisfactory. We must endeavor to discover where the fault lies. The samples of white cretonne, flowered with yellow chrysanthemums, is very pretty indeed, but I am inclined to think that you have used too much of it. It is a very strong pattern and a little of it would be beautiful, perhaps, while a large quantity would worry and tire you. As I see your room in my mind's eye it needs some plain yellow in the lightest shade of the flower on the goods. I would hang a curtain in the alcove of plain yellow denim (being sure to get one of the shades of flowers), and use the alcove curtains on either side of the lace sash curtains at the windows. Could you not so divide it as to hang a width on either side? I cannot help wishing that these lace curtains were white organdy muslin, the effect of sheer, clear white, with your flowered stuff, would be so much better than lace. What the room needs is masses of white, some massed yellow (clear,) and a discriminating use of the figured goods. Try throwing a white Marselles spread over your bed, thus getting pure white on top and a flowered valance. When these white spreads are edged with old-fashioned white cotton fringe, they are very quaint, thrown over a valanced bed. I have often warned readers against using flowered draperies with figured walls, though, to be sure, your paper is a clean, dainty pattern. Your room has every reason to be extremely pretty and I think possibly, with these little changes, it will be all right. That is, as pretty as your arrangement indicates. If you wish to use blue with it, you might use Delft blue denim cushions in a wicker rocker, and put two blue and white small rugs on the floor. Then carry out your suggestion of this color, with a blue and white Chinese jar on the mantel or table.

Sierra Madre Cottage.

C. J. S.: You wish to furnish attractively the parlor and dining-room of your cottage. The rooms have double doors between them, which I presume you wish to curtain, as you have a pole there. The walls of the parlor are terra cotta, and those of the dining-room, blue. Both rooms have cream-colored ceilings. The terra cotta walls being of a plain color I would use besides the white muslin ruffled curtains (which are so pretty in a cottage,) a figured India silk hanging a terra cotta background, or a dull blue ground with terra cotta figures would be good. The figures are often of oriental design and you can get them in other stuffs than silk if you prefer to do so. However, India silk is not expensive and as I would use cotton in my dining-room I think silk would look more dainty in the parlor. Hang curtains, or a single curtain, in your doorway of dull blue jute, it needs no lining and will harmonize with both rooms. Use perfectly straight plain chairs of Flemish oak in your dining-room and have your dining table made to order. The furniture stores will make you one of common pine, with heavy legs and straight lines, they will stain it Flemish oak and you will have an artistic, yet inexpensive, table. Hang curtains at your dining-room windows of white muslin and blue and white cotton Japanese crepe. This latter you will find at a Japanese importer's in Los Angeles. It is also carried by importers of Japanese goods in Pasadena. I would buy a mahogany sofa and two chairs for my parlor, these should be upholstered with tapestry. If you cannot afford a mahogany table, a wicker one would be pretty. A "Morris" chair, for real luxury, if you can afford it, and one or two wicker ones. You can have some shelves built against your wall, four feet high, and hang terra cotta silk curtains in front of them, for books, and set a plaster cast and your bric-a-brac and photographs on top of it. This goes far toward furnishing. Have a delicate pink shade for your lamp, as I suggested to Rolando.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

A SPRING-TIME TROUSSEAU.

SOME BEWITCHING GOWNS COLLECTED FOR AN APRIL BRIDE IN NEW YORK.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1900.—"Are you contemplating the artistic possibilities of a crazy quilt or has that over-indulgent husband of yours been increasing your already absurdly large dress allowance?" inquired Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, suspiciously, and somewhat enviously, as the hostess rose to receive her with a lapful of tickled samples.

"You are quite on the wrong track," replied the mistress of the tea tray, "nevertheless I am reveling in a bit of great good luck. My niece, my favorite niece, who lives in the country and trusts implicitly to my taste, is about to get married and as the highest compliment she could pay me is that of leaving the selection of her trousseau in my hands, I am already deep in the intricacies of creating a series of smart and not over expensive costumes for her wearing in and after the honeymoon season."

"A white satin marriage dress, of course," began Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, interested on the moment.

"Well, maybe," admitted the hostess, "but I've not got round to that yet. Everything in a trousseau should properly be considered before the wedding gown, for the best inspiration should come last, and as this wedding is to take place in April, after Easter, I've got an abundance of leisure in which to work up the wardrobe in detail. At this very moment the whole energies of my mind are bent on elucidating the problem of three simple but none the less timely house costumes. Spring thoughts, so to speak, that will serve for luncheon and yet they must be applicable to outdoor purposes when the occasions arise, for my niece is not going to wed a millionaire."

"My first thought has been for a pretty mastic-tinted cashmere. You know, of course, how much the smooth-faced cashmere will be worn, and if I am able to read anything in the shadow that is cast by coming events, I won't stray very far from the path of fashionable rectitude by ordering the skirt draped at one side, and by using em-

entirely attractive way of tucking skirts that throws a panel into the front width, a broad box pleat into the rear and then there are side tucks that do not rise so high as the hips. It lends a charming diversity to the skirt without rendering it a bit clumsy, though I confess I hung fire a long time between this idea and that of a skirt slit up for varying distances from the ground and then piped with white along the cut edges, stitched firmly again to the foundation and finished at the top of every piped opening by big silk arrowheads. Well, in the end the plants won the day and then I searched brain and conscience for an idea applicable to the waist and I found it at last on the back of a very pretty woman lunching in one of the smart hotel restaurants the other day.

"As adjusted to my niece's needs this smart little body and coat will take the form of a green close-fitting waist of soft, thick taffeta, having a collar and big jabot of cream lace encircling the throat and falling full over the bust to meet that point where four large inlaid buttons fasten the waist snugly. Upon this goes a captivating little jacket of cloth to match the skirt, made with its fronts sliced out generously under the arm, curved down to long points in the center and carved out in a round arch behind. This, with its slightly cup-shaped collar and its sleeves gathered in just a trifle on the shoulder, pleases me immensely."

"I don't see anything to criticize about it," declared the visitor, wandering away to the fire, "and it is very refreshing on this freezing day to think of spring things. I've just been making a round of calls and all the women on my beat I found receiving in white muslin gowns. That has been rather a fad this winter; the sheerest, whitest Swiss and the most cobwebby lace is used and in a drawing-room heated to 73 degs. and adorned with flowers, the summery raiment has the most bewitching effect, particularly if the day is unusually cold and nasty outside."

"Well, what bothers me," answered the hostess, peering up her fine white brow, "is the future of fringe."

"Oh, it is going to be worn more or less," soothed Mrs. Van Knickerbocker. "Why only this morning I saw one of the sweetest studies in gray and lilac, sackcloth for Lenten wear, and if you know a good thing when you hear

to his work, which she naturally took to his particular shawl. Upon closer inspection she found that they all contained musical notes, and she was surprised to learn that it really was pressed in musical notation, and, in fact, the tune the man wore then she learned that they had discovered a curious color and sound whereby they determined were to use by the way they harmonized harmonious blending of tones always monious coloring.

"The attitude of native Indians in England," continued the same traveler, curious and interesting, and is entirely feeling which they may have for or against government. They look upon the Queen as a deity, and she is consequently worshiping her as such. They have gone through all the earthly incarnations of her highest development, and that the degree of sainthood which entitles her to the name of Nirvana. The reason for this does not rest upon her position, power, or character, but more than anything else upon her widowhood, which to the Indian woman is the highest dignity and sanctity."

"But supposing they were to see her in



TWO BODICES FOR THE APRIL BRIDE.



THE LACE COSTUME FOR HER TROUSSEAU.

broidery for my decoration. I've taken very close stock of some of the newest ideas and I find that a pretty application of needlework means everything.

The skirt of my first masterpiece has a generous train and the goods, draped up on one hip slightly, is slit open from hem to knee and falls back to expose a closely kilted petticoat of the sweetest pastel blue crepe de chine. All about the edges of the cashmere draperies runs a wreath design done in heavy blue and cream and mastic silk threads that are quite like fine cords and that give the result of rich embroidery without the expensive labor necessary. The waist of this I need hardly tell you is cut in the form of a bolero, at least the jacket fronts are and the whole thing opens upon the bust to show a front of mastic silk heavily stitched and worked in blue and cream to match the design on the skirt."

"Yes, that is a pretty notion," admitted Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, hanging over her friend's shoulder while the outlines of the proposed costume were rapidly and skilfully sketched out. "Very much used, however, is a big decorative bow pinned on the left lapel of the jacket front and it should be a bow of blue panne or embroidered blue Liberty satin or one of blue taffeta with mastic-tinted chiffon drawn over it. You simply have no idea what a passion bows are going to become. Pretty soon we will wear them tacked here, there and everywhere to our long-suffering persons, so I advise you to put one into this design."

"On it goes," announced the hostess, "and now that you like my first interpretation of what a smart spring frock should be, let me explain my second achievement. It is a walking dress made of that lovely new and inexpensive smooth-surfaced goods called visiting cloth."

"The skirt of grayish tapestry green is laid in three tucks at either side. They have now a strange, new and

of it you'll adopt the model I am going to tell you about to your niece's needs. The gown I refer to was of the most dove-like gray ladies' cloth in spring weight; the skirt dropped upon a petticoat of lilac silk that showed to advantage through a deep flounce of gray fringe, set on in large loops below a section of laticework made of criss-cross bands of gray bebe velvet ribbon. An Eton coat of gray cloth upon a waist of lilac silk and the coat's wing revers faced with lilac or overlaid with the narrowest velvet ribbon, gave the little gown a most chic and attractive air that persuaded me to copy it as soon as I can lay hands upon the proper materials and my dressmaker."

MARY DEAN.

QUIETING BABY HYDROPATHICALLY. WORSHIPING THE QUEEN AND SOOTHING CHILDREN BY MEANS OF FALLING WATER.

By a Special Contributor.

A recent traveler through Northern India tells an interesting incident in connection with a visit which she made to one of the rude little homes in Kashmir, where the world-renowned India shawls are made. It chanced to be a very hot day, even for India, and when our traveler found herself being conducted through a dusty, dingy, narrow street, toward a squalid little house, she almost regretted her inherent thirst for knowledge. However, upon entering a little room, she found ten or a dozen men sitting on the floor, patiently weaving the richly-hued threads in and out, and evidently happy; since, notwithstanding the heat and general dinginess, they were chanting together some pleasing little melody.

While watching them at their careful, painstaking labor, she noticed that each man had a little slip of paper pinned

to his work, which she naturally took to his particular shawl. Upon closer inspection she found that they all contained musical notes, and she was surprised to learn that it really was pressed in musical notation, and, in fact, the tune the man wore then she learned that they had discovered a curious color and sound whereby they determined were to use by the way they harmonized harmonious blending of tones always monious coloring.

"The attitude of native Indians in England," continued the same traveler, curious and interesting, and is entirely feeling which they may have for or against government. They look upon the Queen as a deity, and she is consequently worshiping her as such. They have gone through all the earthly incarnations of her highest development, and that the degree of sainthood which entitles her to the name of Nirvana. The reason for this does not rest upon her position, power, or character, but more than anything else upon her widowhood, which to the Indian woman is the highest dignity and sanctity."

"Another remarkable thing I observed upon the slopes of the Himalayas the native curious plan of disposing of their babies. They are quiet while they are engaged at work in the greater part of the day. Before the babies are taken and laid under a waterfall which water is falling, and by means of the effect of the dripping water is most soothing. Very few of the little ones treated on this system seem to be any the worse for it, and grow up strong and healthy men and women."

Six years ago Mrs. Beulah Moseley of Georgia, a newspaper called the Georgian. By her prize and ability she has made this paper a success and it is now the most popular paper in its official organ.

WOMEN ASTRONOMERS.

PERFORM VALUABLE WORK IN THE STUDY OF THE HEAVENS.

By a Special Contributor.

FRANCE lady who died at Pan, France, eight years ago, provided in her will for a prize of \$50,000, to be given to the person who will find a means of communicating with a star (Mars, for example,) and remain in reply to the communication. The prize money is to be used for the advancement of the study of the heavens. But the quaint bequest is a reminder, however, of the interest that women of the present generation have in scientific advancement. The number of women who contribute out of their private means to the study of astronomy, and who equip poor but promising students for individual investigation increases steadily. At no time since astronomy was have there been so many women constantly engaged in the mathematical work of the heavens.

The instruments now available, and the unlimited scope of photography to astronomy, has opened up new fields for the woman computer and astronomer's work. The notable observatories, and those more numerous, established in what used to be considered remote parts of the earth—India, Mexico, at the Cape of Good Hope, Scandinavia, and up in the East Andes—have been working in the laboratory departments for many years. Some of these women are able to make observations, being in sympathy with the science and its principles. Others are purely calculators, measuring, measuring, measuring the photographs and reducing the estimates obtained as any school girl plods at her equation.

Women workers are valuable, for astronomy as a science is almost entirely dependent upon mathematics. No matter how brilliant the astronomer may be, his work is almost valueless to science unless it is supported by mathematical proof. Now he photographs the stars, and preserves the plates, to be used at leisure. The authorities at the several observatories habitually exchange the photographs taken of the stars and planets, in order that comparisons may be made regarding their aspect from different latitudes. Each of such photographs are measured and computed by a single observer during a year, and women do the laborious, patient-taking, but as necessary to the advancement of science as to growing a crop.

Miss Anna Dorothea Klumpke of the United States Naval Observatory said the other day that higher education was first being braced for women. She believed that they would, as a class, turn much more to the purely literary branches of a college course than to the exact sciences. But experience has proven that women are interested in mathematics and physics.

At the Yale Observatory.

Marguerite Palmer has done much computing in the Yale Observatory and contributed several articles to the observatory bulletin of transactions. She has computed a definite orbit for the comet discovered by Maria Mitchell. Up to a few months ago Hannah Mace was assistant at the United States Naval Observatory. A woman, formerly chief computer at the Goodell Observatory, Northfield, Minn., is one of the associate editors of an astronomical monthly. Among the amateur astronomers who have private observatories is Miss Rose O'Halloran of San Francisco, who makes a study of eclipses, meteors, variable stars and general aspects. Miss Dorothea Klumpke of the same city is one American woman who puts her energies to foreign service. She is now director of the bureau for the measurement of the plates of the Astro-Photographic Catalogue at the Paris Observatory. Of the six women computers in the department she is the only American, having become identified with the observatory in 1887, when she entered it as a student. Her advancement has been rapid, and her observations of the minor planets and of the Temple-Swift comet have been published in the French scientific journals. It was her remarkable thesis at the time of her examination in 1893 that first opened the way for the employment of women in the Paris Observatory.

She studies the Surface of the Moon.

Another woman computer and explorer is Miss Ashley, who studies the surface of the moon. Her labors are regularly recorded in the *Seismographical Journal*. She is of the same name as the woman draughtsman who maps out the plans for the improved philosophical instruments she uses, but the two women are no relation, and they work with very different tools, although tending toward the same end.

Mrs. Cora R. Davis is an independent worker, at present engaged upon very intricate computations and reductions for the benefit of investigators. She computes latitude investigations at New York and Naples, arrives at "mean epochs of observations" concerning the different stars, and does work tending to facilitate the labors of her husband and contemporaneous writers. Similar credit is due Mrs. Mary Anna Fallows, née Hervey, her husband being director of the Royal Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope. Either through removal or death, one by one, Prof. Fallows's assistants left him until he was all alone, when ill and unfit for work. His wife came to the rescue, relieved him of entire responsibility, and did observatory work without a flaw until assistance could be secured. Proper assistance at the remote observatories is very hard to secure. There is record of an enthusiastic woman astronomer who established a private observatory in the

would go on determining the proper motions of stars, unless her husband positively forbid.

Calculates for the Nautical Almanac.

The most unique mathematical calculator of the gentle sex in America today is Mrs. Elizabeth P. B. Davis, who works at the government observatory at Washington. She has for a number of years calculated the ephemeris of the sun for the Nautical Almanac, a publication of first interest to navigators and explorers. There are volumes and volumes of the almanac bearing testimony to this woman's calculations. The advance sheets have to be got ready three or four years ahead of time to forestall the needs of those ships' captains who essay long experimental voyages and who may be away for years and deprived of such assistance. The woman calculator shortens the formulas, makes explanatory notes and does an amount of work involving much astronomical and nautical deduction, beside much proof-reading of mathematical text-books. She is the wife of a seafaring man, who is often detailed on government missions, and the mother of two charming children, who have no reason to bewail their parents' devotion to science.

Many women computers are employed at the Harvard Observatory, and among them four original workers engaged in making investigations with the Draper telescope under the direction of Mrs. Williamina Fleming. Mrs. Fleming is a native of Dundee, Scotland. She came to this country twenty years ago, and secured employment at Harvard as a computer, being then a pioneer in the field. Her responsibilities have steadily increased, and she conducts much important investigation, having discovered a number of variable stars and confirmed the discovery of several new stars to be accredited to her assistants, the Misses Leland, Maury, Stevens and Wells. Nearly all of the discussion of photographs taken at the Harvard Observatory and at its minor stations maintained at places in the South and West is done by women.

A practical calculator and astronomer is Mrs. Alice Lamb Updegraff, who for two years had charge of the extensive time service of the Washburn Observatory, and also made many observations of the minor planets and double stars with a 15.5-inch equatorial telescope. She directed the time service at the national observatory in the Argentine Republic up to 1890, and at the same time participated in the observation of a list of 480 southern stars and in the reductions of the same. Now she is translating a German thesis on astronomy and contributing to current journals on mathematical matters.

At the Yale Observatory.

Marguerite Palmer has done much computing in the Yale Observatory and contributed several articles to the observatory bulletin of transactions. She has computed a definite orbit for the comet discovered by Maria Mitchell. Up to a few months ago Hannah Mace was assistant at the United States Naval Observatory. A woman, formerly chief computer at the Goodell Observatory, Northfield, Minn., is one of the associate editors of an astronomical monthly. Among the amateur astronomers who have private observatories is Miss Rose O'Halloran of San Francisco, who makes a study of eclipses, meteors, variable stars and general aspects. Miss Dorothea Klumpke of the same city is one American woman who puts her energies to foreign service. She is now director of the bureau for the measurement of the plates of the Astro-Photographic Catalogue at the Paris Observatory. Of the six women computers in the department she is the only American, having become identified with the observatory in 1887, when she entered it as a student. Her advancement has been rapid, and her observations of the minor planets and of the Temple-Swift comet have been published in the French scientific journals. It was her remarkable thesis at the time of her examination in 1893 that first opened the way for the employment of women in the Paris Observatory.

She studies the Surface of the Moon.

Another woman computer and explorer is Miss Ashley, who studies the surface of the moon. Her labors are regularly recorded in the *Seismographical Journal*. She is of the same name as the woman draughtsman who maps out the plans for the improved philosophical instruments she uses, but the two women are no relation, and they work with very different tools, although tending toward the same end.

Mrs. Cora R. Davis is an independent worker, at present engaged upon very intricate computations and reductions for the benefit of investigators. She computes latitude investigations at New York and Naples, arrives at "mean epochs of observations" concerning the different stars, and does work tending to facilitate the labors of her husband and contemporaneous writers. Similar credit is due Mrs. Mary Anna Fallows, née Hervey, her husband being director of the Royal Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope. Either through removal or death, one by one, Prof. Fallows's assistants left him until he was all alone, when ill and unfit for work. His wife came to the rescue, relieved him of entire responsibility, and did observatory work without a flaw until assistance could be secured. Proper assistance at the remote observatories is very hard to secure. There is record of an enthusiastic woman astronomer who established a private observatory in the

Far East, dying alone and deserted by her entire staff of servants, who, when they realized her condition, appropriated whatever of personal and household possessions they wanted and left her to fate. Travelers long after discovered the story in the relics found upon the mountain top and the traditions as to the student and her devoted hermitage. There are many women occupying prominent places as computers in the British observatories, and one is director of the solar section of the Astronomical Association, and studies eclipses at various points, but this article concerns American women, and mention must be made of Miss Proctor, the successful lecturer on astronomical subjects, and the various women directors of astronomy at the college observatories. Miss Sarah J. Cunningham is the only woman director at a co-educational college. For years she has been identified with Swarthmore college. Miss Flora E. Harpham, lately her assistant, is now engaged with her on certain computations of astronomical interest. Helen Hayes, instructor of mathematics at Wellesley, published the orbit of one of the planets. Mary Emma Bird directs the observatory at Smith's, and Mary Watson Whitney at Vassar, as successor to Maria Mitchell. Miss F. C. Wentworth and Miss Charlotte R. Willard are well-known computers and contributors to current literature concerning astronomical topics. Twenty-five years ago Miss Ida C. Martin was Director Rutherford's right-hand assistant in the measurement of plates, and all the earlier contributions issued from the observatory at Columbia University based on the Rutherford plates depend entirely on her measurement. The success of women calculators and scientists reminds one of that pioneer stickler for woman's education, Emma Willard of Troy, who in days when instruments were crude and prejudices bitter against woman's learning, used to persist in her observations of the stars in cold winter nights from the vantage ground of a horse block with a blanket wrap about her.

OLIVE F. GUNBY.

FRAMES FROM OLD SILVER.

RELICS OF PURSES, SHOPPING BAGS AND CASES MAKE DRAWING-ROOM TREASURES.

By a Special Contributor.

All must feel in a measure grateful to the genius who first conceived the idea of utilizing the silver ornaments of worn-out pocketbooks and bags with which to make picture frames. Indeed, many of these pieces are really things of beauty, both in design and hand modeling; and have been no small item in the original cost of the card case or pocket-book. It has always been felt to be a pity to sell them for old silver, when so little is realized, and a made-over book is expensive and seldom thoroughly satisfactory. The shapes and styles of the leather parts, as is true of almost everything, greatly change and the old bit of silver somehow doesn't seem to fit in well. Then, after their first usefulness is over, is the time to take them to a reliable jeweler and have them made into a picture frame or mirror. The imagination can readily follow the manner in which it is done. Both of the silver pieces, it will be remembered, are moulded in the shape of a right angle with one side longer than the other. They form, therefore, when placed together, the right angles being diagonal in position, a rectangle which is just the shape desired to surround a cabinet photograph. Usually they are pasted upon a background of some rich shade of velvet, deep crimson or blue, and have the back up arranged as that they may stand uprightly. Such frames are never hung. Where the two pieces come together a little soldering is skillfully placed so that the joining is almost imperceptible.

The fancy mirrors that are made out of these bits of silver are also extremely pretty. For them, however, it is necessary to have at least four pieces and they are prettiest when the corners are rounded. It is also desirable for them to be of nearly the same width throughout and the design a prominent one. They are then placed around a mirror, on a background of gay velvet and very often arranged to stand uprightly. A quainter idea is, if one has the means, to attach to one a handle made out of one of the old silver knitting-needle cases which were used by our grandmothers, and which, upon occasions, were so discreetly tucked by them in the front of their bodices. They are very long and shaped like a small cornucopia extending into a little curve at the downward end. For the handle of a mirror of such design as those made from the referred-to pieces of silver nothing could be smarter. Of course not every family has one of these needle cases in readiness to put to such a use; but they can sometimes be found and bought for rather a small price at one of the antique shops, although they are now becoming scarce. Such mirrors are artistic and luxurious and appear well when lying upon a drawing-room table. A visitor is sure to pick it up and examine it while arranging her veil and pince-nez to perfection before she is greeted by the hostess. Bag clasps also can be readily made into mirrors and being quite large, but two of them are required. In fact, it is amusing to note how many women are now choosing their pocketbooks and similar articles with an eye to their later usefulness. They also do a good deal of "saving up." One woman buys always the same style of pocketbook and so accumulates a good number of identical pieces of silver. She says: "Like Gilpin's wife she has a frugal mind."



THE NEWEST AND SMARTEST NECK ARRANGEMENTS HAVE A TOUCH OF BLACK VELVET.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XVIII. THE STORY OF OUR EARTH.

By a Staff Contributor.

A WHILE ago, when there was so much talk about the earthquakes, it occurred to me that you boys and girls might like to hear a little about how earthquakes are brought about—that is, how it is thought that they are brought about; for nobody knows exactly, and certainly, as to the reason of them. But just at that time, we were right in the midst of another subject, and I did not like to break off until we had come to a better stopping place. Now, however, I think we may take the time for this matter. But in order to make you understand quite clearly what I am going to tell you, I shall have to begin very far back in the history of this world on which we live, and work round to the story of the earthquakes by degrees.

You all know how hot the sun can be in the middle of the day in summer. People who study these things tell us that it is over ninety millions of miles away from the earth. That is a great distance. A single mile seems to us quite a long distance to send heat enough to warm anybody. All the way around the earth is less than a quarter of a hundred thousand miles. It takes ten times a hundred thousand miles to make a single million. The sun is over ninety times that ten times a hundred thousand miles away from us; then how hot do you think it must be in order to send so much heat all that distance? Hotter than any heat that we know how to produce on earth, although human beings have learned of late years to heat things to a terrific degree—hotter than anything you ever saw or can imagine, unless you happen to belong to the family of one of the men who experiment with these high degrees of heat. Ordinary furnaces are almost cold in comparison.

Now you all of you know that when you stick a poker in the fire and let it stay long enough, it will begin to glow where it touches the coals, and after a time will become quite red, then even white with heat. Many of you must have at some time seen a blacksmith hammering a piece of white hot metal and noticed how easily he bent and shaped it as he wished. If he kept the metal in the fire still longer, it would get softer still until it melted from a solid body to a liquid so that it would run, like water. So all things, when they have reached a hot enough point, glow with the heat and burn or melt. And if they are made still hotter, they begin, after a time, to turn from a liquid into a gas or gases. So, too, liquids may become solids by cooling and gases may become liquids by cooling, under the right circumstances. It would be difficult for me to explain to you all about this, just now, but what I have said is enough to help me give you some idea of how our earth came to be.

Once upon a time, the learned men tell us, this world on which we live was a part of the sun and was thrown off from it—taking the round form it has, as it whirled about through space. At that time it was terrifically hot, like the sun from which it was thrown out, and probably in the form of a gas. But being much smaller than the sun it cooled much more quickly and became white-hot liquid. And this, too, gradually cooled more and more, until at last a thin crust began to form on all around it, as a film forms on cooling molasses candy, when it begins to harden. The water in the air about it frequently formed into rain and fell on the hot surface and helped to cool it, though, of course, it evaporated again very quickly from so hot a place. But after a time it did not evaporate so quickly, but remained on the crust and gradually formed an ocean all around the earth. And the inside of the earth went on cooling under this first hardened crust and shrunk as it cooled, for all things grow smaller as they cool off. You can easily prove this to yourself by heating the end of a key that fits a lock snugly; and you will find that, when it is quite hot, you cannot get it into the lock at all, but as soon as it cools it will go in again, as before. So the inner part of the earth went on shrinking, as I have said, and finally it shrunk so much that the outside crust, which was not so very thick, comparatively speaking, doubled up and cracked at different spots all round the earth, so that the surface, which must before have been pretty smooth, became rough with high elevations and deep depressions, and naturally all the water flowed into those deep depressions and formed oceans in spots where there had been before a single ocean reaching all around the globe.

And by and by there began to be life in these early waters—very simple forms at first. And gradually there came to be other forms not quite so simple, and later still other ones less simple still. And after a while there began to be land animals also. But there were no human beings for many, many ages, yet.

And how we know something about the animals that lived ages before our race, I will tell you next time.

MELCHISEDEK JONES.

A BOY WHO MADE IT HIS BUSINESS NOT TO LET PEOPLE IMPOSE ON EACH OTHER.

By a Special Contributor.

Melchisedek Jones could not bear to see people imposed upon. He was only 11 years old when he took his putty blower, his bean shooter and his sling and started out to walk from Watsbury to New Haven, in order to right all wrongs that he might come across. Whenever he saw a man who looked cruel or mean or selfish, he peppered him with his putty blower. And if he still looked mean or selfish or cruel then he shot beans at him, and if he continued to look selfish or cruel or mean, he let him have a stone out of a sling and that generally cured him. For a sling in the hands of a small boy is a hammer and no mistake.

He had gotten almost to Seymour and the road was

strewn with cruel, mean and selfish people whom he had bowled over temporarily when he came to a long hill. At the top of the hill stood what looked like an automobile and by its side were two men, one of whom seemed to be the owner of the vehicle. The owner was trying to sell it to the other man, who had a kind of downtrodden, underdog look about him that made Melchisedek feel for him.

"Now, Mr. Sanford," said the owner of the automobile, "I owe you money and I know it, but I have no money to pay you while I have this automobile. Now I only owe you \$500 and this machine is easily worth a thousand, but you see it makes me nervous to ride out in a wagon that hasn't any horses to stop it when it gets going too fast, and so I'll let you have it for the debt."

"But," said Mr. Sanford, "I never go out riding because I hate to and I need the cash very badly. The automobile will surely get out of order and I can't afford to have it fixed, so I'll be worse off than I was before."

"Nonsense," said the man with a selfish gleam in his eye that made Melchisedek get out his putty blower, "you can ride in this down to Meriden Seymour and sell it to any of the rich people who live there for at least \$500."

"Why don't you do it then?" asked Mr. Sanford, quite pertinently.

"Because," said the man, "I promised my children that I would go chestnutting with them this afternoon and better a walk with them than all the money in the world."

Now while this made the innocent Mr. Sanford feel that Mr. Simpkins was a nice man, it made Melchisedek think that Mr. Simpkins had no children at all and doubtful that the carriage was an automobile. But as yet he could do nothing.

"Give me a receipt for \$500 and take the automobile," said Mr. Simpkins. "Come, I will ride to the foot of this hill just to show you how to work it and then," said he, looking at his watch, "I must hurry off to my darlings, my dear little boys, for the pets are hungry for chestnuts."

Now if Mr. Sanford hadn't been a goose he would have known that Mr. Simpkins was up to something, because men don't talk that way about their children, unless they are mollies—at least not in public. But Mr. Sanford was



HE WAS SMOKING A CIGAR.

a great innocent, so he wrote a receipt for a hundred dollars and gave it to the man and then they both stepped into the carriage. Mr. Simpkins pulled a lever and the thing didn't go.

All this time Melchisedek had stood out of the way and the man had not noticed him at all. Now Mr. Simpkins looked out and pretended to see a stone in front of one of the wheels. "Ah," said he, "I see there's a stone in the way. I'll push the automobile for a few feet. It sticks sometimes when I haven't used it much. Here, boy," seeing Melchisedek, "just help me push this to the brow of the hill."

Melchisedek pushed with a good will and then, as Mr. Simpkins jumped inside, he hung on behind. Mr. Simpkins pulled the lever to the lowest notch and the carriage went down the steep hill in fine style.

"I did you a wrong," said Mr. Sanford. "I thought you were going to cheat me, but this is delightful. I know a man in Seymour who will buy this as soon as he sees it."

Melchisedek, sitting behind on the place where they put trunks, launched to himself, put his putty blower into his pocket and took out his bean shooter. Then he shook his head, and, putting away the bean shooter, he took out his sling and fitted a fat hickory nut into it. He saw through Mr. Simpkins' wicked scheme, as I suppose you do also, my boy.

They all went whizzing down the hill and along the level for a few rods and then Mr. Simpkins said: "I must stop now and go to my darlings. Away, away for the nuts, the toothsome chestnuts."

He applied the brake and the "automobile" came to a stop.

"How can I ever thank you?" said Mr. Sanford. "You must let me give you some of the money that I got for this."

But Mr. Simpkins shook his head and said: "Never, my dear friend, never."

Then he strode away up the hill and for the present Melchisedek let him go. He wanted to make sure that he had imposed upon Mr. Sanford.

He hopped down and went around to the door of the carriage.

"I'm very much afraid, Mr. Sanford," said he, "that Mr. Simpkins has gotten the best of you. I don't think this is an automobile at all. It is just a shaftless carriage with faked up lever and brake."

"Nonsense, my little fellow," said Mr. Sanford, with

some heat. "Where are the horses that half mile?"

This would have been a puzzle to Melchisedek said: "Any wagon will give it a push and steer it straight. Now when you're coasting? Do they have any? Try to go up the hill after Mr. Sanford now chestnutting with his darlings and you'll find that you need a horse."

Mr. Sanford turned pale. If this was not an automobile, it was not worth anything.

He pulled the lever down to the lowest thing never stirred. "Maybe there's a wheel. See, my son."

But the ruff was as smooth as the grandma used to roll her pastry on.

"I thought as much," said Melchisedek, anything about Mr. Simpkins?"

"I only knew that he owes me a hundred lent him last month. You see he said he could elave, but I never thought it that I have no children and no money to be able to make it go."

"Not even down hill, eh?" said Melchisedek. "You lent him the hundred dollars?"

"Because he seemed so sorry that my son said Mr. Sanford."

"You ought to have a nurse, my poor child," said Mr. Simpkins. "This Mr. Simpkins has so much depend upon it. But he has \$500 of you have an old cab that's pretty near falling, we must overtake Mr. Simpkins and get your money."

Just then, by great good luck, an automobile

Melchisedek held up his hand and the

"Take us up the hill," said the boy, "and we'll go into the automobile. Run at your own risk. We want to catch a tall man with a beard like banners and a selfish look on his face."

The automobile man started with a start. Sanford toppled over backward and

"Here, stop," said the boy, "here's a man who wants him to go along, too."

The policeman sat down behind and they went lickety out and when they were out of sight saw Mr. Simpkins sitting on a rail fence and smiling in a very selfish way. He was streaming in the autumn breezes and he was a wicked man that he was.

"Hold up," said Melchisedek to the policeman, a delicate piece of putty into his pocket. It sharply at Mr. Simpkins, who gave a start.

As soon as he saw Melchisedek, he shot a bean at him and it gave him a smart twinge that he turned around and said: "What are you doing, young man?"

"Having fun with you. Where are you and where are the chestnuts? Aren't your pretty dears are worried about you?"

Then Mr. Simpkins saw Mr. Sanford, and the matter was.

"It's lucky for you that I brought a receipt for a hundred dollars," said Melchisedek, "for if I had relied on your might regret having taken such a man as a poor gentleman, Mr. Sanford?"

Then the policeman came around and you for imposing on this poor gentleman before the judge at once." For Melchisedek what had happened on the way up.

So Mr. Simpkins, shivering to the top of the automobile and the policeman, him and Mr. Sanford and Melchisedek were very much crowded, but they didn't mind, because the wicked man was going to be punished.

And when they came to the judge, the whole story just as I have told it to you. "My boy, what do you think of punishment I could give a man like this?"

Melchisedek thought a minute and then said: "Most mighty judge, I think that Mr. Simpkins the greatest punishment you can give is to make him take a party of children every afternoon for thirty days."

Mr. Simpkins shuddered and tried to get out of the window and escape his fate, but two of the judge said in a voice of thunder: "You shall take out a crowd of innocent children every afternoon for thirty days."

And they led him out to gather a load of chestnuts. And he shall begin to do so.

But I think it was pretty hard on the poor gentleman.

CHARLES BENTLEY

[Copyright, 1910, by Charles Bentley.]

TWO PRAYING CHURCHES.

CALVIN WAS A BLUE-LIGHT PREACHER A WHAKNESS FOR GREAT THINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

Calvin, a distinguished-looking yellow man, trotting down the streets of a Tennessee town Sunday morning, just as the church bells were ringing. He passed the Methodist and Baptist churches, turning his head, halted tentatively at the Episcopal edifice, but went on to the Presbyterian Church, which was square and substantial-looking, slipped unobtrusively into the side aisle, dropped his nose between his eyes, wishing attention to a real blue-light sermon, then softly thumping the floor with his feet, belittling doctrinal points.

Thus he earned his name—Calvin.

...it, but took Calvin himself to his heart. He just trailed along the oil run and after a few yards of that he would smell like a refinery, not like the shy, meandering, old, pig-stealing bear he really is. He may be a mighty cunning bear, but after he has experimented a couple of times with your Uncle Jabes's intellect he'll repent of stealing them pigs.

"So the next day I started out with two of my well-trained dogs, instead of one. The first dog I let take up the trail to the oil run. Then I started dog No. 2 on the trail after it left the run. After the dog got on to the fact that it was a wily old bear, and not an oil barrel he was expected to run down, he went along at a fast clip. In my ignorance I was actually sorry for the bear.

"Petroleum bears may feel the ordinary run of hunters, I say to myself, but this benighted bear will soon realize Uncle Jabes is on his track. An easy death is the best that poor old bear can hope for.

"But I didn't need to be wanting sympathy on that bear. I needed it all for myself. That bear understood wild cat nature as well as he did the use of oil runs. The minute Mr. Bear realized those dogs had caught his trail again he made tracks right for a hole where a mother wild cat and a couple of her kittens lived. The bear ran right up to the mouth of the hole and then overrode to one side. This routed out the mother wild cat and when my dogs reached the hole she was right on hand and looking for trouble in big bunches.

"A wild cat with a litter of young ones ain't the sweetest tempered pet in the world. My dogs were after bear, but Mrs. Wild Cat thought it was her precious kittens the dogs were looking for, and the second the dogs got near out she rushed. A mother wild cat is the fighting limit for anything near her weight. I didn't want to see my two valued bear dogs all torn up, and, not daring to shoot at the

been trained to chase bears, not oil barrels. That old bear just trailed along the oil run and after a few yards of that he would smell like a refinery, not like the shy, meandering, old, pig-stealing bear he really is. He may be a mighty cunning bear, but after he has experimented a couple of times with your Uncle Jabes's intellect he'll repent of stealing them pigs.

"So the next day I started out with two of my well-trained dogs, instead of one. The first dog I let take up the trail to the oil run. Then I started dog No. 2 on the trail after it left the run. After the dog got on to the fact that it was a wily old bear, and not an oil barrel he was expected to run down, he went along at a fast clip. In my ignorance I was actually sorry for the bear.

"Petroleum bears may feel the ordinary run of hunters, I say to myself, but this benighted bear will soon realize Uncle Jabes is on his track. An easy death is the best that poor old bear can hope for.

"But I didn't need to be wanting sympathy on that bear. I needed it all for myself. That bear understood wild cat nature as well as he did the use of oil runs. The minute Mr. Bear realized those dogs had caught his trail again he made tracks right for a hole where a mother wild cat and a couple of her kittens lived. The bear ran right up to the mouth of the hole and then overrode to one side. This routed out the mother wild cat and when my dogs reached the hole she was right on hand and looking for trouble in big bunches.

"A wild cat with a litter of young ones ain't the sweetest tempered pet in the world. My dogs were after bear, but Mrs. Wild Cat thought it was her precious kittens the dogs were looking for, and the second the dogs got near out she rushed. A mother wild cat is the fighting limit for anything near her weight. I didn't want to see my two valued bear dogs all torn up, and, not daring to shoot at the



"AND MY GUN WAS OVER BY THE SHED."

mixed up bundle, I called in with a club. That's why I am wearing the top of my head decorated with bandages and carry my right arm in a sling. The dogs and I killed the wild cat, but when we got through it was a hospital and tender nursing, not a big black bear, that we were looking for in a long manner.

"When I got home I kept a thinking to myself about the way that old bear had played it on me. It's by using his brains when I've been bungling ahead with a dog and gun that enabled him to beat me. If I bring my own top piece into action I ought to get ahead of a bear, even if he is the slickest old coddler that ever meandered around the hill of Pike county.

"So I kept thinking over the weaknesses of bears and men and all of a sudden it occurred to me how fond a bear is of honey, just like some men with liquor, and that gave me an idea. Supposing I could get that bear good and drunk, I thought to myself, there wouldn't be any difficulty in catching him and avenging my numerous injuries.

"So I took a big lump of honey and soaked it in applejack. When I got the job finished there was enough liquor in that lump of honey to get a family of bears drunk. And the delicious taste of it was such that I certainly hated to feed it to the bear. But the memory of my wrongs, and the way that big bear had fooled me and my faithful dogs sort of reconciled me to the waste. I knew the old bear had had his eye on my hives, so that night I left the door open in the shed where I kept them. I put my applejack honey on the floor near the hives and went to bed a happy and contented man, thinking that all I would have to do in the morning would be to go out and corral one large, intoxicated bear. That bear won't meddle with the hives containing my bees. He's too knowing an animal to do that. He'll be attracted by the delicious smell of the honey on the floor, which combines the advantages of honey, a jag and no stings. But he'll get a temperance lesson which will last him the remainder of his short life.

"Just about daybreak I heard a noise like something tumbling about in the shed where I kept my honey. Mr. Bear has found that applejack and is making merry over it, I says to my wife, but there's no hurry. I know the power of that applejack. I'll just wait a couple of hours until it gets in its paralyzing effects. That bear will be dead to the world then. And a little while later, after his interview with Uncle Jabes, he'll be dead for good.

"So I waited a couple of hours and then, having loaded my gun, went down to the hives confidently expecting to see one big bear stretched out there dead drunk! But instead of this it was a pathetic sight that met my eyes. My hives were overturned and all my good honey gone, while the floor was littered with bees. A lot more were sticking to the applejack honey, while here and there was a bee trying to walk or fly, and falling to the floor in a staggering way. It was plain enough what had happened. My bees had been attracted by the fragrant smell of that applejack honey. They had flown over to it during the night and filled themselves with it until not one disreputable bee was able to move. Then, when the bees were helpless, that unscrupulous old bear had wandered in, and,

without paying any attention to the applejack honey, marched straight to the hives, overturned them and gorged himself. What made me maddest was to think he had gotten away without a sting, while my bees were lying there drunk.

"If I had been content to let it go at that, my face wouldn't look so much like a war map today. But I was as indignant at the vagrant shiftlessness of the bees as I was at the bear. If they had been content to stay in their hives, perhaps my plan would have worked all right and the bear have eaten the applejack honey. So, instead of letting my bees sleep their jag off, I started to rouse them by throwing cold water on them. No intoxicated bees that fill themselves up on honey meant for black bears, I said, are going to be allowed to sleep all day, not while they belong to Uncle Jabes. These bees have got to get right up and start in repairing the damage due to their carelessness.

"Now I had known those bees all their lives and it never occurred to me that they would sting me. But in the first place that applejack had aroused the same bad temper in them that it does in some men. Then the bees didn't like having that water thrown on them a bit more than a man who is sleeping off a drunk likes to be thrown into a pond. As I kept on throwing the water on those bees they got more and more awake and the livelier they got the madder they were. Finally most of those who had been lying on the floor were fully awake and began to buzz around the shed. All of a sudden one bee that was evidently feeling especially ugly, flew at me. Then all the bees seemed to think I was the author of their misery and the whole swarm settled down to the job of making me unhappy. They succeeded right up to the limit, too, for by the time I escaped from that shed I was stung in fifty places.

"The bees, although they had been roused up by the water I had thrown on them, were feeling too languid to chase me. I hunted for the water bucket. When I finally lifted my face out of it and had opened my bunged up eyes with considerable difficulty, I saw a sight which added a pang to my misery. There on the edge of the clearing was that old bear. He was sitting on his haunches, fairly hugging himself with his front paws and chuckling to himself at the fix I was in. My gun was over by the shed. By the time I could get it the bear was gone and all that was left for me was my mournful thoughts.

"That blamed old bear," said Uncle Jabes, concluding his sad story, "has fooled me three times, but I am going to have my revenge if it takes me all winter. No big black bear can damage and insult me and hope to live to a good old age."

"I tried to console Uncle Jabes," said Deacon Todgers. "Them bees blamed you for getting them drunk," I told him, but it didn't comfort him.

"That's the worst of it," he replied, in a sort of a saddened way. "My character is gone, even with my own bees."

EDWIN J. WEBSTER.

FIND SEVEN BABIES.

THEY ARE ALL THERE WITH FULL COMPLEMENT OF LEGS AND ARMS.

By a Special Contributor.

One and one and one make three, any one would say upon glancing at this picture of the fine little boys, but in our day of puzzles it is not what you see first that is the right answer to the question, "How many are there?"



Look again and perhaps you will be sharp enough to see that one and one and one make three, but more than twice three—seven. Look among the squirming arms and legs, among the chubby hands and feet and you cannot fail to make up the puzzling addition. And after you have found all seven of the baby boys, cut the picture out and have some fun with your friends watching them fume and fume that they cannot see more than the original three babies.

A SAVAGE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

COWS' HORNS USED FOR CUPPING PROVES A SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT IN AFRICA.

By a Special Contributor.

African savages suffer from rheumatism, and what is more, they know how to cure it. The African medicine-man does not tell the patient to rub his back with liniment or to stay in the house in damp weather, but he gives him a cure, said by travelers to be quite effective. If you have ever seen a cow's horn you know that it is hollow in the end that is fastened to the cow's head. In the olden times doctors used to put "cups" on sick people to draw the blood from painful parts of the body. And the principle on which the African medicine-man goes is just the same. Suppose that the patient complains of a rheumatic pain in his back. The medicine-man gets six cow horns, cuts slight incisions in the patient's back and puts the hollow end of the horns over the spots. They stick close to the skin, and will remain in place for several days, especially as the savage does not have to disturb them by putting on any clothes. These horns are allowed to remain on until they drop off, when, if the patient is not cured of his rheumatism, it is not the fault of the horns. The cure works excellently, strange as it may seem.

UNCLE JABES GETS INTO TROUBLE.

WITH WILD CATS, BEARS AND DRUNKEN BEES—A PIKE COUNTY STORY.

By a Special Contributor.

"Honey of bees," said Deacon Todgers, reminiscently, "was at the corner grocery store. 'Did any of you see Uncle Jabes and his adventure with the bear, and the drunken bees and the old bear?'"

"The boys had, so the deacon began: 'Uncle Jabes, over to my house a spell ago, and blamed if he wasn't a bungled up man than any I had ever seen. His neck was scratched, his arm was in a sling, and all over his face and hands were marks like bee stings.'

"The particular form of attempted suicide have you seen for your latest fad?" I inquired.

"Jabes was trying to catch a bear," growls Uncle Jabes, "and out of humor with the world."

"Did you trap a nest of hornets instead? Or have you a wrestling match with a buzz saw?"

"That's a laughing matter," snarled Uncle Jabes, "but bears and drunken bees are responsible for this."

"I was mighty curious to know how one little, old fellow got mixed up with that combination, and after a while he told me that a bear, especially an old Pike county bear, was out of things and plan how to get out of a fix."

"Now Uncle Jabes sorrowfully. 'You know that bear which has been troubling people hereabouts for a long while, that particular animal is cut out for a bank robber and a good one at that. It's my belief that a misadventure when he was born a bear.'

"When I had lost three valued pigs and some chickens I decided to make a business of hunting that bear. I caught his trail one morning and started in all the holes of my heart, thinking I would come back at the end of the day with the knowingest old bear that ever lived."

"I followed the trail all right until we came to the old oil run and there we lost it. The dog had been a long time, but it was no good. I was sure the ground was hard, there wasn't a hole in it, and how an old bear dog like mine could follow a trail was more than I could understand. That evening, while I was pondering over the matter, all of a sudden an idea came to me. I said to myself, I says to myself. That dog's

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

A BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A DRUMMER IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

By a Special Contributor.

Down by the rifle-ranges,
When the moon is full and bright,
Just as the sentry changes,
A cry goes out on the night.

—[In Camp.

AS HE stood naturally he was three feet and a few inches, but as he stood artificially—strained and stiff as a cavalry carbine, in a pair of discarded regulation boots several sizes too large for him, and which were stuffed in order to increase his stature—he was almost four feet high. Five feet and a few inches was the standard height for admission as a drummer or bugler into any native regiment of Her Majesty's Indian army.

The boots he had got from one of the drummers, and the one ambition he cherished was that he would one day hammer a drum in the bugle band of the regiment. A tattered khaki coat, which smothered him on windy days in spite of an alteration, with the shoulder straps dangling loose on either side, together with a turban, also of khaki, he had persuaded from his father, who was a real, big, fighting corporal. And at first the son bitterly resented the tags of thread that traced the outline of the badge on the old coat, and which his mother had ruthlessly torn off. But they had, all of them, one day been privates, though he remembered that Private Raghuba, a man of his father's time, had recently been reduced; he was the regimental jester, while in his serious moments he posed as a drum-head philosopher, and after passing the cross-examination that he had been subjected to by the child agent regimental honors, he had settled down with complacent resignation.

"Fah, the pig has no shame!" he muttered to himself as he turned away from the man; "he will sell his rifle when we are ordered to the frontier, and desert with what he receives. I know that the colonel sahib has set his eye upon him."

So he consoled himself with this explanation and occupied the remainder of his time in evading his mother, who thought him exceedingly dirty, and strongly desired to scrub him in the nullah (shallow waterway) behind the artillery stables. She usually tempted him with a plantain, and then, having effected his capture, would carry him kicking and struggling to his enforced ablutions. He generally retained the plantain skin to vent his indignation upon the maternal head and face.

And the dirt! "Wah!" said his mother in a gasp, "thou hast been rolling in the sand heaps near the ranges. Just look!" and she would twist his contorted face down and expect him to follow the muddy stream through his soapy eyes. And then he would become obstreperous.

And here he heard the scandal of all the black regiments in the station. The nullah was a large one, and the only watering place available for the native military elements and consequently each "black" regiment, horse and foot, sent its detachment of women folk every morning to do their respective washing. For instance, the big drummer's wife, belonging to a Pathan regiment, knew several disgraceful stories concerning the wife of a certain officer sahib. And how Private Shamji (this she would impress upon them as being before their time) came to snatch his rifle and do a little promiscuous shooting, afterward being shot like a dog before the screaming women folk.

It was here that the son of Corporal Bhat came to learn the history of the colors. There was "Khoregaum" worked in English with beautiful silk; while down the sides ran heaps of other glorious little scrolls, each bearing a legend from history. So he was carefully nurtured in regimental honor and tradition, and firmly believed that there was no greater man than the colonel of his father's regiment. He was the "Sahib Bahadur" of his juvenile aspirations, and he often dreamed of an opportunity of turning aside a hostile sabre! There was no bigger man in the whole cantonment, which was about the limit of his young experience. This was his estimation of that gallant officer. Once he had seen the bishop of the diocese, when his lordship took a parade service, at which all the British officers of his regiment attended. He stood afar and surveyed him, then, turning to a bugler friend, he said: "Our colonel sahib is a fighter, and a commander of men, and even greater than this Lud Gavid Sahib."

And so he went his humble way, unnoticed. The drummers never reckoned him among their lot, nor did the fifes, nor the bugles. He was to have been a drummer. Though he was unaware of the fact, yet the colonel's wife had called him her "black diamond." She had noticed the little figure, in its weird apparel, with grave dignity, come to the salute by the roadside, almost every evening, as she drove with her husband to the gymkhana. But he was hardly missed in the end. One day, Rao had been in his mother's estimation, decidedly good. He had quietly taken his bath, had refrained from climbing the roof after paper kites, and had even permitted her to anoint and comb the little shock of hair he carried on the crown of his otherwise shorn pate. But his conscience told him otherwise. He had stolen two empty cases at class firing that morning and chased the subbahdar's fowls into the middle of the general parade ground. Hearing the subbahdar's wife calling in her squeaky voice for the fowls to feed, he sneaked off to a corner of the officers' library, which was about two hundred yards away from the barracks. Here, feeling safe, he settled beneath a shady corner of the roof and intently watched a squirrel building his nest up a tamarind tree, the while communing with himself.

Said he, addressing himself: "Rao Bhat, son of the corporal, thou art disgraced; there will be no opportunity of thy getting a drum and khaki kit, thou stealer of cartridges!"

He remained silent for a space. "Chir-rup! che-cheh!" screamed the squirrel, as he fled precipitately up the tree with bushy tail, from one of the incriminating cartridges which Rao had accurately thrown at him. Then Rao placed the other across the road upon a

milestone and it remained under fire for the space of one minute, until a stone hit it full and sent it hurtling into the field beyond. There it lay dented and crumpled, until the monsoon came and the sun-burnt grass grew. Then it nearly cost the government commissariat department a very healthy battery mule, who, with a commissariat appetite, sought to devour it with a mouthful of luscious grass.

"Yes! thou must do it," said Rao to himself, after some deliberation. Then he read the time from the sun and waited until the judge's carriage would rattle by, and as it passed, surreptitiously availed himself of a ride behind back to the barracks. He thought deeply, turning over something in his mind, and so occupied was he that he failed to jump off and punch the head of a civilian's dog-boy, who, in a loud voice, advised his worship's coachman to use his whip behind. Then when he jumped off at the guardroom, he snatched a whip of straw from a bag under the carriage, and instead of going home, sat down beneath a shady banyan to chew it and consider.

"Let me see," he began meditatively in a whisper, "next week the Pioneers will do their class firing. Yahi! recruits, 'ranges specially reserved,'" quoting their regimental order. "All the better. I must get the lead somehow."

The little copper-colored face looked incongruous under its old-fashioned demeanor, for Rao was thinking seriously, and the matter under consideration seemed to be of supreme importance. The European child will, under circumstances, think in its childhood, but the native is forever meditating, a fact which may in a large way be attributed to being left largely to his own devices. He invariably participates in the family chatter, and claims no small share. He is more precocious than his little white brother, and, in his own tongue utters some very wise sayings.

Now, though Corporal Bhat was, in contemporary estimation, an affluent man, being steadily going and economical; and though Mrs. Bhat used scented country-made soap upon Bhat, Jr., yet the latter seldom, if ever, received a pice or less from either of his parents to spend himself. This galled him exceedingly. Only last kite season, Private Rambhai's son had twitted him on the fact, and consequently he considered his case very hard, as his father was a full corporal, while the other was only a private. So, instead of immediately closing with the taunter, as was his usual policy toward the juniors of the regiment, he flinched under the lash and turned away to brood and cry.

Class firing, during the course, was of daily occurrence, and every morning the reports of the Martins echoed up from the ranges. It was the custom of Sunday no-r-dovells from neighboring bazaars to gather the spent lead about the targets, and when not discovered, make off to realize a very substantial price. And so Bhat, Jr., son of a corporal, was determined to eke out a supply of pocket money in his own private way. The honor of the regiment was forgotten, and now, for the first time at his hands, stood at stake. Accordingly, in the hot, morning sun, the Pioneers sent down a batch of raw recruits, and at a respectable distance in advance, and disdainfully turning round at intervals to view with intense disgust their attempt to acquire the goose-skin, stalked Rao Bhat, son of a corporal belonging to a rival regiment. He could hear the raucous voice of the native subaltern in command, endeavoring to keep order. "Left! Right!" and so on, interspersed with sundry choice epithets, highly conducive to decent marching. "A lance" in their rear rank saw with apprehension the diminutive rival. "Yahi!" said he in an undertone to his wavering squad, "behold the child mocks us."

Then he sat by at a respectable distance, as he mentally observed that his own life was precious, for did it not belong to the regiment? He critically watched the recruits from the Pioneers go through their course for the first time. Without the slightest concern he saw their unfortunate officer and instructor run the risk of being shot dead, several times in a minute, and it was with a grunt of satisfaction that he got up from the sandy heap on which he reclined, as the harsh notes of the "Cease fire" echoed up the plain. He muttered to himself that he had never seen worse shooting in all his small experience, and resolved to discuss it later on with a genial native subaltern of his regiment, who knew something of marksmanship.

He hurried down the plain toward the targets, and, meeting the bugler, stopped to hear the latter's comments upon the dire waste of government ammunition. "Hil!" said he, wiping the back of his neck with his coat sleeve, "it was very bad," and then he added knowingly, "thou art going for lead? Well, it is of no use, for we heard the bullets humming and smacking all around. And the markers used much bad language. I'm off for a drink," he said, turning to go. "Fancy fifty richochetters!" he called after the boy.

Without a reply the latter continued his way with a heart full of indignation at the recruits of the Pioneers. He did not hear the bugler drawing his attention to a new squad that had come down. The cry of warning did not reach him. Horrible he thought, as he passed over the pock-marked ground, and was soon occupied in picking off the gray splashes from the stonework about the targets. The markers were behind eating their breakfast in haste, and all around was quiet.

Suddenly and prematurely, not seeing the little mud-colored figure before the breastwork, the newly-arrived squad began firing from the mound at 800 yards. At the first few shots the youngster wheeled about as he heard the lead go home behind him. From the other side of the target he heard a marker swearing with his mouth full of bread. Where was the bugler, and why had he not sounded the "Commence fire?"

The mound at 800 yards was wreathed in smoke, that was blown low and across. Another spurt took its place and the shots echoed down, while the little figure gave a sharp cry and, spinning round, dropped to the ground and lay there kicking and coughing. The heavy Martini bullet had smashed its way through the shoulder, shattering the right half of the little brown chest.

"All! All!" gasped the little fellow in agony, as he strove to gain his feet. "All!" said he, as he got to his knees and another volley kicked up the dust around. Then striving to rise, he was overcome by exhaustion, and fainting, he fell back and quickly bled to death.

"Oh! what is this?" said a marker, as he peered from behind his shelter. They picked up the little body, and a small collection of spent lead rolled from out the old khaki tunic, covered with clotted blood. The drops led over the pitted ground into a dented sentry-box beyond,

where they laid down the tiny body and the bugler should come to view it and bury it.

That evening, as the bugler looked at the tiny body, he choked as they heard the wailing of the women somewhere behind the lines, who, bedecked with flowers, were waiting at the station. The opening band was immolations; but the drum was so affected not to notice it. Then, as the parade ground to the five and the drum heads and burst the stretched skin, while the strokes were ragged and wavering. They all, but only the bugle had been a drummer, and one of the W. C. T. U.

"The author of this article is a young man who is poor in Los Angeles."

A RARE OLD ONE IN ST. LOUIS WHICH WAS IN THE SEVENTEENTH

[St. Louis Republic:] One of the possibly one of the most antique instruments of its class in St. Louis, is now in the hands of M. Demelch. The instrument is said to have been made more than 100 years ago. It is the property of Albert Demelch of this city, who is now living in the city, and has been owned by the Brown family. Demelch has the old instrument on Spruce street.

The organ is about three feet in height and a half long. Instead of being made of wood, however, like the instrument with which Italian vases the ear, it possesses a grand organ, and closely resembles the shape. It is played by turning a cylinder like that of a music box, a pair of bellows at the same time. Under open small valves leading to the air from the bellows, producing the necessary to prolong a note a little longer in place of a cog, thus prolonging the top of the organ is covered with small go through various movements. One figure is seated at a little table with a tiny beer glass hard enough to feel away. Although the organ's sound is as far as producing harmonious music, a fragment of the old tune which it distinguished.

The most interesting feature in the history of its manufacture has been made by Bernard Schmidt, who was a builder of the seventeenth century will recall that many of the land were destroyed by the Puritans. An attempt was made to replace the organ later, it was found that the art had been lost. In consequence the last men were imported to restore them, and arrivals being Bernard Schmidt. It is a piece of his work it possesses a great interest for a lover of antiquities.

WOMEN OF NEW

In Chile two-thirds of the population are women.

Mrs. Grant Allen, widow of the author of a bookshop in the London West End.

A woman, Signora Riva Monti, has been a professor of comparative anatomy in the University of Padua.

Miss Margaret Noble, an English woman, has established a school for native girls. A Brahmin woman of high caste was the first institution and all the instructions were given in Sanskrit.

Dr. Harriet C. Keating of New York, before the members of the Society for the Study of the Physical and Mental Qualities of the Negro, declared that polygamy was a physical or mental quality of the Negro.

Mrs. W. W. Ennis, Mrs. F. L. Ennis, of the original Ichabod Crane, whom Washington Irving immortalized in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The father of these women was the original of the character.

Carrie Chapman Catt, the new president of the Woman Suffrage Association, got her name from George W. Catt, whom she married 25 years ago. He is an engineer and was high in his profession, and who was a frugal. Moreover, he certifies that he was a keeper and a good cook, notwithstanding his interest in affairs outside the family.

Miss Jennie Creek of Millgrove, Pa., is a member of the National Humane Association. She has been invited to attend the Pacific Exposition of the Legion of Honor. It was when she was a child of 11, discovered the Panhandle road, and by her persistence filled with hundreds of passengers that the Legion of Honor presented some five-pointed gold star. She is now in Indiana Normal College.

BOER TARGET PRIZE

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] A favorite method of the Boers is to put a hole in the ground and put a turkey in it, cover the pit with a cloth with a hole in it to let out the turkey's head. The bird is used as a target.

Compiled for The Times.

1998

...and Sunday's Times that well-known hygienic
...Robert J. Burdette—for laughter, they say,
...but medicine, and certainly "Bob" is a master
...the art of producing mirth—writes on the subject
...and intimates that it is the easiest thing in the
...to do—that all you have to do is to just

...there are many, especially brain-workers of a sensitive temperament, who would very much like to have their nervous system believe that such is the case, and are unable to do so. One thing is certain. The more such people try to keep awake in order to make a decision, the more they invite the embraces of Morpheus. Just as you begin to try to sleep, if you are one of those who suffer from insomnia, you are surely lulled into several hours of wakefulness. The best way to avoid this is to persuade yourself to believe that you don't care whether you sleep or not, and then, before you know it, you are fast asleep in the land of dreams.

is the way of a sleeping draught is a milk, sipped slowly, or if you are one of those that milk was only intended for nursing might substitute a glass of porter. But what we do not make a deliberate attempt to go to bed so worried and nervous and more wake-

A number of books devoted to the discussion of this various phases have been published in the United States during the past few years—probably more than in any other country. One of the most comprehensive of these publications is a volume entitled "Human Corns," by Dr. Emmet Hennemore, the well-known author of a non-starch diet. While the book is devoted to the explanation and advocacy of a non-starchy, as opposed to the use of cereal food, it covers in its 400 pages with every branch of investigation, such as medical practice, ventilation, bathing, water cure, exercise and medical ethics, etc.

man teaches upon the so-called Salisbury treat-
ment consists of an exclusive diet of beef and hot
water. He thinks the success that has been achieved under
this treatment is mainly due to the fact that it eliminates
all the dietary, although he prefers a diet of milk
and bread. The same he thinks is true of the grape cure,
as testified so many patients on the continent of
Europe. He shows that patients suffering from corpulence,
or suffering from diabetes, are much benefited by
a diet of milk bread and all starch foods are elim-
inated. He supports his contention that bread, cereals and
starches are an unnatural strain upon the digestive
system and a waste of vital power, thus shortening life.
He makes a strong argument in
his theory, which it will be noted is directly op-
posite to the popular theory, as for those who are not
suffering from fruit and nuts and milk he advocates
meat in preference to cereal food. A good idea
is contained in this work, as he gathers

and fruits, as has been shown, must have
animal, and therefore are the natural food of

The chief difference between man's natural food and of civilization is the fact that starch is an

Physicians and scientists have noted that an excess of meat and water—the Salisbury treatment—has not remarkable benefits in most, if not in all cases out of health. An exclusive diet of milk, cereals, but in most disorders, also produces results in general practice; and this diet is commended more into favor by physicians of all schools. Every of the natural food of man, and of the ingestion of bread and all starch food, explains the value of the meat and milk diets; and points out that the benefits to multitudes of patients at Carlsbad, and like health resorts, are chiefly the result of the use of meat and milk in the diet, and the greatly reduced amount of bread and potatoes. It is not that meat is a portion of man's natural diet, but that it is, like man's, more distinctly natural food, adapted in the main stomach, and that they digest starch foods, thus avoiding an unnecessary waste of power; and the resultant accumulation of acids is manifested in greatly increased health and

As in the case of some birds, all fishes and
not man and those controlled by him) live on
such foods.

plants, since the days of Cuvier, have pointed out that man belongs to the frugivorous animals, and is equal to the long-armed ape; and these naturalists have drawn from this fact that man's natural food is fruits, nuts, and cereals; whereas the orang-utan, the most nearly approaching man in structure, lives on nuts and fruits, and is not at all at home with cereals.

and is the current teaching of physiologists. Foods are largely digested in the mouth; and it is insured by thorough mastication and salivary action. It has now been shown that but a small portion, averaging probably less than a per cent, is converted into sugar by the saliva; the remainder, although remaining in the stomach until the portion is digested, must be passed on to the small intestine before digestion takes place.

... of the natural food system has re-

vealed—what was before only dimly perceived—that fruits are asperities by virtue of the chemical action of an acid which they contain; whereas bread, cereals, pulses, and starch vegetables inevitably have a constipating effect which is only overcome by the mechanical and inflammatory action of the rough bran of the wheat, or the rough coats of other grains and pulses. This continuous irritation of the stomach and bowels, if persisted in for months and years, is sure to bring about chronic inflammation and an eventual breakdown. If the bran is coarsely ground this break down may be accomplished in months; if finely ground it is likely to require years. Thus the widespread popularity of whole meal bread and coarse oatmeal is a great delusion; originating with Sylvester Graham and the vegetarian propaganda, its influence has become widespread, and has far outrun the movement from which it sprung.

"(A) Another widespread error prevalent among vegetarians—and one the influence of which has also extended beyond that movement—is the belief that the use of butter, fat and oil is injurious. That this teaching is wholly wrong is for the first time pointed out by the fruit and nut theory.

"(9.) Since the sweet fruits of the South, together with nuts, are the natural food of man, a physiologic reason is given for the first time why all nations and races of men—being deprived of the sweet fruits intended for their use by nature—insist upon sweets, desserts, and confections, both at and between meals.

"(10.) The physiologic effect of salt, pepper and like irritants, as well as such narcotics and stimulants as tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, upon the system is, first, to goad the nerves to undue action, which is naturally followed by a corresponding depression. This continual action and reaction serves to numb the nervous system until generally no food will be relished unless the accustomed goad in the form of salt and other strong seasonings is administered; and if the narcotics and stimulants (tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol,) be indulged in, a still further numbing and destruction of the nerves is accomplished.

"(11). There are thus two factors in bread and cereals which favor the use of narcotics and stimulants, and lead to chronic alcoholism; (a) the strain upon the nervous system involved in the use of a carbonaceous food which is not absorbable and assimilable by the system until it has undergone digestion, and in consequence of which the overstrained nerves call for a 'pick-me-up,' first in the form of tea, coffee or tobacco, and finally alcohol (usually wine at first and then spirits); (b) vegetable foods, from their excessive potash, demand large quantities of salt, which, in its turn, by depressing the nervous system, paves the way to the use of narcotics and stimulants. We are thus put in possession of scientific reasons why bread and cereals inevitably lead to intemperance."

Food Poisoning.

A WRITER in an eastern publication calls attention to the fact that the conditions under which food may become poisonous should receive more practical consideration than they do. A well-known physician has called attention to some glaring defects in the location of food storerooms, which are worthy of attention. In house construction the position of the pantry is too often treated as of minor importance. In some houses the space under the stairs, or some equally unsuitable and inadequately lighted and ventilated place is thought good enough for the purpose. In a great number the pantry is a small offshoot from the house, the ceiling, floor and walls often being damp, owing to the faulty construction. In some of these, matters are rendered worse by the water taps being placed therein without any provision being made for carrying away the droppings from the tap or overflow from vessels into which the water is run. One of the most frequent entries in the inspector's notebook is "defective yard pavement," permitting of seepage of filth into the soil underneath. Not only is the soil thus rendered a good breeding ground for pathogenic microbes, but it also supplies these conditions requisite for increased virulence.

Malaria and Mosquitoes.

THE theory that mosquitoes are instrumental in propagating malaria, through the bite of mosquitoes raised from the eggs of those that had previously drawn blood from an infected person, continues to be exploited in the press. A few months ago in this department The Times reviewed an interesting and able article contributed by Dr. Carl Schwalbe of this city to a German medical publication, in which he advanced strong arguments against this theory, after having made a careful investigation of the subject in various parts of the world. This is another case in which the doctors disagree.

Disease Detective.

THE long list of medical fakers who exploit their asserted ability to cure diseases in the newspapers is continually growing. The claims made by some of these people and the fact that they evidently reap a rich harvest, they would not continue to pay out money for advertising, do not reflect very favorably on the keenness of perception of the great bulk of American newspaper readers. One of these chivaliers of industry, who advertises as a promoter in a Philadelphia paper, calls himself the "greatest disease detective living," "the eyes of whom disease cannot deceive." He gets himself up in cowboy fashion, with a big sombrero, and declares his ability to merely look at you and describe all your ailments. Incidentally he sells ton powders at two-bits a box.

It is not surprising that reputable physicians, who have spent half a lifetime in a diligent study of medicine and surgery, should become somewhat disgusted when they see how the public will run after any ignorant faker who has sufficient self-assurance to make extravagant promises.

Adulterations.

RECENT reports on the use of preservatives in foods tell of a case of an infant whose chief food was milk. The infant was sick, and the physicians, after investigating everything else connected with it, turned to its food. At once they discovered that the milk fed to the unfortunate child was "preserved milk," that is to say, milk in which an unscrupulous dealer had put boric acid to "keep it sweet." The adulterant made the milk unfermentable, of

course, and it also made it absolutely indigestible. The milk could not sour. Neither could it be digested by the unfortunate infant.

The question of food adulterations is a most important one. If there is anything in which there is an excuse for some paternalism on part of the government, it is in securing the people from the effects of adulterated food.

A report has been submitted to the Senate by the Committee on Manufactures on the extensive investigation it has conducted into allegations that many important articles of food and drink are adulterated, so as to be either a serious detriment to the public health or, where the adulterant is not injurious to health, a fraud on the purchaser. The report, says the committee, has had many difficulties to overcome, and feels that in many cases it has not been able to secure the absolute truth. That so much knowledge has been gained it feels is due largely to Secretary Wilson and Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Agricultural Department.

After a detailed explanation with reference to the testimony and analyses as regards many specific articles of food or drink, and the extent to which they were found free from or guilty of adulteration, the committee takes up the matter of the importation of adulterated foods and says:

"If it is the policy to restrict our own citizens to the use of pure food, we certainly should apply the same rule to foreigners who manufacture goods to be sold in this country. There is no doubt in the minds of the committee that large amounts of imported goods are sold in this country, the sale of which would be prohibited in the country from which they come."

The committee gives some glaring instances of this unwholesome and unjust competition, which reputable American dealers and manufacturers have to meet, and recommends the establishment of standards of purity for various articles and the establishment at ports of entry of inexpensive examinations and tests to determine whether imports come up to these standards.

There have been two general ways suggested as to the matter of regulation. First, to put the important food products under the internal-revenue law, as has been done in the case of butter, filled cheese and flour, and the other, as outlined in the Senate bill, which establishes a department under the Secretary of Agriculture, and provides for the establishment of a board which shall fix the standard for foods, drinks and drugs.

It is certainly high time that something should be done in this direction.

A Restless Age.

THE restless drive of the impulse is creating a new variety of men and women, to be recognized wherever met—and where, over all the surface of the earth, are they not sure to be met," says Anna C. Brackett, in her little volume, "The Technique of Rest." The following is a notation from the book:

"The mental unrest is passing into the physique. How many women do you know who can sit perfectly still or stand perfectly motionless? With how many do you talk who will allow you to finish a sentence without interrupting? How many have the grace of only walking quietly or speaking slowly and placidly, so that it is a delight to listen? How many whose eyes are not constantly roving? How many who are not always in a hurry, and complaining that everything always comes at the same time with everything else? To how many houses—so-called homes—can you go as into a haven of rest, where everything breathes quietness and repose? How many men can run cross the ferry from New York to Brooklyn without reading vigorously every one of the few minutes of the transit, and then crowding to jump off the boat before he is dead fast, with one eye still on the open newspaper? How many can quietly let one street car go past without running to catch it, though there are six others behind within a quarter of a mile? How many can wait for a train without reading a few lines in every one of the newspapers laid out on the news-stand, or carefully examining the colored cartoons tacked upon the wall? When you have answered these questions you will begin to appreciate what a continual hurry most people live in, and perhaps you will begin to notice by how many unnecessary and perfectly objectless motions you yourself are helping to wear out your health and strength."

How to Drink Water.

THE drinking of water is regarded by most people as a very simple operation, and so it is in one way, yet there is a right and wrong way to drink. An American physician says there are few people who thoroughly realize the use of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. He is quoted in an eastern paper as follows:

The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have followed if the same quantity were taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the action of sipping, the action of the nerve which slows the beats of the heart is abolished, and, as a consequence, that an contracts more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid.

And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers: A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping of water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping."

**If you are bald, don't get the blues,
You're not beyond repair;
Just ask your doctor for advice,
His bill will raise your hair.**

—[Exchange

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

North of Los Angeles.

WHILE there has not been anything like a boom in the section of Los Angeles county immediately north of Los Angeles city, that section has enjoyed a steady growth during the past few years and a large area of land has been diverted from grain to fruit. A correspondent sends The Times some notes on a trip by team from Los Angeles to San Fernando, along the east side of the valley.

On the other side of the river from Burbank, where the Chatsworth road branches off, there has been extensive planting of orchards. At Pacoima, a boom town just this side of Fernando, some fine oranges are raised, but there is a lack of water. At Fernando there are two fruit packing-houses, the San Fernando Association and the Earl Fruit Company. The association expects to ship by end of the season about forty-five cars, and the Earl Fruit Company about the same amount, that firm having purchased the crop of the Porter Company's orchard of about three hundred acres.

The oranges raised around Fernando are finely colored, clean and heavy. There is some complaint among those who have purchased land that the company had failed to furnish the water contracted for, so that settlers have had to develop water from wells in which they have generally been successful. Among others, who have thus developed water by means of wells, pumps and gasoline or steam engines, are Charles Moffit, 20 inches; R. P. Wait, 16 inches; John Bun, 25 inches; George Vaughan, 15 inches. Hopkins brothers have just finished a well, but have not yet put in a pump.

The big orchard of the Porter Company has, in addition to over three hundred acres of citrus fruit, about two hundred and fifty acres of deciduous trees. The trees are healthy and clean. They have about eighty inches of water flowing from wells a mile and a half southeast of the orchard.

There is about seventy-five thousand acres (own to wheat and barley in the San Fernando Valley. Some of it is beginning to suffer, but on the whole it looks much better than might have been expected from the light rainfall. There are a number of other orchards in the valley beside that of the Porter Company. Most of them are in first-class condition. In the foothills is a tract of 1500 acres planted to olives by the Olive-Growers' Association. Last year the trees produced a few olives. They have done well especially toward the west end.

There is likely to be some oil development around San Fernando before long, as several projects for drilling in the adjacent wells are now being considered.

Whittier.

THE foothill town of Whittier has been making rapid progress during the past few months. There is more activity, growth and oil development in this little town than in many cities five times its size. The oil development in that vicinity, the increased water supply, the prospect of the Santa Fe Railroad extension and the revived talk of an electric line to Los Angeles have stimulated business and growth. Thirty-eight new buildings have been completed and under construction within the past few months. A new millinery, drug and grocery stores have just been started; also an undertaking establishment, which was opened up by female proprietors. Three large fruit packing-houses have been built within the past season and increased canning capacities are contemplated for next season.

Property of all kinds has advanced from 25 to 100 per cent. The output of oil in the district amounts to some twenty thousand barrels per month. The majority of companies operating there are paying dividends at the rate of 1 1/2 to 3 cents per month per share; stock in the companies ranging from par to 50 per cent. above par. The oil of this district is of such a quality as to command the highest price and finds a ready market. Three pipe lines conduct the oil by gravity to the railroad stations. There are thirty-nine derricks in the district, which represent an expenditure of \$50,000 for equipment and machinery above ground.

Among the business opportunities offered is a new hotel with modern conveniences, a laundry and a first-class bakery. It is reported that the Greenleaf Hotel will soon be converted into a sanitarium which, if once established, will be another attractive feature to the place.

The Whittier branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad is one of the best paying branches in Southern California. In addition to the railway service, numerous freight trains are kept busy between Whittier and Los Angeles, one transfer company, having six teams, that make daily trips.

Whittier was a lively town during the boom, but she is surpassing the boom days now.

Closing the Gap.

THE Santa Barbara correspondent of The Times writes that the work of railroad construction along the ten miles between that city and Ellwood is being pushed ahead with remarkable rapidity. Grant brothers of Los Angeles have the contract. They have been at work now for about two months and have rapidly increased their force. Two camps are now established along the line and from 150 to 200 men are employed. About one hundred and sixty

teams are at work at the two camps. Some of the work is quite heavy. There is one great cut seventy feet deep and over one thousand feet in length. Beyond this there is a correspondingly heavy fill. The fill is of thirty feet, but in all there are about two thousand feet of filling to be done.

Within a short time the working force will be increased by a third big camp. It is impossible to say just when this piece of grading will be completed, but Mr. Grant says that he hopes to have everything built inside of seven months. This would get the line from Santa Barbara to Ellwood at about the same time that it is hoped the Surf-Ellwood "gap" will be closed.

A San Diego Mine Sold.

THE sale was recently reported of the Owens mine, near Julian, in San Diego county, for \$30,000. The owners now have twenty-eight men employed and the main shaft is down 350 feet. The ore body is said to be well defined and large.

New Mexico Mines.

A MINING excursion was recently projected and carried out by the Santa Fe Railroad Company in New Mexico which brought 150 representative mining men into Grant county. Many new mining deals are said to have been made in that section in consequence of this excursion.

A Paper Mill.

IT IS announced that the old paper mill at Lynwood, on the San Pedro branch of the Southern Pacific Railway, which mill has not been run for several years, is to be moved to Los Angeles, somewhere near the river. The mill has been purchased by Joseph Brown, formerly of Little Rock, Ark., who has made his home in Los Angeles. At first wrapping and store paper will be made from refuse and other material, but later on a better grade of paper will be manufactured from rags.

There should be a good opening in Los Angeles for such an enterprise.

More Sugar-Beet Culture.

THE American Beet-Sugar Company of China is endeavoring to induce some of the farmers in the Antelope Valley to take up the culture of sugar beets. The company has offered to pay the freight on beets from the nearest station, so as to put all sections on an equal footing in the matter of price. It is believed that beets containing a high percentage of sugar may be raised in the Antelope Valley.

Experimenting With Grasses.

JAMES B. ALCOTT of Kentucky, who has devoted the past twelve years to experimenting with 2000 varieties of grasses, has arranged with A. Campbell Johnson of the San Rafael ranch, near Pasadena, to start an experimental station there for the purpose of thoroughly testing these grasses as to their capacity in resisting drought, eighty varieties of grasses having already been received from Kentucky and are being cared for by Mr. Alcott. The result of these experiments should be interesting and valuable as, outside of alfalfa, Southern California is deficient in natural grasses.

The Iron Chief.

THE Iron Chief is one of the steady producing gold mines of the desert. The mill is now reported to be working thirty tons a day, in addition to some of the highest-grade rock which is shipped to the smelter. Twenty-four men are employed and there is said to be enough ore in sight to continue this work for months to come. The ore comes from the 140-foot level and above that point. Remarkably rich rock is said to have been uncovered in the prospect shaft at a depth of between five and six hundred feet.

More Water for San Diego Orchards.

THE consumers of water under the Sweet Water system, in San Diego county, recently held a meeting and decided to pay the San Diego Land and Town Company 6 1/2 cents per 1000 gallons for as much water as can be developed by the company's present pumping plant, and for such additional plants which are to be installed, and also to pay the regular domestic rates and also 95.30 per acre (the original acreage rate). The San Diego Sun says:

"To furnish an auxiliary supply it was decided to construct a flume from Lower Otay to the Sweetwater dam, for the purpose of conveying the water now stored there into the Land and Town Company's distributing system. This flume line will cost about \$25,000, and it will be constructed right away. The Land and Town Company have agreed on their part to immediately expend an additional \$9338 on a pumping plant. It is estimated that there are now over seven hundred million gallons of water in Otay dam, enough to help the orchards out considerably.

"Engineer Savage stated that for \$25,000 a flume large enough to convey 2,000,000 gallons per day can be built. This sum also included the cost of pumping the water into the flume from the dam. Mr. Savage also stated that it would be impossible for the company to develop more water by pumping than it did last year. It is now thought that a supply equal to about two hundred and fifty thousand gallons per acre can be obtained through the entire season."

Gold-bearing Quarts Near Los Angeles.

M. L. RYAN and Bradford Peck of this city have for the past eighteen months been developing a mining proposition in Millard Cañon, north of Pasadena. They have driven three tunnels into the mountain cross-cutting the ledge at depths from the surface of 40 and 50 and 110 feet, the width of the ledge or vein in the lower tunnel being 12 feet and the average values according to assays made in this city by William J. Smith & Co. and Low Aubrey running \$14.75 per ton. Being a cyaniding ore it

can be worked easily and economically at the present time the owners are working on the development work, and will increase the output as the work progresses. There is an abundance of water on the property, in case steam is used as a motive power, but being only a little over 2000 feet from between Echo Mountain and Alpine Tunnel, it is possible to secure electric power for the motive power of Cornish rolls, etc., as dry crushing can be an advantage.

Asparagus for Canning.

DEALERS say that there is a good prospect for the canning of asparagus now sold in Southern California from the North and East. The dealers say that the building which is fully equal to growing in the northern part of the State.

Olive Oil and Pickles.

THE olive factory of C. P. Grogan in Los Angeles has put up 2500 gallons of oil and pickles during the season just closed. The reports that the factory has used over 1000 olives. The oil is worth \$2.50 per gallon, 50 cents a gallon.

San Diego Normal School.

THE trustees of the San Diego Normal School obtained a permit for the erection of a new school building on University Heights, \$30,000. The entire wing is to be completed so that the building may be finished and occupancy when the new school term opens in September.

Golden Cross Mines.

RECEIVER TRUMBO of the Golden Cross Mines, in San Diego county, recently made a monthly report in the Superior Court given of January. The San Diego Union gives the gist of the report:

"On December 31 the money deposited amounted to \$21,503.60. From the close of \$23,667.80 was obtained, and from other sources making a total of \$44,661.25 for the month paid out during the month was \$21,503.60, leaving on hand, including the amount in \$23,157.65. The following amounts are yet to be paid: \$7200; fuel account, \$1800; unpaid taxes, \$115."

Ray Copper Mine.

ACTIVE development work is to be done on the celebrated Ray copper mines in Pinal county, having been let, the work to be done by the grade for the railroad to connect the mine of Kelvin, on the Gila River, is awaiting the Kelvin a large force of mechanics is at work on the plant.

The Advantages of Drought.

THE advantages that Southern California has from the three dry seasons through which it has passed, as a set-off to the disadvantages largely upon by The Times. The Riverside Press-Record has the following remarks on this subject:

"By a sort of survival of the fittest, the dry years have weeded out all enterprises that were not at least of a boom nature and now California serves notice on the world of capital that it has survived the severe tests of time and that therefore of necessity possesses real merit. It has served to give to our industries a chance to show all others that they needed most. A great many resources and great opportunities had been floating of all manner of wildcat schemes, but capitalists had lost money on these failures. The failure had reflected on the whole, the majority of these unsavory operators have been weeded out and the outside world is beginning to have confidence in California and her industries. This is a feature of the long dry season must figure. It has done us a real service. It has been accomplished by many years of fall. For immediate use we need rain, but for a consecutive dry year it becomes less important or not."

Artesian Water.

THE McKittrick Oil Company of Kern county struck a large body of artesian water at 1050 feet. At that depth the drill was in the city of blue clay, full of shells, etc.

SNOW FLEAS.

[Boston Transcript:] One of the strange things on snow is the snow flea—no mimic flea, living and very lively midges, whose bodies cover the snow in patches as black as ink. The spaces of its surface to a dark-gray color, the creatures of the thaw. I have seen them on Hamilton Gibson, two feet in diameter, and shadow across the meadow, and I remember a boy walking on the snow crust over a large area that was everywhere peppered with them. The books tell us that the insects emerge for exercise in mild weather. This is amply warranted by the facts, but it will be so to convince many a rustic philosopher and to whom these fleas are as much a pest as the snow itself.

By the Ancient Mariner.

of oil and mining stocks, which are engaging so much attention just now, old-time mining men who throughout the days of the Comstock, look with dis- trustful glances at the new developments which have come upon the mining stocks, some of which are offered at prices as low as \$10.00 per thousand up, which is almost nothing more than the liquid, blue core, while a small quantity of an oil stock from its sale at \$10.00 per share creates a commotion on the streets. In the case of the old-time lumps in mining stocks were literally made in a day. For instance, the liquid stock rose from \$25 to \$750 per share in less than 24 hours, and from \$750 to \$1,500 in still it advanced from 50 cents to \$100. Consolidated advanced from \$5 to \$25 in 24 hours, and \$25 to \$100 in 1885. In 1886 Sierra Nevada advanced to \$100 per share. In 1887 Savage advanced to \$100 per share. Other advanced to \$100 in 1887. Many and many others.

A reference made recently in these columns to a statement published in an Arizona paper that "Col." J. H. Woodard of the Cincinnati Enquirer had purchased a \$40,000 trap of mines in Southern Arizona, in which I intimated that some people would be anxious to learn whether the men of the mine received a cash equivalent or only mines, has brought me a communication from an old Arizona acquaintance, who says he is a half owner in them now, and asks for further enlightenment on the subject. The correspondent would take a run up to Los Angeles and find plenty of people here who would be willing

Among the numerous advantages enjoyed by residents of Los Angeles, over those who live in eastern cities, is the cheapness of rent here, as compared with the East. This is especially noticeable in the case of cottages occupied by people of moderate means. One of the features of the interesting series of letters that have appeared in The Times during the past few weeks, descriptive of the great manufacturing trusts, has been the report of the correspondent on the manner in which the workmen are housed. To residents of Los Angeles the prices quoted appear very high. For instance, in the article of Sunday last, descriptive of a factory of the sugar trust in Brooklyn, it is said that the lowest price for a house large enough for an average family and convenient in location to the millinery, is about \$10 a month, an exceedingly heavy tax when it is remembered that the wages of the men only run from \$9 to \$13 a week. Here in Los Angeles a comfortable plain cottage of five rooms, within easy walking distance of the manufacturing section of the city, may be rented for \$20 a month, including water. The cottage will in most cases be detached, standing in a lot not less than 50x150 feet in area, and generally surrounded by a few ornamental trees and flowering vines. When to this is added the great saving in fuel, there being very few days in the year when a fire is necessary for warming purposes, and the abundance and cheapness of fruits and vegetables, it must readily be admitted that the lot of the Los Angeles workman has been in pleasant places.

(CONTINUED FROM TWELFTH PAGE)

Queer Market Scenes

A Middle-Class Filipino Home.

Filipino Beds and Bedrooms

A Typical Kitchen.

How the Filipinos Wash Clothes.

A Word About the Hotels.

[Copyright, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

INELIGIBLE TO THE PRESIDENCY.

*It
Cares
a
New
Skin*

July 12, 1900.

All druggists sell it. Sent
Sample for 2c stamp. Anita C
Bureau, Los Angeles, Cal.



Grilles AND Fre

—New and Original Design

Parquet Floors, Wood

Hardwood floors are the cheapest in the
months. We make floors at \$1.25 per yard up
WAX POLISH. Old floors repolished. Call
order. Phone Brown 706. Est. 1901. Send for
JOHN A. SMITH, 707 S. 1st

BAGPIPES ON THE

**STRANGELY ENOUGH, ENGLISHMEN
BEFORE THE HIGHLINE**

Strangely enough Englishmen had the fore the Highlanders. Then as Britain developed, the pipes were passed on across the sea. They were first used in battle by the Scots at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, although they formed one of the most potent elements in the Scottish army at Bannockburn. Since that date they have been used in cheering and rallying the Highlanders at many of the most important moments, notably at the battles of Culloden (1746) and, still later, at the battle of Dargai, on October 31, 1897.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS FOR

[New York Journal:] A stranger, who he hailed from the wild and woolly West, East Side saloon the other day and called for whisky. Just behind was a group of engrossed in a game of pinocle. Suddenly he placed his hands on the bar, cleared it and crouched down behind it.

"Here, you shopt dot!" exclaimed the tender. "Was ist los mit you, anyone chim-chams got, yes?"

"Now, I ain't got no jim-jams," answered I just heard one of them Dutchman say, an' I thart I'd better lay low the over. But, say, ain't they kinder down from Arizona, they'd be sendin' for the time."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Uncle Sam Don't Like It, and Wants an "Acknowledgment" (Cartoon)	1	Good Short Stories. Compilation	17
Editorial	2	Romance of a Glove Fitter. By May Field	16-17
"To Do and to Don't" By Robert J. Burdette	3	Current Literature. By Adachi Kinoshuku	18-19
Baking Maple Sugar. By H. K.	4-5	Weather-Making. By J. E. Watkins, Jr.	19
Electric Current. By J. O. Curwood	5	Graphic Pen Pictures. Sketched Far a-Field.	20
The Black Republic. By Frances Drake	6	Topics of the Times. By a Staff Writer	21
Street Cleaning. By J. M. Christman	7	The House Beautiful. By Kate Greenleaf Locke	21
In the Philippines. By H. Lee Clotworthy	8	Woman and Home	22-23
Senator O. H. Platt. By A. L. M.	9	Our Boys and Girls	24-25
The Coming Eclipse. By L. A. C.	10	The Black Diamond. By H. O. Tinkom-Fernandes	26
The Old Navy. By Wm. G. Hodges	10-11	Care of the Body. Compilation	27
John Maguire. By Seumas MacManus	12	Development of the Southwest. Compilation	28
The Manila Markets. By Frank G. Carpenter	13	Son' by Son'west. By the Ancient Mariner	29
Stories of the Firing Line—Animal Stories. Compilation	13	Astronomy. By G. R.	31
Stories of a Drug. By Marie Agnes Mann	14		

ASTRONOMY.

SATURN AND HIS RINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

There are so many interesting points to be considered in the study of Saturn that it is difficult to know where to begin. It is the study of a system rather than a single object. Next to Jupiter he is the largest planet in the solar system, and is attended by eight moons. His special features are the luminous rings by which he is surrounded. He was well known to the most ancient astronomers, and was by them considered to be the outside of our system. His moons and his rings were, of course, not known till after the discovery of the telescope. He has belts also, like Jupiter, but they are less marked, and not so changeable. These belts probably indicate that Saturn has an atmosphere of great depth, and Herschel thought that he could detect signs of water at the poles.

When the rings were first discovered by Galileo, they were a great puzzle to him. At first he thought there must be a central body, with a smaller body close to it on each side. This appearance was caused by the projection of the rings on each side, like the handles of an oval vase. But when these handles gradually disappeared, owing to the change of point of view, Galileo was still more puzzled, and in 1610 he exclaimed, "What is to be said concerning the changes in Saturn's appearance? Are the two lesser stars really stars in the manner of solar spots? Has Saturn, when viewed, his own children?" Galileo seems to have been disappointed at not being able to decide what the projecting handles could be that he gave up the study of Saturn. It was reserved for a Dutch astronomer, Christiaan Huygens, to discover what was the real nature of this appendage of Saturn. After years of careful observation he came to the conclusion that all the conditions could be explained by the existence of a ring surrounding the body and inclined to the ecliptic. He had arrived at this conclusion in 1656, and was so confident of his theory that he predicted that in July or August of 1671 the ring would again become invisible. It proved to be so nearly true, that in May of that year an astronomer saw Saturn apparently without any

will be noticed that these two dates are fifteen years apart, and the practical disappearance of the ring takes place about every fifteen years. The year of Saturn is about thirty of our years, and twice in this period the planet crosses the ecliptic, and it is at these nodes or points, that he turns his side to us and the sun, and the plane of his equator passes through the center of the sun. As the ring is in the plane of the equator, its edge is turned toward the sun at this time, and practically toward us. It presents such a thin line that it either cannot be seen at all, or only with very powerful telescopes. As the axis of the planet being inclined to the plane of its orbit at an angle of about 27 deg., as it slowly moves from its nodes, it will present more and more of its equatorial hemisphere to the sun, and so the edge of the ring will be gradually illuminated and open to our view. When at its most northerly point we shall see the north side of the ring, and when at the most southerly part of its orbit we shall see the south side of the ring. The rings are said to be brighter than the planet

Dawn of England, in 1850, although it had been noticed by a German astronomer in 1595. It is said to be transparent, and that the body of the planet can be seen through it. In 1850, when one of the satellites was eclipsed by the ring, it could be seen through the dusky ring, but not through the others.

A few of the more important points respecting the eight satellites must next be noted. The first and largest, called Titan, was discovered by Huygens in 1655; the next four by Cassini, between 1671 and 1684; two by Sir W. Herschel, in 1789, and the last by W. Bond, an American, in 1848. They vary in diameter from 500 miles to 3500 miles. The nearest one to Saturn is 115,000 miles distant, about half the distance of our moon from us. And the most distant one is nearly 2,255,000 miles away from its center of attraction. Their times of revolution vary from about twenty-two and one-half hours to seventy-nine days. So that, as one writer says, "If Saturn has any inhabitants at all constituted like ourselves, which is highly improbable, they will have a chance of seeing celestial phenomena of the greatest interest." As the amount of light received by Saturn is only about one hundredth part of what we receive, its people will need all the additional light which its moons and rings can reflect.

When we have further stated that the wonderful Saturnian system is about 886,000,000 of miles from the sun, that the diameter of the planet is about 75,000 miles, and that his volume is 900 times greater than that of the earth, we have surely said enough to arouse the interest of our readers in the wonderful discoveries of modern science in this beautiful field.

As a help to the realization of the immense distances given, one astronomer has calculated that "A cannon ball moving at the rate of 30 miles an hour would take about two hundred years, and a train running fifty miles an hour 2000 years to move from Saturn to the sun."

**YOU DON'T
NEED TO
SUFFER**



From varicose veins or ulcers, sprains, weak joints, etc. A perfect-fitting, made-to-measure

Elastic Stocking

Will give you immediate relief. In cases of obesity, female weakness, etc. there is no substitute for a knit elastic

Abdominal Supporter.

Others take orders and apply these goods ready made, but I am the only maker in Southern California. I offer \$500.00 reward for proof to the contrary. Let all pretenders accept this challenge or forever hold their peace.

W. W. SWEENEY,
Lady Attendant. 213 W. Fourth St.

KOCH INSTITUTE.

Established 1896 for the scientific treatment of Consumption and all Lung and Bronchial Troubles. More than 1000 cases of Consumption in all stages have been treated, and nearly 70 per cent. of permanent cures recorded. No other treatment has ever given such results.

HONE TREATMENT.

Patients can be treated at their own homes, and receive the same benefit therefrom as at the Institute. Call or send for Symptom Blank and Treatment on Consumption. Its cause and cure, free.

KOCH INSTITUTE,
Rooms 2 to 2224 1/2 Broadway, 4314 S. Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

You Are Beautiful

Your Complexion is Satisfactory?

If it is don't neglect it thinking it will always remain so. Your complexion should have constant and careful attention, if you wish to retain the good looks you now possess.

Crème de Lis

Preserves beautiful complexions, keeps the skin in perfect condition, prevents pimples, freckles, tan, roughness and redness. It should always be used before going out, as both sun and wind are ruinous to delicate skins, especially in this trying climate. Ladies having delicate, pale complexions should ask for pink Crème de Lis, which gives the skin a natural, healthy appearance. It is sold by all druggists or sent, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, 50c.

E. B. HARRINGTON & CO.
Manufacturing Chemists, - Los Angeles, Cal.

WHEN OLD CARPETS WEAR OUT

Do not buy new ones, but use our

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS

The cost is but little higher, and they are much more beautiful, healthful, clean and satisfactory. We shall be pleased to submit colored sketch and estimate of cost, if we have exact size of room.

Excelsior Floor Polishing Co.,
430 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
N. A. MARSHALL, Manager.

Meek's Aerated Bread

Contains All the Elements of Mother Earth.



Most of our flour comes from the greatest wheat region of the world—Wisconsin—and is rich in phosphates. You can readily tell the difference between our bread and that of other makes, due to our superior baking facilities, best flour and experienced help. Invalids can readily digest our Aerated Bread. It is made without ferment, hence used in all hospitals. We are the exclusive bakers of this bread. Our Whole Wheat Meal Bread has the most nutriment in the least substance. Try our Snowflake Bread—something new; it is the staff of life.

BREAD NOT TOUCHED BY HANDS.

Meek Baking Co., Telephone Main 322.
Sixth and San Pedro Streets.
RETAIL STORE—Tel. Main 1011. 226 West Fourth St.
All First-class Grocers Sell Our Bread.

All Our Bread is Stamped "M.B.C."

have various opinions as to the thickness of the ring, but it is generally thought to be about 1000 miles. It is common to speak of the rings as though there were only one, but it is now generally supposed that there are at least three, placed inside each other, and with well-defined spaces between them. They all rotate on the same axis, and in the same time, that is, in about 10 hours and a half, which is the length of Saturn's day. Some have thought them to be solid and others liquid, but it is now decided now, "that all the known conditions are covered by supposing them to consist of a number of separate and independent bodies, moving in orbits around Saturn, and in one plane—in fact, a swarm of rings. The ring of the three is called the dusky ring, the middle one is called the white ring, and the outermost of which seems to have been demonstrated by Prof. Bond of Cambridge, U. S. A., and also by Mr.



MAIZELINE

17 different kinds of health builders can be made from one box of Maizeline.

Maizeline is not only valuable as the most delicious and nutritious breakfast food, but there is no end to the many dainty and appetizing dishes that can be prepared with it. Here are a few of them to give you some idea of the goodness contained in one box:

Breakfast Mush,
Corn Bread,
Fried Maizeline,
Blanc Mange,
Waffles,
Croquettes,
Fritters,
Angel City Pancakes,
Maizeline Pudding,
Breakfast Gems.

2-lb packages, 15c. All Grocers.

CAPITOL MILLING CO.,
Los Angeles.

Newmark's Hawaiian Blend Coffee



"Hawaiian Coffee is far superior to that raised in Brazil," says Frank G. Carpenter, the noted correspondent, in the last issue of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Brazil is supposed to be the great coffee producing country of the world, and Mr. Carpenter, who has visited every country of any account, knows whereof he speaks when he talks about coffee. Have you ever tried *Newmark's Hawaiian Blend*? It is splendid in flavor, aroma and strength, always the same, and always so good that you never want anything better.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by
Newmark Bros.



EATA BISCUIT

The fame of EATA BISCUIT is growing day by day; the dainty flaky crispness of them; their delicate flavor; the beautiful dust and moisture proof packages; the wonderfully low price at which they are sold and the name "Bishop" on the package guaranteeing the purity, honesty and goodness of the goods is enough to spread the fame of any article. For the children's school lunch, for breakfast, lunch and between times "EATA BISCUIT."

BISHOP AND COMPANY, MAKERS.